

THE DELIVERY OF A SPEECH

IMMEL



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THE DELIVERY OF A SPEECH

A MANUAL FOR COURSE I IN PUBLIC SPEAKING

BY

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To the countless generations of beginners in the art of Public Speaking, past, present and future, and especially to those with whom it has been my happy privilege to work in the friendly relation of teacher and pupil, this book is dedicated

THE AUTHOR.

FOREWORD — TO THE TEACHER

Why does the average student elect Course I in Public Speaking? What should Course I do for the student? The answer to these two questions will be an answer to the much discussed question of the content of Course I.

An extended inquiry among students of Course I during a period of over ten years has convinced me that what the average thinking student wants and expects of Course I is just about what he ought to have, and that consequently the two questions may be answered as one. The average student evidently wishes to be able to stand up before a group of people and speak, with reasonable assurance that what he is doing is being done in the right way, and without the fear that he may be making himself ridiculous. He wishes to learn to speak clearly and persuasively. He is *not* interested primarily, or even secondarily, in theories of speech as such. He simply wants to learn to express himself before others with reasonable effectiveness and with confidence. This is the whole of it.

A small minority of the class will be interested in the theory because they expect to teach the subject, but this group is too small to warrant organizing the course to suit their peculiar interests. Moreover, advanced courses can be organized for such students

when they have acquired a reasonable degree of skill in actual platform work, without which skill no student should be encouraged to specialize as a teacher of the subject. A large proportion of students never take courses beyond the first or second. A great majority want the work for purely practical reasons. Is it not reasonable that the material of Course I should be adapted to the needs of this great majority of the class?

But, it may be objected, does it necessarily follow that what the student wants is what he ought to have? Not necessarily, as a general principle. But, in this particular case, I believe that the average student has stated his needs correctly. He wants to learn to speak well. Why should he not be taught to do so? Why load him up with a lot of theory? It is surely a full sized job for one or two courses simply to teach him to speak well. It is surely a task worthy of being undertaken. There are plenty of other courses in every university, college or high school, where he may pursue pure science, knowledge for its own sake. If his peculiar aims in seeking a college education make necessary a knowledge of Anatomy and Physiology, there are departments where these may be studied. If it is Psychology that he needs, there are courses where this is taught by specialists. He can study the physics of sound in the Physics department. But there is only one place where he can learn to speak under specialized instruction and criticism, and that is in the Public Speaking department.

A *teacher* of Public Speaking should by all means know something of the anatomy and physiology and physics of the vocal mechanism. He should be acquainted with the psychology of the speech process. This knowledge is an aid to intelligent teaching and criticism. But this knowledge is not, to any great extent, necessary to the practical work of the speaker. It takes up time that might much better be spent in practice and in criticism, and hence, since there are only a certain number of days for a given course, its presentation and elaboration not only divide the attention and interest of the student but keep him away from the primary and essential business of the course, namely, platform practice.

We teachers sometimes lose our sense of perspective. We get to thinking that ours is the only subject in the curriculum. We get an over-exalted notion of our work. We must remember that most of our students do not study Public Speaking as an end in itself but as an aid in their chosen work. I do not believe that we Public Speaking people are any worse offenders in this than teachers in other departments. But I do believe that if every teacher would try to remember that his particular subject is not the only one taught, and that the greater number of his students do not intend to become specialists in his particular line, but only wish to get what that line has to contribute to their general culture and preparation for life, — I say if each teacher would remember this, I believe that many a student would find it easier to get something of definite value out of a given course.

On the other hand, I would not give courses in Public Speaking without any theory at all. The practice work of a course needs a guide. But there is a difference between giving a *theory of delivery as a basis for practice* and setting out to give a *complete theory of speech*. The purpose of this book is to indicate what I believe to be the proper theory for Course I and to furnish a set of practice assignments for a class of 24 students meeting three times a week for one semester.

The book has grown out of something over ten years of experience in Course I, most of it at the University of Michigan. It is, of course, a statement of the work of Course I as we conduct it here. It does not pretend to be the last word on the subject; it is written from the point of view of our department and its methods. Others will have other standards and other methods. This is offered to any who may find it useful.

To the best of my belief, there is nothing new in this book. If it has any merit, that merit consists in what is left out, and not in any new contribution to the field. It is an attempt to simplify the work of Course I for the student and for the teacher. A few words of explanation are offered:

(1) With us, Course I is purely a course in delivery. We believe that the problems involved in delivery are sufficient to take up the whole time of such a course, and that if a student takes only one course it should be a course in delivery. A student needs

special supervision and criticism in delivery. Hence, if only one course is to be taken it should cover the ground that is least easily covered without a teacher.

(2) The practice is based on memorized selections. We at Michigan are convinced that the problems of delivery are far more easily and successfully met with the aid of committed practice speeches than with extemporaneous ones. A really extemporaneous speech can never be given twice alike; a committed speech can be. In calling attention to faults of delivery it is an advantage to be able to have the speech, or a section of it, given over again, and thus to have the fault repeated and made plain. The fault can thus be seen, heard and known, and the remedy can be applied. Then, too, the student, freed from the necessity of ordering his own ideas under particularly difficult conditions, can give his whole attention to the problems of delivery. But since the extemporaneous speech is the most practical type for the average person, an attempt is made to supplement these committed assignments with extemporaneous assignments, to the end that the principles learned and practiced in the committed work may be used as far as possible in the more practical type of extemporaneous speaking.

In regard to the choice of selections for practice, we have tried everything from Demosthenes to Wilson, and have found that the types represented here are the most satisfactory. The great orations are often too formal and too ponderous for students whose speaking relations will for the most part always be on

a commonplace level. Then, too, they are usually on subjects that have little or no relation to the student's interests and that are often absolutely unknown to him. The speeches here given have a universal appeal, have a goodly amount of humor, are, for the most part, conversational and easy in style, and make an appeal to student interest. The student can get into the spirit of them easily. Given in toto, as they are, he can grasp the whole thought and know exactly what his assignment means in relation to the whole speech. This is not always true of "selections". The writer believes that any suspicion of "propaganda", especially religious, will be dispelled by noting that Ingersoll and Bryan stand side by side.

(3) Lastly, there is an attempt to stress what the writer believes are the things of fundamental importance to the student of Course I: (a) sense of communication, (b) physical vitality, (c) enthusiasm, (d) earnestness, (e) platform appearance, (f) gesture, (g) modulations of quality, force and pitch, (h) accurate and distinct pronunciation, (i) rate and grouping, and (j) emphasis. All of these have been simplified in their treatment, and the discussion limited to the most practical considerations.

Course I must have a teacher. Consequently, presupposing a teacher, exercises have been omitted. No two teachers use the same ones anyway. There are so many books that contain good exercises that it seems unnecessary to add exercises here. This is a guide, a manual for Course I, not an exhaustive text

book of theory. Short lists of books for collateral reading are given after chapters on theory, and the teacher can use these as freely as he desires. Good exercises are to be found in almost any standard text. I have thought it sufficient here to stress the things upon which exercise is to be given. If the teacher believes that a more elaborate statement of the four elements, quality, force, pitch and time, is desirable, I believe that Fulton and Trueblood's "Practical Elocution" contains the best complete statement of these subjects in print. In the twenty-eight years that this book has been in the hands of students it has not been improved upon as a text on elocution, and many of the books in this particular field have been based upon it, sometimes more freely than the authors have indicated. We use this book at Michigan, with this present manual as a guide. Professor C. H. Woolbert's recent book "Fundamentals of Speech", published by Harpers, contains the most recent and best treatment of the subject from the psychological point of view. A large portion of Professor Winans' "Public Speaking", published by The Century Co., deals with delivery, and is one of the best books in the field.

If this manual helps to clear the air somewhat and offers a solution of the question of what to teach in Course I, if the practice speeches appended to the chapters on theory prove of value to other teachers as they have to us at Michigan, if anything has been added to the effectiveness of instruction in the elementary course and any contribution made to the joys of

the student in mastering one of the most interesting and fascinating activities in the world, then this modest book will have served its purpose.

I wish to express here my especial appreciation of the many helps and hints I have had from Professor Thomas C. Trueblood in whose department I have for ten years taught Course I, and to whose book, "Practical Elocution", I am deeply indebted for my first and best knowledge of the Elements of Vocal Expression; to Professor R. D. T. Hollister under whom I first pursued Course I and to whose inspiration I owe a large part of my interest in this subject; to my colleagues, Professor Louis Eich, Mr. George Wilner, Mr. John H. Hathaway and Mr. Carl Brandt, who have contributed much to the formation of my ideas on this subject through many friendly and interestingly frank discussions; and lastly to Mr. G. Arthur Andrews, now Principal of Grand Rapids High School and President of Grand Rapids Junior College, in collaboration with whom I first worked out a formulation of the content of Course I.

RAY K. IMMEL,
Ann Arbor, Michigan.

July, 1921.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Foreword — To the Teacher.....	5
Chapter I. The Nature of a Good Speech.....	15
✓ Chapter II. Fundamental Qualities of Delivery.	23
Chapter III. Formal Qualities of Delivery — Action	34
Chapter IV. Formal Qualities of Delivery — Voice	49
Standard for the Course.....	66
Schedule of Speeches for the Semester.....	68
Suggestions for Memorizing.....	71
“Acres of Diamonds”.....	73
— RUSSELL H. CONWELL	
“The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child”.....	109
— ROBERT G. INGERSOLL	
“A Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll”.....	162
— ROBERT G. INGERSOLL	
“The Prince of Peace”.....	165
— WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN	
“Sour Grapes”.....	196
— EDWARD A. OTT	
“The Race Problem in the South”.....	238
— HENRY W. GRADY	
“The New South”.....	263
— HENRY W. GRADY	
“The Rise and Fall of the Mustache”.....	273
— ROBERT J. BURDETTE	

THE DELIVERY OF A SPEECH

CHAPTER I

THE NATURE OF A GOOD SPEECH

Public Speaking a Useful Art. We frequently hear people say, "Public speaking is a fine art." Of course what most of them mean is that public speaking is a very difficult and intricate art, requiring a high degree of skill. They usually mean, too, that the orator, like the poet, is "born, not made". But allowing for those who thus use the term "fine art" in a loose sense, there are still many who regard public speaking as an end in itself, as an adornment of life, as a thing which is its own excuse for being. They think of it in connection with music, poetry, painting and sculpture, and they think of studying it as one studies these fine arts.

Now public speaking, as distinguished from public reading, is not a fine art at all. It is a useful art. It is not an end in itself, nor its own excuse for being. It does not exist primarily to adorn life nor to give aesthetic pleasure. It has a very useful function, and is to be studied as one studies the arts of carpentering, brick laying, book making and the other thousand useful arts. It is to be practiced just as they are practiced. Consequently, a fair degree of skill is possible to anyone of normal intelligence. Plain public

speaking, such as we are to study here, does not require inherited "genius".

A Purpose Implied. Public speaking implies a purpose. It has an end to which it itself is but the means. One does not properly say, "Go to now, I will make a speech," unless it be at a banquet or some similar function where people are gathered to while away an hour and to escape from the serious business of life. What he properly says is: "I wish to raise five hundred dollars for the Y. M. C. A." or "I wish to help elect John Jones", or "I wish to explain the Nebular Hypothesis", or "I wish to make these people believe in a League of Nations". Then he makes a speech to reach the desired end.

The musician, the poet, the painter or the sculptor practices quite a different activity. He has something within that seeks expression, and he creates a beautiful song, poem, picture or statue to express this inner idea of perfection. As a rule he creates his work of art with no idea of its usefulness. He does not raise the question, "Of what use will this be?" Such a question is beside the point. If his work is beautiful, if it gives aesthetic pleasure, he is, and has a right to be, satisfied. It is not a part of his business to work out practical solutions of the world's problems. It is not a part of his business to conduct human affairs. His task is the expression of the beautiful. His work is, in a very real sense, the highest adornment of life. It is its own excuse for being. It has no more connection with practical utility than a violet has.

The public speaker, on the other hand, is concerned

with practical solutions of problems; he is concerned with the conduct of human affairs. Consequently his art falls into the class of all arts that concern themselves with the problems of living, with the so-called practical problems. And if we liken the created beauty of the fine arts to the natural beauty of the violet, we may without apology liken the utilitarian value of public speaking to the utilitarian value of the potato. And the potato is judged, not by the beauty of its foliage, but by the weight and quality of the food it produces.

A young lady once wrote to the author, stating that she wished to give up her work as a stenographer and become an "orator" and asking what her prospects would be. When asked what ideas she wished to contribute to the world's betterment, she replied that she didn't have anything definite in mind but "just thought she would like to become an orator". The case is typical of many. Of course each prospective speaker must, as Mr. Russell Conwell points out, "speak his piece as a boy if he would become an orator as a man", but he who has no more definite purpose in view than "to become an orator" can never be one. He must have something to say. He must have a desire to accomplish specific things, to achieve definite results. Then he uses the art of speech making to reach his goal, just as a carpenter uses his art to build a house.

This distinction between fine and useful arts is a highly important one. It is necessary to understand, right at the outset, the nature of the study and practice upon which we are entering. Otherwise we may

go in the wrong direction, do much unnecessary and even undesirable work, set up false standards and in the end only find ourselves far on a road that leads nowhere.

The Purpose of Public Speaking. What, then, is the purpose of public speaking, if it must have a utilitarian purpose? It is simply this: to arouse in the audience ideas and thoughts, points of view, aims, aspirations and definite desires. The purpose may be simply to make something plain, as when a teacher demonstrates a problem in Physics; it may be to convince people of the truth of a proposition, as when one addresses an audience on the thesis that the Kaiser and his associates deliberately and wilfully planned and started the Great War; it may be to persuade them to do something as when one speaks to raise money for the Red Cross; but always, aside from banquet speeches and certain humorous lectures such as Burdette's "Rise and Fall of the Mustache" whose end is entertainment, the purpose is to convey ideas, convictions or desires clearly and convincingly. If it is too much to hope that the audience will be converted, at least they will be favorably impressed and will go away thinking about what has been said.

Methods and Rules. Keeping in mind the purpose what of the methods to be employed by the speaker? Clearly the method is less important than the result. One might almost say that the method may be anything so long as the proper result is attained. Who cares whether the cabinet maker uses the saw with his left hand or with his right so long

as the bookcase is a good one and nicely put together? Methods of speaking may and do vary greatly with different speakers with uniformly good results. No hard and fast method or set of rules can be laid down. For one no sooner ties up to an arbitrary method and says "thus you must do to be successful", than a speaker comes along who violates all the rules, takes the audience by storm, achieves his purpose gloriously and leaves the rule maker wondering how he does it.

The Only Safe Principle. There is just one safe principle: *Use any methods or means that will help convey your message, and, so far as is humanly possible, do nothing that calls attention away from the thought.* Any position, gesture, voice, or style of speech that aids in attaining the end is good; and any one of these that calls attention to itself, and consequently away from the end of the speech, is bad. The reason is obvious; the speech is not an end in itself; and so should not call attention to itself. It is a means to an end, and the attention of the listener should be directed to that end, first, last and all the time. Just so far as the attention of the audience is diverted to the odd gesture, peculiar attitude, or "different" voice of the speaker, just that far the audience cannot be attending to the business of the hour, the point that the speaker is trying to make.

Methods, then, must be judged by their results, never by themselves. An effective method for one speaker may not be effective for another. What we want is results, let the method be what it may. In

succeeding chapters general principles that experience has shown are best adapted to achieve results will be discussed. It is necessary to say here only that *the* best method hides itself completely behind the content of the speech.

Standards of Judgment. Finally, what are the standards by which we may judge the success of a delivered speech? From what has gone before it must be plain that a speech can be judged only by its results. It follows that some common standards do not properly apply. It is not proper to ask, for example, "Were the gestures graceful?" Graceful or not, the only pertinent question is this: "Did the gestures aid in driving home the message of the speech?" It is not proper to ask "Was the speaker's voice musical?" That question might properly be asked concerning the singer. The only question here is "Did his voice reach everyone, and did it have that sympathetic and persuasive quality that makes it easy for the audience to listen to the point presented?"

There is such a thing as too much gracefulness, too musical a quality, too artistic pose. These things may call attention to themselves. Many a person may be heard to remark, on the way home from a lecture, "What an impressive presence he had!" "What a wonderful voice!" "What graceful gestures!" Now these remarks are serious reflections on the speaker. He was not there to show his manly presence, his wonderful voice, his graceful gestures. This was no concert or opera. It was a speech. It had a definite purpose. If it had been successful the audience would

never have remarked upon these tools of the trade. The carpenter does not leave his saw sticking in the staircase, however fine the saw. The audience should be talking of the speaker's ideas, not of his way of presenting them.

There is probably no better way of judging a speech than to listen to the remarks made by the audience after it is over. If they go away talking of the speaker's method, however complimentary their remarks are intended to be, there is something wrong with the delivery of the speech. For a good speech conceals both method and speaker behind the message. If, on the other hand, some are convinced, others are driven to defend their old ideas, and all are discussing the points raised by the speaker, it was a good speech. It did what it was intended to do; it conveyed ideas from speaker to audience clearly and effectively. It served its purpose as a useful art.

SUMMARY

Public Speaking Is a Useful Art. It is distinguished from the fine arts by the fact that it is definitely accepted as a means to ends quite outside itself. Fine arts give us aesthetic pleasure and so are ends in themselves. They are their own excuse for being.

As a useful art, *public speaking has in view a useful end.* That end is to convey ideas, aspirations and desires from speaker to audience.

There are *no cut-and-dried rules* and methods for the practice of the art of public speaking. There are

underlying principles, to be discussed later, and there is one general principle which is a guide to the formulation of methods and rules that each must make for himself. *"Use any method or means that will help convey your message, and, so far as is humanly possible, do nothing that calls attention away from the thought."*

Lastly, *a speech must be judged*, not by any or all of its formal qualities of delivery, such as voice, gesture, position, etc., but *by the results achieved*. If two speeches are made to the same audience under the same conditions, both for the purpose of raising money for the Red Cross, and if one speech nets one hundred dollars and the other nets two hundred, the second is twice as good a speech as the first, regardless of any formal qualities of the two speeches.

CHAPTER II

FUNDAMENTAL QUALITIES OF DELIVERY

While the methods of delivery may vary greatly with different speakers, there are certain underlying fundamental qualities of address on which all good speaking is, and must be, based. Certain characteristics every speech must have; without them no method can make a speech successful; with them, almost any method will succeed reasonably. These fundamental qualities have been characteristic of all the great orators from Demosthenes to Bryan; they were found in successful four-minute speeches for Liberty Loans; they are the universal necessities of successful speaking in all ages.

Sense of Communication. The very first of these is what Professor Winans calls a "sense of communication". It is a factor in what has long been known as conversational directness. The purpose of a speech, once more, is to *communicate ideas*. It is of the greatest importance that the speaker, at the very outset, get the idea firmly in mind that he is *talking to people*. This would seem to be too simple to dwell upon, but a little observation will make clear that the one thing that the student finds hardest is to get this attitude. He should rid himself of the idea, so false in its usual connotation, that he is "making a speech". He is not "making a speech", he is not repeating sentences before people, he is not talking *at* people. He is

talking to people. He is communicating his ideas to them. It is a one sided conversation.

This highly dominant note is struck in the very first sentence of Russell Conwell's "Acres of Diamonds". Mr. Conwell begins, "The title of this lecture originated away back in 1869. I was going down the Tigris River —". He is telling us something. The fact can be best understood by those who have heard Mr. Conwell. A very human sort of man, he begins to talk in a very human sort of way. At once we feel easy. We are listening to a man who is just relating some of his own experiences. He is not "orating", he is not "making a speech", he is just talking to us, much as as a favorite uncle might talk to us in the parlor upon his return from a long travel. He smiles, his eye kindles, his whole personality reaches out and takes us by the hand and establishes at once a close friendship. From the very start Mr. Conwell gets into communication with us. And this is what people want and like. It is one of the reasons why Mr. Conwell has been able to give this lecture more than six thousand times and to make more than a million dollars with it. People do not willingly pay a million dollars for something they do not like.

Of all places in the world, the platform is the last place for the impersonal attitude, the fishy eye, the colorless voice. Of all forms of conversation, that known as public speaking most demands the personal touch, the lively sense of mental contact with people. If the listless, colorless, dead-to-the-world person is a bore in the parlor, he is impossible on the platform. Personal contact, interest in the listeners, and

a very strong sense of talking to them just as though they could talk back — these are the first essentials of a successful speech.

When people go into a hall and sit down with others to hear a speech, they do not change their natures materially. An audience is only an aggregation of individuals. It is true that there is a psychology of a crowd that is somewhat different from the psychology of the different individuals that make up the crowd, but in the main nothing may be said of the likes and dislikes of a crowd of people that may not be said of the individuals present. What the persons like the crowd likes also. If individually they like direct, straightforward, colorful conversation, they will like the same thing on the platform. It is necessary to remember that the audience is made up of human beings, just common, everyday people, and when this is kept in mind the speaker is apt to be conversationally direct and to get and keep his sense of communication with them. For *public speaking* is nothing in the world but *exalted conversation*.

In order to acquire this sense of communication, certain things must be kept in mind in practice as well as in the delivery of the speech. *The speaker must think the thought as he goes along.* It is not sufficient merely to say the words. The speaker's attention must be strongly focused on the ideas to be conveyed. If you find yourself mechanically repeating words, stop and concentrate on the idea before going on. Never allow the mind to wander. If the thought is not vivid to the speaker it will not be vivid to the audience. To them, too, it will be just "words,

words, words". Do your very best with each sentence to renew the meaning to yourself. If Mr. Conwell can make his thought live again after six thousand repetitions, surely the student can make it vital for the few times that he will speak it. And one of the most impressive things about Mr. Conwell's style is that he thinks every thought vividly, and gives it all the life and energy of a new idea.

In order to do this, *speak slowly*. Do not hurry. Give yourself and your audience plenty of time to understand and to appreciate the weight of each idea as it comes along. Group the words so as to bring out the meaning most clearly. Pause between these groups of words and think, and as the idea becomes vivid in the mind, make every effort to make it vivid in the spoken words.

Feel the idea as well as think it. Get enthusiastic about it. Have it so much at heart that the desire arises to communicate it to others. Understanding, feeling and the desire to communicate are very essential factors in common conversation. Of how much more importance are they in the exalted conversation of the platform.

After thinking the idea clearly and feeling it strongly and after getting the desire to communicate it to others, make a conscious effort to *adapt yourself to the audience*. Try now to make *them* understand and feel the idea. Get forward toward them. Reach out after them. Project the voice to them. Avoid the subjective and the impersonal attitude, look and tone. Focus the eyes on the people in the audience and talk to them. Give them your idea as though you really

wanted them to get it. Watch their faces and adapt yourself to them as in animated conversation. If they are not all listening, it is because you are not interesting enough. Use every art of conversation to reach them and to hold their attention and interest. It is only by thus taking a lively interest in conveying your idea that you can reach people effectively.

Physical Vitality. After the sense of communication, one of the most important qualities of a speaker is life, vigor, physical vitality and animation. People do not like a "dead one". To be a good speaker, one must first of all be a good animal. Strong and positive tone and speech, forceful enunciation, strong position and vigorous gesture count for much. Not all of us can be physical giants, and fortunately it is not necessary. There are "little giants". Successful speaking is hard physical work, and one who cannot generate enough vitality to work a little would do well to lay aside the idea of making speeches.

Most students have the necessary health and strength to speak well. What most of them lack is a realization of the importance of using some of this strength. Common conversation requires little muscular exertion because the listener is close by and easily reached. But when the audience is large and when many of them are seated at a distance the problem is different. Again, the platform speech deals presumably with important subjects. It is vital that the message "get across". If common conversation languishes in interest, it is a simple matter to terminate it. It is not so simple in a speech. Here *the interest*

must not lag. Furthermore, in common conversation ordinary politeness compels the listener to pay respectful attention even though the talk is lifeless. In the case of a speech there is not so much stress laid on politeness, and many a dull and lifeless speaker can testify that the great American public is apt to exercise its "rights of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" and leave the room if the speech does not measure up. And this is not a pleasant experience for the speaker. His is a kind of game, and he must learn to bring to it the same physical vitality, alertness and energy that he would bring to a good game of tennis.

Walk to your place as one who is alive. Let the step be firm and purposeful. Let the face show life and interest. Beware the "mud face", the "fish eye". Many great speakers have not hesitated to check themselves up by the use of a mirror. And it cannot be too strongly urged upon the beginner that he take occasion often to thus "see himself as others see him". Practice until you can walk up to a mirror with a bearing and a face that expresses life and vitality.

In beginning the speech, make every word clear and strong. Nine students out of ten talk only for those in the front row, and for those only half heartedly. Remember that those in the "peanut row" have paid their money as well as those in the "bald-headed row". Remember that they wish just as much to hear, and that if they do not hear they will cause far more disturbance.

In a word, dominate the whole situation from the start, by sheer force of physical vitality. People re-

spect the strong and the purposeful. They ignore the weak and timid. Vitality characterized Theodore Roosevelt, and, as much as anything else, made him the great leader and speaker that he was.

Enthusiasm. Closely allied to vitality is the third great quality, enthusiasm. One must bubble over. Get interested in the subject. The river never rises higher than its source, and the people in the audience are not going to get more enthusiastic over the subject than the speaker himself. This should be remembered in practice. Always practice as to an audience and try to generate the same enthusiasm as for the final speech. As seen by the audience, this results in a kindling of the eye, a ring in the voice, life in the gesture and in the spoken words. The speeches of Jane Addams and Graham Taylor are good examples of what may be accomplished by enthusiasm. Newell Dwight Hillis is another example. In fact, to call the roll of successful speakers would be to give a list of enthusiasts. Extended discussion of this quality is hardly necessary because the value of enthusiasm is so well recognized in every activity of life.

To physical vitality and enthusiasm one must of course add *poise* and *control*. This at first seems to run counter to the very nature of the qualities of which we have been thinking. But this is not so in reality. To acquire poise does not necessitate putting a damper on one's spirit or throwing a wet blanket over the fire of one's enthusiasm. It simply means that, with all one's force and enthusiasm, he must keep himself always in hand. He must not "fly off the han-

dle". He must be master of himself. This implies holding power in reserve, so that however strongly he speaks the audience feels that he could speak much more strongly if he chose. A pug dog may have physical vitality and enthusiasm, but he cannot make people take him seriously. He has no poise. He yaps. But a mastiff adds poise to his other virtues and commands respect. He barks to a purpose. It is necessary for the speaker to have himself in hand at all times. While he must glow with physical force, while he must bubble over with enthusiasm, he must also command respect by his poise and self-command. Mr. Bryan's dignified, yet forceful and enthusiastic address contrast pleasantly with the unpoised platform antics and run-away style of certain well-known evangelists in this country.

Genuineness and Earnestness. Finally, in addition to a sense of communication, vitality and well poised enthusiasm, the successful speaker must be genuine and earnest. He must believe what he says. The note that sounded so clearly in President Wilson's War Speech before Congress was this note of genuineness and seriousness. And that speech will take its place among the greatest state utterances of all time. Confidence in one's self, belief and perfect faith in the truth as it is given one to see the truth, these are among the important qualities of a good speaker. Too often the speaker has been criticized as a time server, shallow, insincere and unworthy. But of such were not the ones who have been eminently successful and whose names have come down in his-

tory as great orators. From Demosthenes down to our time the really great speakers have been sincere. Often they have been mistaken, as subsequent history has shown, but they stood for the right as they understood it. Webster's genuine and sincere belief in the constitution was a watchword. O'Connell's love for Ireland was a passion. Hundreds of illustrations could be given. Many people think Mr. Bryan to have been in the wrong in his advocacy of free silver, but none who reads his "Cross of Gold" speech can doubt his sincerity. Shallow and insincere speakers there have been, but their names are not writ large in history.

Now we cannot all attain to a senatorial defense of the Union, to a solemn declaration of war before Congress, to a nomination to the presidency, but the same qualities of earnestness and sincerity that have characterized these great history-making speeches are within reach of all, and they are as necessary in a speech to the school board as is one to Congress, as desirable in an address before the young people's society as before a meeting of thousands. We all admire and love the genuine and the sincere person in conversation. We all abominate the twister, the person without convictions. And if sincerity and earnestness are attractive and winning in common conversation, of how much greater import are they when the audience is increased to a hundred, to a thousand, to five thousand! We approve when our speaker confesses that he has changed his mind after sufficient evidence has been given him, but we want him to stand sincerely for what he believes to be right until he is convinced of his error. St. Paul is a man for us. But

as Saul, persecuting Christians, he was still admirable. He acted according to this belief at all times.

But genuineness and earnestness do *not* mean *solemnity*. It is not necessary to be funereal and long faced to be earnest. We all feel somewhat with Ingersoll that "solemnity is a mask worn by hypocrisy". Or if we do not suspect the solemn person, at least he makes us uncomfortable. Many a pulpit utterance would improve a hundred percent by ridding itself of solemnity. A sense of humor is one of the greatest assets to the speaker, and it is evidenced as much by the speaker's manner as by his words. A sense of humor is never inconsistent with seriousness. A sense of humor is essentially a mark of mental balance, for it is in reality an appreciation of relative values. That is perhaps why we suspect the solemn person. We suspect him of being without discrimination and a sense of the relative importance of things. And we wish our speaker to be highly sane.

SUMMARY

To summarize, the fundamental qualities of a successful speech, without which no speech can succeed however formally good it may be in tone, pronunciation, position and gesture, are: (1) a lively sense of communication, (2) physical vitality and vigor, (3) well poised enthusiasm, and (4) genuineness and earnestness free from solemnity. With these qualities a speech will be reasonably successful even though the speaker may have a poor voice, awkward gestures and indifferent command of language. But it should always be remembered that *a speech*, if successful, suc-

ceeds by these qualities, not because of defects of voice, gesture and English. Students sometimes copy the mannerisms of successful speakers, under the mistaken notion that these are the secret of their success. A man may occasionally get drunk, he may shave too infrequently, he may wear a dirty collar, and he may still be a reasonably successful man in business, but nobody is foolish enough to attribute his success to these unfortunate aspects of his life and conduct. He succeeds in spite of them, not because of them, and he succeeds because he has other and better qualities that outweigh his bad ones. So with the speaker. He may succeed with poor voice, poor gesture and poor English, but these are not the elements of his success, and he would make a much greater success if he would eliminate the objectionable features of his delivery. It is to some of these defects and their eradication that we turn in the next chapter.

COLLATERAL READING

Exercises and Illustrations

Houghton: Essentials of Public Speaking — Chapter II.

Winans: Public Speaking — Chapter II.

Woolbert: The Fundamentals of Speech — Chapters II and III.

CHAPTER III

FORMAL QUALITIES OF DELIVERY — ACTION

The fundamental qualities discussed in Chapter II are the essentials of a successful delivery. But a review of speeches that you have heard will reveal the fact that crudities of style often mar an otherwise splendid speech. For instance, an awkward appearance or a rasping voice, while they may not completely spoil the effect of the speech, stand in the way of the greatest possible success. They may indeed go so far as completely to offset the sense of communication, the vitality, the enthusiasm and the earnestness of the speaker. Of what avail are these fundamental things if the audience cannot hear or cannot understand the speaker? Hence it is desirable that every speaker learn to recognize and cultivate the formal qualities of delivery, to the end that he may attain the highest degree of success of which he is capable.

It has been insisted upon that no cut-and-dried rules are possible. It is not the purpose of the next two chapters to attempt to lay down such rules; the purpose is to indicate the more common faults of action and voice that interfere with success and to suggest ways of avoiding them, and *to state a norm for delivery*, from which individual variations may be made. In short, Chapters II and III are a development of the general principle laid down in Chapter I.

And that principle is: *Use any method or means that will help convey your message, and, so far as is humanly possible, do nothing that calls attention away from the thought.*

In applying this general principle, we may conveniently consider the subject under two heads, *action and voice*. This division is based on the fact that all impressions that make or mar the delivery of the speech must come to us through one or both of two senses, sight and hearing. The first group of impressions, those that come to us through the sense of sight, we may discuss under the head of *action*. The second, those that come through the sense of hearing, we may consider under the head of *voice*. The present chapter is concerned with *action*.

Four general sets of impressions come to us as we look at a speaker: *standing position* and general appearance, *facial expression*, *platform movements* and *gestures*. If all these are good then the speaker's action is good, and there will be nothing in what the audience sees to detract from the success of the speech.

Standing Position. What kind of a standing position best furthers the end of the speech and least calls attention to itself? Certain types of position will at once suggest themselves as bad; a slouchy position, a purposeless position, a stiff position, an awkward position. And by contrast one sees that there are certain qualities that a good position should possess.

A good position should have *stability*. Stability is

largely a matter of the position of the feet. If the feet are placed tight together, the "base of the statue" is narrow and the speaker resembles a flag pole swaying in the wind. The feet should be separated enough to give what may be called lateral stability. So placed, the body may move somewhat from side to side and still not appear to "wobble" or to "reel". Of course there is a limit to the width of the position. If the feet are separated too far the body resembles a derrick and attention is at once called to it. A little practice before a mirror will give the desired result. The distance of separation cannot be measured in inches but the common sense and judgment of the speaker will easily decide the correct distance. But the body needs also forward-and-back stability. Hence *one foot* should be placed *ahead of the other*, so that the body may be moved toward and away from the audience without changing the position of the feet and without the appearance of staggering. It perhaps goes without saying that the toes should point outward somewhat. Both the parallel and the pigeon-toed position of the feet call attention to themselves. The precise angle cannot be measured as it may very properly vary considerably with different individuals, but again the mirror is helpful in judging what looks well. The weight of the body should be about equally distributed on both feet and about equally on heels and toes. If too much weight falls on the back foot, the chances are you are leaning back too far. If too much falls on the front foot, throw the hips back and equalize the weight. Now we have the foundation of a firm, businesslike, direct position, one that has stability and strength and

consequently furthers the end of the speech by inspiring confidence, by impressing the audience with a businesslike purpose. The listeners will now expect something worth while.

A good position should also have *symmetry and balance*. A line dropped vertically from a point midway between the eyes should divide the body equally all the way to the floor. In other words, the speaker should stand straight. He should not lean or lop to one side or the other. The hips should not be pushed out to left or right. The shoulders should be of the same height, not one up and the other sagging. The head should be poised in an upright position, not allowed to fall to one side.

The position should have *directness*. By this is meant that the speaker should bend forward slightly toward the audience. This bending should be from the hips. Do not lean forward. By doing so the weight is all thrown on the front foot and on the ball of the foot, and still directness is not attained. But throw the hips back and incline the upper part of the body forward as one does in earnest conversation. The amount of this bending depends first upon the height of the platform, a high platform requiring more bending than a low one, and second on the relation of speaker to audience, moments of greater intimacy with the audience requiring more of the bending position. Face directly the part of the audience being addressed and keep the whole body that way as long as you are talking in that direction. When you address another part of the house, turn the whole body, not merely

the eyes or the head, toward the people you are talking to.

Lastly, the position should have *ease* and *poise*. Avoid stiffness, rigidity and artificiality. The requisite ease can come only through long and patient practice. One who has never faced audiences cannot expect to acquire easiness and at-homeness in a day or a week. This is especially true if he has been accustomed to stand poorly in everyday conversation. He will of course feel awkward and stiff in a good position. But by assuming a good position and by practicing every day he will in time acquire a feeling and an appearance of ease before people.

Perhaps the greatest difficulty for the beginner is in knowing what to do with the hands. They appear to be always in the way and to be as prominent as bunches of bananas. For his encouragement it may be truthfully said that his hands feel much more awkward and prominent to him than they look to the audience. Practice letting them hang naturally at the sides. They really look well there, though they may seem to the speaker to be very much in evidence. Practice will overcome this feeling. The hands may, by way of variety, be held behind the back but this position should not be held all the time. They may be held in front part of the time, one held loosely in the other, but in this position they should not be pressed tightly to the body as though the speaker has an attack of acute indigestion. In the case of men the hands may, not too often or for too long a time, be in the pockets. But care should be taken not to pull or derange the clothing. This is almost sure to happen

when the hands are in the coat pockets. Perhaps the easiest way to manage is to hook the thumb lightly in the trousers pocket, leaving the rest of the hand hanging on the outside. In general, any position that is easy and does not call attention to itself unduly is proper. Free use of gesture, as outlined farther on, does much to solve the problem.

It is impossible to insist too often or too strongly on practice before a mirror. Only by this practice can the proper position be cultivated and the crude positions be eliminated. A full length mirror is best, but in the absence of one an ordinary dresser mirror, tilted up or down as needful, will do very nicely.

To repeat, then, a good position is one that has *stability, symmetry and balance, directness and easy poise*. Such a position inspires people with confidence in the speaker and tends to inspire the speaker with confidence in himself. It is the first thing noticed by the audience, and, as first impressions are notoriously lasting, it is desirable that the position assumed will prejudice people in favor of, and not against, the speaker and his speech.

Facial Expression. Acquiring good facial expression is more a matter of acquiring freedom and at-homeness on the platform than anything else. The two requisites are *friendliness* and *expressiveness*.

A smile, or at least a pleasant look, is always welcome, on the platform or off. One should meet the audience pleasantly and in a friendly spirit. When one is introduced to people in the parlor, he does not look sour or glum or impersonal. He recognizes the

fact that this kind of facial expression does not make for a good impression. One tries to show life and interest. On the platform this is even more important than in conversation, for more depends upon the impression made. Hence it is highly important that the facial expression be such as to win people, not antagonize them. This does not mean that one should cultivate an artificial smile or smirk. Here, more than anywhere else, one must be genuine. One must cultivate a genuine interest in people and a genuine friendliness for people. And the process of learning to express these qualities in the face is largely a matter of removing the natural inhibitions to their expression. We must practice to get rid of these inhibitions, fear and self-consciousness, and with their passing will pass also the mask that obscures our real feelings of friendliness and good will. Certain things can be done to help in the process however. The eyes should be directed at the audience from the very first. If we cannot at first look as pleasant as we would wish, we can at least look *at the audience*. The eyes should not only be turned toward the audience, but they should be focused on people in the audience. The "far away look" comes into the eyes when they do not converge on some definite point in the audience but are directed in lines parallel to each other. This gives the face an unseeing expression, a subjective look, as though the speaker were not thinking of the people before him but of something a thousand miles away. Now the first element of friendliness and interest is to be thinking of the audience and looking at them. Meet squarely the eyes of all the people present. Care should be

taken not to shift the eyes too rapidly, as this breaks up the directness, but as the speech begins the speaker should talk to a part of the audience and look directly at that part until a thought is completed. Then he may turn to another part, and so in turn he will address everybody at some time or other. Thus everyone gets the impression that the speaker is interested in him personally.

But the face must also be expressive of the speaker's feeling for the things he is saying. Watch people in animated conversation. Their eyes kindle and sparkle, their whole faces express the shades of emotion and feeling that color their reflections on the thought. And we like faces that are thus responsive. So far as speaking is concerned, faces are made to reveal thought, not to conceal it. The "poker face" may have its uses, but it is not for the platform. Nothing looks more incongruous than a face devoid of expression in conversation. Again the thing that is necessary is to acquire freedom of expression. Little can be done in a positive way. Much of the artificiality of the old "elocution" was due to an attempt to "put on" a facial expression and a tone of voice to fit a stated emotion. If one feels the thought strongly and tries hard to free himself as fast as possible from the restraints of the platform, he will come gradually to lose the "mud face" and to let the features play their natural and important part in expression.

Movement. Little need be said about platform movements, except perhaps to utter a warning or two. People like variety, and it is therefore well to avoid

standing in any one position too long. Break up the position and take a new one occasionally. *Do this as the thought changes.* Rarely is it necessary or desirable to walk directly across the platform. This takes the speaker away from direct contact with his audience, and he should at all times be direct. But a speaker may move forward and back at will, coming forward to emphasize a thought and retreating a step or two as he begins a new thought. He may move from one side of a table or desk to the other side, standing directly behind it part of the time. In short, he may make almost *any movement that has some significance* and does not call attention to itself. He should avoid side-stepping, "cutting over-toe" and "gum-shoeing" or "pussy-footing". If he would change positions, let him do it deliberately and freely, walking on heel and toe as usual.

Gestures. Gestures are of two kinds, *head* and *hand*. If you will observe people in animated conversation you will discover that they all use head gestures continually. They nod and shake the head to emphasize the thought, and the more vigorous the thought the more frequent and vigorous the head gesture. If you would see how universal and necessary this is, get someone to repeat a few stirring lines of prose or poetry in a vigorous voice but with the head held perfectly still. The effect is almost uncanny. Yet it is a very common thing to see beginners on the platform hold the head as though it were clamped in one position. Get free from this unnatural rigidity by getting interested in the thought and by cultivating a de-

sire to be understood and believed. There is no more natural means of emphasis than a nod of the head on the emphatic word or words.

Turning to animated conversation again, it will also be found that most people use *hand gestures*. A little study of these gestures will reveal the fact that they are of three general types, *index*, *open hand* and *fist*. When trying to make a point more plain and understandable, the one finger, or index gesture, is frequently used. In trying to get people to believe something or do something, the open hand gesture is oftenest employed. And in driving home a point with very strong conviction, or when uttering an extremely forceful statement, or in heated argument, the fist gesture is sometimes used. These hand movements are a very natural and spontaneous means of expression. They are a universal language. They help in making clear our meaning and in making impressive our thought and feeling. But they do something more than this: they react on the speaker personally and help him to clearer and more forceful expression than he is capable of without them. One does not need to accept without reservation the well-known James-Lange theory of the emotions to admit that this latter contention is true. One has but to repeat an emphatic phrase without and then with a strong gesture to be convinced that the gesture reacts in such a way as to make the vocal emphasis stronger and the feeling of the speaker keener.

Students frequently ask if they positively must gesture with the hands. The answer is that of course it is not positively necessary, but if gestures help to make

common conversation more effective it is certainly fair to assume that they will be a great asset in the more vigorous and important conversation of the platform. It is a mistake for any speaker to deny himself any legitimate means of effectiveness. Try seeing if you can get through a day without using gestures in animated conversation, and then answer the question according to experience.

Taking the three types of gestures as the natural hand language, what changes are necessary to fit them for platform use? When one remembers that the platform speech is somewhat more finished and formal than ordinary conversation, he will readily understand why some gestures that are never noticed in common talk call attention to themselves on the platform. They are too informal. The only change necessary to fit them for public speech is to formalize them sufficiently so that they may be appropriate to the occasion. Just as we use more dignified and better language on the platform, just as we wear better and more formal clothes, just so we try to use better gestures than in common speech. These better gestures are not different in kind, they differ only in dignity and formality, just as our clothes are not different in kind but only in quality and formal cut.

To be most effective most gestures should be made within an angle of 90 degrees of the speaker. A few gestures may be made at the side, but too many call attention to themselves and detract from the directness of the speech. They should also, for the most part, be made well below the line of vision — that is, below a line drawn from the speaker's eye to the eyes

of those to whom he is talking. The reason for this is that when a gesture crosses the line of vision it is very apt to attract the listener's attention. Of course the gestures should not be made too low. In general they should be directly between the speaker and the part of the audience he is addressing. This is especially true of the index gesture.

The *index* gesture is best made by drawing all the fingers, except the first, into the palm of the hand and binding them in loosely with the thumb. The hand should be held with the *index finger on top*, not turned to one side or the other. The finger is held in the direction of the people addressed, but it should be tilted up so as to avoid the appearance of pointing at them. And it should be made almost directly under the line of vision, so that the speaker faces, talks and gestures to a single place.

The *open hand* gesture is to be made as naturally as possible. Bring up the hand from the side, palm up, in its original position. The fingers are now curled somewhat, the little finger the most and the others less as you approach the index finger which is nearest straight. The thumb is above the level of the hand. Now open the hand out, keeping the fingers in the same relative position, until the index finger is almost if not quite straight, the others bent more and more as you approach the little finger, but none of them curled. The thumb is still above the level of the hand. Now bend the wrist backward until the audience can see into the palm of the hand. The fingers should be separated slightly. This gesture may be "supine" (back of the hand down), "prone" (palm

down). When only one hand is used it should generally be placed directly between speaker and audience, though it may sometimes be at one side. When both hands are used in this gesture they should be balanced as to height and distance from center.

The *first* gesture can be made from the open hand supine by simply drawing in all the fingers and binding them in tightly with the thumb. The fist should look businesslike — it should be a fighting fist. As a rule, girls and women find it hard if not impossible to use this gesture effectively.

A variation of the open hand is sometimes used. One hand is held palm up and the other is brought down on it palm down. This gesture is usually made fairly close to the body and directly in front. The speaker thus talks directly over it.

In making any gesture the hand should be brought up directly from the side, not in a roundabout course with elaborate curves. Do it just as simply and directly as possible. Then make the “stroke” of the gesture on the word to be emphasized, letting the hand fall *exactly on the accented syllable*. Several words may be emphasized in succession, with short strokes of the forearm and hand, before the gesture is dropped. The stroke should terminate with a slight “whip” at the wrist, to avoid angularity and stiffness. Finally let the gesture fall directly to the side when through with it.

Never watch the gesture yourself. This calls others’ attention to it. *Keep the eye on the audience*, and they will not be conscious of the gesture. Practice be-

fore a mirror is essential in acquiring gestures that will be effective and not noticable.

Do not gesture too much or emphasize too many words. Keep the gesture to bring out the most important ideas in the speech. One who is always using a fist gesture, for instance, soon loses all the force of the gesture by its too frequent repetition.

"Follow that impulse" is a fairly safe guide to gesturing. If you get into the spirit of the speech sufficiently and have a genuine desire to communicate effectively, you are almost certain to feel the impulse to gesture many times. Make gestures at such points and then practice them over and over again before a mirror, saying the phrase and emphasizing with the gesture until it becomes easy. The time will come when the gestures will be made as spontaneously as in common conversation and when the speaker will no longer need to be conscious of them. But the perfect fulfillment of this promise comes only after many days of faithful and persistent practice.

SUMMARY

Under the general principle that the speaker should *use any method or means that will help convey your message and, so far as is humanly possible, do nothing that calls attention away from the thought*, there are two sets of impressions that need to be watched, and we are studying the first of these in this chapter under the head of *Action*. The next chapter will deal with the other division, *Voice*.

Under the head of *Action* we have considered *position, facial expression, movement and gestures*.

A *good position* is one that has stability, symmetry, directness and ease. It does not call attention to itself.

Good facial expression should display friendliness and expressiveness as regards the ideas spoken. The eyes should be direct.

Movements should have variety and purposiveness. They should not be such as call attention to themselves.

Gestures are made with the head and with the hands. Head gestures are absolutely essential to effective speech. They appear spontaneously when the speaker becomes interested in his ideas and in "getting them across" and when he gets over the first stages of self consciousness. Hand gestures are a universal language and add much to the general effect, both in their effect on the audience and in their reaction on the speaker. The *index*, *open hand* and *fist* gestures should be practiced until they come spontaneously in formal fashion as they do in informal fashion in ordinary conversation.

COLLATERAL READING

Examples and Illustrations

Fulton and Trueblood: Practical Elocution, or Essentials of Public Speaking, Part III.

Woolbert: The Fundamentals of Speech, Chapters IV and V.

Winans: Public Speaking, Chapters XV and XVI.

Houghton: Essentials of Public Speaking, Chapters III and IV.

CHAPTER IV

FORMAL QUALITIES OF DELIVERY—VOICE

From a consideration of the subject of *Action* in the last chapter we now turn to a study of the set of impressions that come through the sense of hearing, and these we may consider under the general heading of *Voice*. It is not the purpose of this chapter to enter into a scientific study of the elements of voice and speech production. It is a highly complex subject and involves the most intimate study of anatomy, physiology and psychology. Many books have been written on the general subject and on special phases of it. Much elaborate research is now going on in laboratories all over the country to find the facts involved. The purpose of the present chapter is to indicate the common faults of tone and speech and the way to avoid them; to explain in non-technical terms the most elementary factors in this complicated field and to fit the average student who wishes to cultivate good clear style with the most common tools of speech.

We may, for convenience of study and practice, make two divisions of the subject, *tone* and *speech*, corresponding to the two classes of voice defects that interfere with success in speaking. If one *cannot be heard*, it is a *fault of tone*; if he can be heard but *cannot be understood*, it is a *fault of speech*. There are many common defects in each division, of which those cited are examples.

Tone. A little review of the subject of Physics will recall to mind that every tone has three characteristics: *intensity*, *quality* and *pitch*. Consequently any defects that interfere with good delivery, so far as tone is concerned, will fall under one or another of these heads. Let us consider them separately.

The *intensity* of a tone, commonly referred to as its *force*, depends upon the amount of force used and the way in which that force is exerted. Everything else being equal, the amount of force used determines the *loudness* of the tone; the way it is exerted determines the *abruptness* of the tone. And the faults of intensity are really faults of loudness and abruptness. It goes without saying, perhaps, that the voice should be strong enough to carry to the farthest person in the audience, so that he may hear easily. The difficulty is that the average student, accustomed to the tones of his voice as used in ordinary conversation, thinks he is talking loudly enough when he is reaching only those nearest to him. The speaker cannot be his own judge at first. He must accept the word of someone in the back of the room, either teacher or friend, or happily both, to tell him when he is being heard, and when not. In speaking in a good sized room, it is necessary to "turn on both lungs". Girls and women, particularly, are apt to fall into the habit of speaking with too little force. The sound of their own voices scares them, makes them think that they are "making too much noise", that they are being "unladylike". It is necessary to get over this fear at the outset. A tone that might cause one to be arrested in common conversation may not be any too

strong on the platform. One must be governed by circumstances, by the size of the room and of the audience, and by the presence of other conflicting sounds, such as electric fans, sputtering lighting systems, passing street cars and automobiles. In fine, *one must be heard, whatever the loudness* necessary. And of course there is such a thing as being too loud. To bawl and shout, as some speakers do, is not conducive to the best results. It is necessary to use enough force to make oneself clearly and easily heard. But the more common fault among students is too little loudness rather than too much.

But there is something else. The force may be sufficient and not too strong, but it may not be exerted in the right way. This is a matter of *abruptness*. Some speakers speak too abruptly, but most do not speak abruptly enough. Those who speak too abruptly bark out the words. They literally hurl them at us. Ordinarily we do not like this. It gives the impression of dogmatism, of arbitrariness, of trying to drive the audience. But people do not want to be driven. They want to be reasoned with, to be led. Consequently those who bark in delivery lose favor. Care should be taken not to explode the words too violently, but to send them forth with just the right amount of "punch". But the more common fault is *too little abruptness*. Students tend to run the words together and enunciate them too evenly. There is much to be said for a fairly abrupt style. Certain it is, more abruptness is needed in a platform speech than in common conversation. The audience is farther away and the words must be sent to them with much more vigor than when

they are only a few feet distant. Again, someone beside the speaker must judge. A teacher trained to notice these things, or someone else whose attention is especially drawn to it, can put the speaker right in this matter and insure sufficient, but not too much, abruptness.

A second characteristic of all tone is *quality*. By this is meant the *timbre* of the tone, that which distinguishes it from every other tone of the same pitch and force. It is what distinguishes a violin from a cornet when both play the same note with equal force. Voices vary considerably in this matter, and very properly. It is not desirable that all have the same kind of tone. What is more pleasant than to distinguish the voice of a friend among other voices? It is partly by quality that personality impresses itself.

But there are some qualities that are unpleasant in any voice, and these are the ones to avoid in all speech. We call them "impure qualities". There are four of these. First there is the *breathy voice*. This comes from allowing too much air to escape as we speak. Every bit of air should be utilized in the making of a tone. A little practice will enable the speaker to detect this breathiness and to see how it interferes with effectiveness by covering up the tone, and by making the voice "fuzzy" and thus lessening its carrying power. Then there is the *nasal voice*. This is a matter of placing the tone. Its effect is nearly always unpleasant. As soon as the ear can detect its presence the speaker should analyze his speech to see what sounds are most given to nasality. Now try enunciating words clearly, forming the sounds as near the

front of the mouth as possible. Most people who have nasal tones do not open the mouth enough in speaking. The jaw is apt to be held rigid and the words formed back in the head. The aid of another person is usually necessary in getting rid of the nasal quality, as the speaker cannot always sense the difficulty. The third impurity is the *throaty voice*. In this the sounds are formed back in the throat and are guttural and rough and harsh. Again an effort should be made to get the tone forward in the mouth. "Speak the speech — trippingly, on the tongue", as Hamlet advises. This throaty, guttural quality has ruined many a good voice. It is a frequent cause of "speakers' sore throat". It often results from the effort to throw the voice to a distance in speaking. Be careful, in strong speaking, not to growl or let the tone be rasping, for this quality not only ruins the voice but it is very unpleasant. The fourth impure quality is the *hollow voice*. This is a sepulchral tone, sometimes acquired in the effort to secure volume. It is "spooky". It is not open and free. It is frequently low in pitch. It is sometimes called the "false orotund", and by this is meant that it is frequently used where the orotund, or voluminous voice, is desired. The remedy is to speak in a natural pitch and in a free and easy, not a solemn tone. Breathiness, nasality, throatiness and hollowness, these are the common impurities in the speaking voice. Technically they are called the aspirate, nasal, guttural and pectoral qualities. They are to be studiously avoided for the most part.

The voice to be cultivated in their place may be called the *normal Orotund*. It is just like the voice

of ordinary conversation except that it is larger, more space-filling, more voluminous. It is open and free. It is a pure tone. It is simply the ordinary pure voice made large. The good speaking voice fills up the auditorium, no matter how large. It is louder than the ordinary voice, but this is not all. It is larger as well as louder. A reed organ may sound well in the parlor, but it takes a pipe organ to fill a vast church. And the difference between the two is not merely a matter of loudness, it is a matter of richness and fullness of tone. Deep breathing is an essential of a big full voice. The normal rotund voice is the whole speaker made vocal. It is the voice that carries and fills comfortably the hall.

A good quality for the speaker, then, is one free from breathiness, nasality, throatiness and hollowness, and one that has a big, vibrant, space-filling power, which is yet free and easy.

The third and last characteristic of tone is *pitch*. And here many faults may be found. They are of two kinds, those of *degree* and those of *inflection*. By degree is meant the general position on the musical scale, high or low. Perhaps the most common fault is that of too high pitch. It is natural for the pitch to run up in moments of excitement. And the bare excitement of making a speech is sufficient to send many voices up to an unpleasant degree. Care must be taken, when increasing the force of speech, not to raise the pitch unduly. Otherwise the voice runs toward a "screech". It may even "break" with the strain of the high pitch. The pitch should be kept very near to the normal pitch of conversation; the

added force and volume will get the desired result. Some few speak too low in pitch. The voice does not carry well and often rumbles and is not easy to hear. No definite statement of what constitutes a good pitch can be made, since voices differ so much. But everyone knows when a voice gets "keyed-up" unpleasantly or when it "rumbles". No great effort should be made to change radically the natural pitch of a speaker. A deep voice is somewhat better than a high one, but one who has a tenor voice should not try to imitate a bass, and a soprano should not try to speak like a contralto. Much better results will come of speaking in the voice that nature has given. This does not mean that one who "naturally" speaks in a high, strained, "keyed-up" voice should not try to get a better and more controlled tone. It simply means that the normal range of pitch should not be tampered with too much. Nervousness is often the cause of the "keyed-up" voice, and of course every effort should be made for the self control and poise that will bring the voice down to a normal degree of pitch.

An *Inflection* is the sweep of the voice up or down in uttering a word or syllable. The only fundamental difference between speech and song lies here. In song we hold one note, or degree of pitch, for a time, then we go to another and hold that. In speech we do not hold any one note but the voice rises and falls on every word. This rise or fall of voice is called an inflection. And this will suggest the *first* common fault in speech. It is the tendency to hold the voice on one note as in song. This gives rise to the "song notes" once so common in speaking. The speaker

should never forget that he is speaking, not singing, and that every word should have its inflection as in regular conversation. There is no more reason for singing a speech than there is for singing a conversation.

The *second*, and perhaps greatest fault of inflections, is *monotony*. There must be plenty of variety in the width of the inflections. In conversation some inflections are narrow and some are wide. We mix them up, giving to the emphatic words the wider inflections. In platform speaking too often we fail to realize the importance of this and give to every syllable about the same range. This makes for monotony.

The *third* fault is in making the *emphatic inflections too short*. Practice may be had by picking out on a piano an easy range, as from middle C to the G above it, then singing the two notes, one after the other with a slur between. Repeat, making the notes shorter and keeping the slur. Shorten the notes until the change of pitch becomes a speech inflection. It will be an interval of a "fifth". Now speak several words with this interval. Repeat, going down instead of up. Now make the interval an octave, from middle C to the C above it, and carry out the exercise the same way as before. This will give some idea of the degree covered by a good full emphatic inflection. The unemphatic words of course take narrower inflections. The importance of wide inflections can hardly be overestimated. This is perhaps the most common of all the means of emphasis, and emphasis is the means by which we convey thought.

A *fourth* common fault is in using a *rising* or a *fall-*

ing inflection when the opposite would convey the meaning better. It should be remembered that the rising inflection expresses incompleteness, hesitation, doubt, indecision, lack of finality, whereas the falling expresses completion, certainty, decision, finality. In a group of several terms, we commonly raise the voice on all but the last, showing that the series is incomplete until the last is reached. One who speaks as though uncertain of his ground is apt to use the rising inflection. Of course a falling inflection is stronger than a rising, and consequently we use the falling inflection when strong emphasis is desired, even though the incompleteness of the thought would seem to require a rising. Perhaps the best guide as to which inflection is best is our common sense. We use the proper inflections in conversation for the most part, and if we stop and ask ourselves how we would say the phrase in question in earnest conversation, we shall not often go astray. Very few reliable rules can be given, and it is usually best to consider each case separately, but care should be taken to apply the test of common sense whenever there is doubt. One common fault of older days, now happily less common but still met with sometimes, is the "preacher's cadence". This is an upward inflection at the end of every sentence or clause. If the rule of common conversation is applied, few mistakes will result. In fact it is well in practice to stop every once in a while and sit down, face a chair with an imaginary auditor in it and give the sentence as to someone in common conversation. When the conversational style has been found, simply enlarge it somewhat for the speech, but be sure to

keep the same inflections as before. Conversational directness consists more in keeping the natural inflections than in almost anything else.

Good tone production, then, is a matter of using the right amount of force with the right degree of abruptness, of getting a good, pure, full quality of tone, and of adjusting the pitch to a conversational level, taking care to use the requisite variety and width of speech inflections to bring out the thought and feeling.

Speech. Having attained to a satisfactory tone, we must next look to the formation of our speech. The essentials of good speech are *correct pronunciation, proper timing and good emphasis.*

Good pronunciation consists of three things: *correct vowel quality, sharp articulation and proper accent.* The first and last of these are given for every word in any standard dictionary. Therefore we shall not here concern ourselves with them. It need only be said that every student of public speaking should get the dictionary habit and stick to it. There is no excuse for the mispronunciation of any English word in a platform speech. It takes but a moment to look it up, and failure to do so when in doubt puts the stigma of simple laziness on the speaker. If he does not know it already, the student should at once familiarize himself with the use of the Webster system of diacritical marks, which is the most common one in use, and which is used not only in the Webster but in the Standard dictionary also. These two are the best known popular reference works in the matter of

pronunciation and definition of words. The writer prefers the Standard as being the more liberal of the two, and the one that seems to give greater weight to usage in the middle west.

A word regarding *articulation* is perhaps desirable. He who would be understood with ease must practice in the use of the consonants. Articulation has to do with the consonants, and it is here that speech most often becomes mumbling and indistinct. Mere correctness in the use of the consonants is not enough. Each consonant must be brought out with *much greater distinctness* on the platform than in common conversation. When the speaker is within three or four feet of his hearer, the hearer can get much of the speech by lip reading. As a matter of fact we "listen with the eyes" a great deal in conversation. This is seen when you consider how much easier it is to understand when you and the speaker are face to face than it is when the speaker or yourself turns around. In a public speech, the audience is much farther away. Lip reading is increasingly difficult, and the attention to articulation must be much greater. It is not necessary to practice "tongue twisters" of the "Peter Piper and his pickled peppers" variety. What is necessary is that we practice the common combinations so thoroughly that they will be perfectly distinct. There are few things more annoying than to attend a speech and not be able to understand the words because of imperfect, slipshod articulation. *Practice holding the consonants harder and releasing them more quickly.* Find the sounds that give you the most trouble and practice on them separately. Make

combinations containing a difficult sound, placing it now first, now last, now in the middle of words. Practice until the "b", "d", "t" and "p" sounds are perfectly distinct, so that one could not possibly be mistaken for another. Do this with other sets of similar sounds. Perhaps one of the best exercises is whispering. See how far you can make yourself understood in a whisper. Two can work together well on this, backing away from each other and whispering alternately, each checking up on the other. E. H. Sothorn can send a stage whisper to the back of the gallery and be perfectly understood.

In trying to cultivate a clear and distinct articulation care should be taken not to make the speech stilted. It is possible to overdo the matter. This usually happens when words are unduly separated. In ordinary talk we run words together, we do not cut them absolutely apart. This should be done in platform speaking also. But running words together and mumbling them are two very different things. One does not need to say "The—title—of—this—lecture—originated—away—back—in—eighteen—sixty—nine". Say the words as in common conversation and avoid the stilted style. But say them more clearly and distinctly than in common conversation and be plain. Don't say "The tita love thi slecture originate dway backin 1869". There is a happy medium between the stilted and the slipshod styles.

Time. In considering the subject of timing as related to speech, we may consider it under the heads of *rate* and *grouping*. Rate has to do with the rapidity

with which the syllables and words are spoken. There are two extremes to be guarded against, too fast and too slow rate, and of these the former is by far the more common. There is a strong tendency with beginners to hurry. The words come tumbling out so fast that the audience can get no time to think of what is being said, and sometimes they cannot even follow the speaker. There are two ways of correcting this. In the first place, the syllables and words can be spoken more slowly. In rapid rate the words are snapped out, jerked out, spit out — any way to get them out in a hurry. Practice saying the words more slowly. Isolate a sentence or a phrase and say it over and over again, more and more slowly until each word has its appropriate time. Have someone listen and judge as to the proper time. In the second place, more time can be spent in pauses between words and groups. Not one speaker in a hundred pauses often enough or long enough. It takes time for an idea to sink in. Give the audience time to digest a thought before going on to the next one. Remember, it is not the speaker who says the most words in a minute that makes the greatest success. It is the *one that makes the audience think the most* that gets results. A thought is not “put over” until the audience has digested it, run it through the process of their own minds, made it their own. And they cannot do this if the speaker is firing away at them all the time, giving them no rest. It does not take very long to digest a thought if the attention is active, but it does take some time, a quite perceptible time, and this time is given them during the pauses. No one can say

what is a proper rate, because some speakers speak much faster than others, but if you are going more than about 125 words a minute the chances are you are going too fast. Time a paragraph and determine the rate. Then slow it down until you are sure it is slow enough, taking more time to say the words and pausing long enough to convey the meaning. A strong sense of communication helps very materially, because when you think of getting the ideas over to people you naturally pause more to let them sink in. And this is of the utmost importance in speaking.

Grouping has to do with the arrangement of words in groups for the purpose of bringing out the meaning more clearly. The groups are separated by pauses longer than those within the group. Words that belong together should be grouped together. The most important means of securing good grouping is, again, to think the thought vividly and try hard to make it clear to others. Bad grouping is usually the result of bad or weak thinking. Punctuation is not a safe guide to grouping. The only guide is the sense of the sentence. Try it this way and that way to bring out its full and exact meaning, always remembering that the thought is new to the audience, even though it may be familiar to you, and remembering that your chief business as a speaker is to make the thought clear and impressive to others. It is a mistake to view either rate or grouping as ends in themselves or as problems to be settled without reference to the meaning involved and without regard to the necessity of getting the ideas clear for the audience.

Emphasis. Lastly we come to the subject of emphasis, in many respects the most important thing in public speaking. Emphasis is the process of making certain words or groups of words more prominent than the rest, in order to bring out the meaning. It is a common fact of psychology that attention cannot be held steadily on anything for any great length of time. Bearing this fact in mind, remembering that attention jumps from one thing to another, it is important that certain words that bear the weight of the meaning should stand out in such a way that they will catch the attention of the audience. By emphasis the speaker says to the audience in effect, "You cannot get every word I shall say; your attention will not allow you to; but if you will get these few words that I am making more prominent than the rest, you will get the meaning of my sentence." So he emphasizes the most important things, making them stronger as they are more important. The importance of a good emphasis cannot be overstated. How may it be obtained?

In the first place, again, one must think clearly and vividly. If a real serious effort is made to bring out the meaning, the greatest step has been taken. It is necessary to keep before the mind every moment the importance of making the meaning clear to others.

There are many mechanical *means of emphasis*, some of which have already been mentioned. There is the *head gesture*, the nod on the emphatic word. There is the *hand gesture*, calling attention to an important idea. There is the emphasis of *force*, whereby a word is made louder or much less loud than its

neighbors. Sometimes to whisper a word makes it very emphatic. There is the emphasis gained by *pronouncing* a word very *abruptly*. There is an emphasis attained by *pitch*, and perhaps this is the most common and most subtle. By making a word higher or lower than the rest, it becomes emphatic. By giving it a *strong falling inflection* it becomes emphatic, and the wider the inflection the stronger the emphasis. There is an emphasis of *time*, gained by speaking a word faster or slower than other words. Emphasis is put on a word by pausing just before it or just after it, or both before and after. In a word, any action that makes a word different from its neighbors makes it emphatic.

It is a good exercise in emphasis to go through a sentence and pick out the words which, if pronounced alone, the other words left out, will give the sense of the sentence. These will be the emphatic words in speaking. But in applying any given physical means of emphasis, it must not be forgotten that the indispensable thing is to think the thought and to try to impart it to others. This is, after all, the secret of gaining good emphasis.

SUMMARY

The formal qualities of vocal delivery reside in *tone* and *speech*. A *good tone* must be *loud enough* to be heard easily. It must be *free from* the impurities of *breathiness*, *nasality*, *throatiness* and *hollowness*, and it *must have fullness* and *volume*. It must be good conversational tone made large. It must have the *conversational degree* of *pitch*, neither so high as to

be “keyed-up” nor so low as to rumble. It must have *speech inflections* that are *varied* and not monotonous, and that have sufficient *width* for good emphasis. It must, in a word, be pleasant, forceful and varied.

Good speech consists in *accurate* and clear *pronunciation*, which implies correct vowel quality, sharp articulation and proper accent; in *good timing*, which implies a rate that is slow enough that the audience can follow every thought presented, and a manner of *grouping* that brings out the relationships of the words; and in *strong* and *forceful emphasis* which holds the attention on the most important ideas presented.

COLLATERAL READING

Exercises and Illustrations

Fulton and Trueblood : Practical Elocution or Essentials of Public Speaking. Chapters on Quality, Force, Pitch and Time.

Houghton : Essentials of Public Speaking, Chapters V to XII inclusive.

Winans : Public Speaking, Chapters XIII and XVII.

Woolbert : The Fundamentals of Speech, Chapters VI to X inclusive.

A STANDARD FOR THE COURSE

1. Have you acquired a "*sense of communication*"?
2. Do you put into your delivery sufficient *physical vitality*?
3. As you speak, do you interest people by your own *enthusiasm*?
4. Are you, in your speaking, *genuine and earnest*?
5. Have you acquired *poise and self control*?
6. Have you freed yourself from *solemnity*?
7. Is your *position stable and strong, symmetrical, direct, well poised and easy*? Does it contribute to the success of your speech by not calling attention to itself?
8. Is your *facial expression friendly and expressive* of your thought and feeling?
9. Are your *platform movements purposeful and free*?
10. Do you use *head gestures* as freely as in conversation? Do you use the *three types of hand-gesture spontaneously* as in common conversation, yet *formally* enough not to call attention to them?
11. Is your *tone loud enough* to be heard easily? Is it of good full *normal orotund quality*, free from breathiness, nasality, throatiness and hollowness? It is of *conversational pitch*, not too high nor too low, and are your *inflections free from song*?

notes, are they *varied*, *strong* and *emphatic*? Do you use the *rising* and *falling* inflections as in *conversation*?

12. Do you use, in speaking, *correct pronunciation*, with *correct vowel qualities*, *consonant qualities* and *accent* according to the best usage? Is your *articulation sharp* enough so that you can be perfectly understood all over a large hall, and yet *not stilted*? Do you *speak slowly* enough so all can follow you and think with you? Do you *group* your *words* so as to bring out the meaning most clearly? Is your *emphasis strong* and *forceful* enough not only to make your *meaning clear* but to make your *speech impressive*?

It is to be noted that in the above standard the emphasis is put, not primarily on what you *know* but on what you can *do*. It is, of course, necessary to understand all these things, but the test comes in the doing. When the above questions can all be answered "yes", when you have acquired the *ability to speak* in accordance with the above standard, not only in committed selections but also in your extemporaneous efforts, the fundamental work in public speaking has been accomplished. Attention may now be turned to the other technical things of speech construction, gathering material, briefing, and the other elements that enter into a good speech from the point of view of effectiveness. These things are the concern of succeeding courses. The work of the elementary course is the work of attaining to the above standard of delivery.

SCHEDULE OF SPEECHES FOR THE COURSE

The succeeding pages contain speeches for class practice. The lectures are divided into class assignments which are numbered in paragraph indentations. These numbers correspond to class numbers of students. Hence, as soon as class numbers are given out, the speeches that are to be memorized for the semester's work may be known. The following speech schedule gives alternate committed and extemporaneous speech assignments. The object is to use the committed speeches to work out the more formal principles of delivery, and then to apply these principles in the extemporaneous speeches. Care should be taken to use every principle learned in every speech. Do not "let down" when making an extemporaneous speech, but use gestures and all other means of effectiveness. Dates on which the assignments are due will be given out each semester as soon as the class is fully organized.

1. Committed. "Acres of Diamonds".
2. Extemporaneous. Give in your own words, as directly and as interestingly as you can, an example of the idea underlying Mr. Conwell's lecture. Tell how somebody whom you have known or of whom you have heard has made a success by taking the opportunity that lay at home. Make the example like Mr. Conwell's examples in narrative style and interestingness. Two Minutes.

3. Committed. "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child".
4. Extemporaneous. Give your own personal opinion of any of the ideas in Mr. Ingersoll's lecture. Be perfectly free to say just what you think, whether it be favorable or unfavorable to the lecture. Put physical vitality, enthusiasm and seriousness into your talk. Try hard to convince the class of the truth of your position. Not over three minutes.
5. Committed. "The Prince of Peace".
6. Give your own ideas on the subject of Evolution and its relation to religion. Or tell us what you think the office of religion is. What do you think of the modern church and its mission? Strive to convince the class. Three Minutes.
7. Committed. "Sour Grapes".
8. Extemporaneous. Give an example, without names if the example is from your own personal observation, using names if some historic person is used, of the influence of heredity. Or cite illustrations that seem to show that environment is stronger than heredity in achieving success. Three minutes.
9. Committed. "The Race Problem in the South" and "The New South".
10. Give your own ideas as to the solution of the race problem in the United States. Three Minutes.

11. Committed. "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache".
12. Make a five minute speech suitable for a banquet program, the object of which will be to entertain the audience. Use humorous stories if you like. Or tell of something that you have seen or heard that would interest people. Give it a humorous turn preferably. See how well you can entertain the class.

SUGGESTIONS FOR MEMORIZING

1. Read the *entire class assignment* first. Thus you will understand the whole lecture of which yours is a part and can make your contribution intelligently.

2. Begin memorizing *at once* and spread the work over as long a time as possible. Delay in starting the memorizing is fatal.

3. Memorize your speech *as a whole*, never sentence by sentence. Memory is a matter of association, and the last word of every sentence should suggest the first word of the next sentence. If you repeat one sentence over and over again, an association will be formed between the last word of the sentence and first word of the same sentence, and you tend to repeat in speaking. Hence read your speech straight through before stopping, every time.

4. Read or repeat the speech *out loud*. Auditory and kinesthetic sensations are more valuable than visual in memorizing speeches.

5. Read or repeat it *thoughtfully*. Think every thought intensely. Make it live again as you say it. If you find your mind wandering, start again and hold your attention to the speech.

6. Try to *feel* the speech from the start. Get enthusiastic about it and give it as though it were your own.

7. Always read or repeat *as to an audience*. Imagine yourself before the class or some other audience and try to interest them.

8. Have the book in a convenient place and read the speech at several convenient times during the day. Do not spend more than a few minutes on it at a time. But do it several times. Read it the last thing before you go to bed.

9. As the speech becomes familiar repeat as much as possible without looking at the book. Get free from the book as soon as possible. Then practice vigorously, using gestures and all other means of effectiveness. Finally, if a few places "stick", work intensively on them until they are "ironed out" and the speech comes freely.

10. But at all costs, have the speech *word perfect*. This is of the very first importance. The value of the class exercise will depend on this. Failure to memorize thoroughly is the one unpardonable sin. Don't get the notion that it is hard for you to memorize, or that your memory is different from others'. Memories do differ in the rapidity of their action, but any person of normal intelligence can memorize these speeches perfectly if time and effort is spent freely enough. *Speeches must be perfectly memorized and ready on time. No excuse whatever is accepted.*

ACRES OF DIAMONDS

BY RUSSELL H. CONWELL

Russell H. Conwell was born February 15, 1843, in the Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. After a year at Yale College he enlisted in the Northern armies and fought in the civil war. He was wounded and left for dead in the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, but recovered after a long illness. He studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1865. He then engaged in journalistic work for several years, in which he met many of the prominent men and women of the world. During this time he was gradually working up a good law practice and real estate business. Finally his interest in the ministry drew him away from his chosen profession, and he entered upon what has proved to be his real life work. From Boston he moved to Philadelphia. Here he allied himself with a struggling congregation, so deeply in debt for its church that the situation looked hopeless. From this unpromising beginning he has built the Baptist Temple, the auditorium of which seats between three and four thousand people. It is a fully equipped, modern church, taking care of the physical, social, and spiritual needs of thousands. In connection with this church has grown up Temple University, of which Dr. Conwell is president. Nearly 100,000 students have attended it since its founding.

"Acres of Diamonds" has been the most successful of Dr. Conwell's lectures. It has been delivered all over the world. At present it numbers over 6,000 repetitions. It has been estimated that Dr. Conwell has spoken to more than ten million people in the course of his life-long career of lecturing. The income from this lecture, aggregating more than a million dollars, has all been used to give a college education to poor but deserving young men. About 10,000 men have been helped by Dr. Conwell in this way.

For directness, force and clearness of style, for concreteness and aptness of example, this lecture has never been surpassed in the history of popular lectures.

For a full account of Dr. Conwell's life and work, the reader is referred to the book, "Russell Conwell and His Work," by Agnes Rush Burr, published by the John C. Winston Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Dr. Conwell has very graciously given his permission to reprint the lecture that follows.

I. LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: — The title of this lecture originated away back in 1869. I was going down the Tigris River, and we had hired a guide from Bagdad to show us down to the Arabian Gulf. That guide whom we employed resembled the barbers we find in America. That is, he resembled them in certain mental characteristics. He thought it not only his duty to guide us down the river, but also to entertain us with stories; curious and wierd, ancient and modern, strange and familiar; many of them I have forgotten, and I am glad I have. But there was one which I recall tonight. The guide grew irritable over my lack of appreciation, and as he led my camel by the halter, he introduced his story by saying: "This is a tale I reserve for my particular friends." So I then gave him my close attention. He told me that there once lived near the shore of the River Indus, toward which we were then travelling, an ancient Persian by the name of Al Hafed. He said that Al Hafed owned a farm, with orchards, grain fields and gardens, that he had money at interest, had a beautiful wife and lovely children, and was a contented and happy man. Contented because he was wealthy, and wealthy because he was contented.

One day there visited this old Persian farmer one of those ancient Buddhist priests, one of the wise men of the East, who sat down by Al Hafed's fireside and told the old farmer how this world was made. He told him that the world was once a great bank of fog, and the Almighty thrust his finger into this bank of fog, and began slowly to move his finger around, and then increased the speed of his finger until he whirled this bank of fog into a solid bank of fire; and as it went rolling through the Universe burning its way through other banks of fog, it condensed the moisture until it fell in floods of rain on the heated surface of the world, and cooled the outward crust. Then the internal fires, bursting the cooling crust, threw up the mountains and the hills, and the valleys of this wonderful world of ours.

"And," said the old priest, "if this internal melted mass burst forth and cooled very quickly it became granite; if it cooled more slowly it became copper, if it cooled less quickly, silver, less quickly, gold, and after gold, diamonds were made." Said the old priest, "A diamond is a congealed drop of sunlight." That statement is literally true.

2. And the old priest said another very curious thing. He said that a diamond was the last and the highest of God's mineral creations, as a woman is the last and highest of God's animal creations. That is the reason, I suppose, why the two have such a liking for each other.

The old priest told Al Hafed if he had a diamond the size of his thumb he could purchase a dozen farms like his. "And," said the priest, "if you had a handful

of diamonds you could purchase the county, and if you had a mine of diamonds you could purchase kingdoms and place your children upon thrones through the influence of your great wealth."

Al Hafed heard all about diamonds that night and went to bed a poor man. He wanted a whole mine of diamonds. Early in the morning he sought the priest and awoke him. Al Hafed said, "Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?"

The priest said "Diamonds, what do you want of diamonds?"

Said Al Hafed, "I want to be immensely rich."

"Well," said the priest, "if you want diamonds, all you have to do is to go and find them, and then you will have them."

"But," said Al Hafed, "I don't know where to go."

"If you will find a river that runs over white sands between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds," said the priest.

"But," asked Al Hafed, "Do you believe there is such a river?"

"Plenty of them; all you have to do is just go where they are."

"Well," said Al Hafed, "I will go."

So he sold his farm, collected his money that was at interest, left his family in charge of a neighbor, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began his search very properly, to my mind, at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterwards he came around into Palestine, and then wandered on into Europe. At last when his money was all gone and he was in rags, poverty and wretchedness, he stood at the shore in Barce-

lona in Spain, when a great tidal wave swept through the Pillars of Hercules. And the poor, starving, afflicted stranger could not resist the temptation to cast himself into that incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest never to rise again in this life.

3. The man who purchased Al Hafed's farm led his camel out into the garden to drink, and as the animal put his nose into the shallow waters of the garden brook Al Hafed's successor noted a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. Reaching in, he pulled out a large black stone containing a strange eye of light. He took it into the house as a curious pebble and putting it on the mantle that covered the central fire went his way and forgot all about it. But not long after, that same old priest came to visit Al Hafed's successor. The moment he opened the door he noticed the flash of light. He rushed to the mantle and said:

"Here is a diamond!" Here is a diamond! Has Al Hafed returned?"

"O no, Al Hafed has not returned, and we have not heard from him since he went away, and that is not a diamond. It is nothing but a stone we found out in our garden."

"But," said the priest, "I know a diamond when I see it, and I tell you that is a diamond." Then together they rushed out into the garden. They stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and there came up other more beautiful, more valuable gems than the first.

"Thus," said the guide, and, friends, it is historically true, "were discovered the diamond mines of Gol-

conda, the most valuable diamond mines in the history of the ancient world."

"Well, when the guide had added the second chapter to his story, he took off his Turkish red cap and swung it in the air to call my special attention to the moral; those Arab guides always have morals to their stories, though the stories are not always moral. He said to me:

"Had Al Hafed remained at home and dug in his own cellar or underneath his own wheat field, instead of wretchedness, starvation, poverty and death in a strange land, he would have had acres of diamonds.

ACRES OF DIAMONDS! For every acre of the old farm, yes, every shovelful, afterwards revealed the gems that have since decorated the crowns of monarchs.

When the old guide had added the moral to this story I saw why he reserved it for his *particular friends*. But I didn't tell him that I could see it. It was that mean old Arab's way of going around a thing, like a lawyer, and saying indirectly what he didn't dare say directly, that in his private opinion there was a certain young man travelling down the Tigris River who might better be at home in America.

4. Professor Agassiz, the great geologist of Harvard University, that magnificent scholar, told at the Summer School of Mineralogy that there once lived in Pennsylvania a man who owned a farm. And he did with his farm just what I should do if I owned a farm in Pennsylvania: he sold it. But before he sold it he decided to secure employment collecting coal oil. He wrote to his cousin in Canada that he would

like to go into that business. His cousin wrote back to him: "I cannot engage you because you do not understand the oil business." "Then," said he, "I will understand it." And with commendable zeal he set himself at the study of the whole theory of the coal oil subject. He began away back at the second day of God's creation. He found that there was once another sun that shone on this world, and that then there were immense forests of vegetation. He found that the other sun was put out, and this world after a time fell into the wake of the present sun. It was then locked in blocks of ice. Then there rose mighty iceburgs that human imagination cannot grasp. And as those mountains of ice did ride those stormy seas they beat down the original vegetation, they planed down the hills, toppled over the mountains, and everywhere buried this original vegetation which has since been turned, by chemical action, to the primitive beds of coal, in connection with which only is found coal oil in paying quantities.

So he found out where oil originated, he studied it until he knew what it looked like, what it smelled like, how to refine it, and where to sell it.

"Now," said he to his cousin in a letter, "I know all about the oil business." His cousin replied to him to come on. So he sold his farm in Pennsylvania for \$833 — even money, no cents.

After he had gone from the farm, the farmer who had purchased his place went out to arrange for watering the cattle. And he found that the previous owner had already arranged for that matter. There was a stream running down the hillside back of the

barn; and across that stream, from bank to bank, the previous owner had put in a plank edgewise at a slight angle for the purpose of throwing over to one side of the brook a dreadful looking scum through which the cattle would not put their noses, although they would drink on this side below the plank. Thus that man who had gone to Canada and who had studied all about the oil business had been himself damming back for twenty-three years a flood of coal oil which the state Geologist said, in 1870, was worth to our state a hundred millions of dollars. A hundred millions! The city of Titusville stands bodily on that farm now. And yet, though he knew all about the theory, he sold the farm for \$833. Again I say, *no sense!*

5. I need another illustration. I find it in Massachusetts. A young man went down to Yale College to study mines and mining. He became such an adept in mineralogy that during his senior year they paid him as a tutor fifteen dollars a week for the spare time in which he taught. When he graduated they raised his pay to forty-five dollars a week and offered him a professorship. As soon as they did that he went home to his mother. If they had raised his salary to fifteen dollars and sixty cents then he would have stayed. But when they made it forty-five dollars a week he said: "I won't work for forty-five dollars a week; the idea of a man with a brain like mine working for forty-five dollars a week! Let us go out to California and stake out gold and silver and copper claims and be rich."

Said his mother: "Now, Charlie, it is just as well to be happy as to be rich."

"Yes," said he, "but it is just as well to be rich and happy, too."

They were both right about it, and as he was the only son and she was a widow, of course he had his way. They always do. So they sold out in Massachusetts and went, not to California, but to Wisconsin. And there he entered the employ of the Superior Copper Mining Co. at fifteen dollars a week again, but with the proviso that he should have an interest in any mines he should discover for the company. I don't believe he ever discovered a mine there. But I do know that he had scarcely gone from Massachusetts before the farmer who had purchased his farm was bringing a large basket of potatoes in through the gateway. You know in Massachusetts our farms are almost entirely stone walls, and the farmers have to be very economical with their gateways in order to have some place to put the stones. Hence the basket hugged very close in the gate, and he dragged it on one side and then on the other; and as he was pulling that basket through the gateway the farmer noticed in the upper and outer corner of that stone wall next to the gate a block of native silver eight inches square. And this professor of mines and mining and mineralogy who would not work for forty-five dollars a week because he knew so much about the subject, when he sold that homestead sat on that very stone to make the bargain. He was born on that very farm, and they told me that he had gone by

that piece of silver and rubbed it with his sleeve until it reflected his countenance and seemed to say to him: "Here, take me! Here is a hundred thousand dollars right down here in the rocks just for the taking!" But he wouldn't take it. This was in Newburyport, Mass. He wouldn't believe in silver at home. He said: "There is no silver in Newburyport; it is all away off — well, I don't know where." And he didn't! But somewhere else. And he was a Professor of Mineralogy. I don't know anything I would better enjoy than taking the whole time telling of blunders like this which I have heard professors have made.

6. Yet nearly every person here will say: "I never had any acres of diamonds, or any gold mines or any silver mines." But I say to you that you did have silver mines and gold mines and acres of diamonds, and you have them now. You had an opportunity to be rich; and to some of you it has been a hardship to purchase a ticket for this lecture. Yet you have no right to be poor. It is all wrong. You have no right to be poor. It is your duty to be rich.

"Oh," you will say, "Mr. Conwell, can you, as a Christian teacher, tell young people to spend their lives making money?"

Yes, I do. You ought to make money. Money is power, and it ought to be in the hands of good men.

One of my Theological students came to me once to labor with me over my heresy that money is power. He said: "Mr. Conwell, does not the Scripture say that money 'is the root of all evil'?"

I asked him: "Have you been spending your time

making a new Bible when you should have been studying theology?"

He said, "that is in the old Bible."

I said, "I would like to have you find it for me; I have never seen it."

He triumphantly brought a Bible and with all the bigoted pride of a narrow sectarian who founds his creed on some misinterpretation of Scripture threw it down before me and said, "There it is; you can read it for yourself."

I said to him: "Young man, you will learn before you get much older that you can't trust another denomination to read the Bible for you. Please read it yourself and remember that "Emphasis is exegesis."

So he read, "The *love* of money is the root of all evil."

Indeed it is. The love of money is the root of all evil. The love of the money rather than the love of the good it secures is a dangerous evil in the community. The desire to get hold of money and to hold onto it, hugging the dollar until the eagle squeals, is the root of all evil. But it is a grand ambition for men to have the desire to gain money that they may use it for the benefit of their fellow men.

7. Young man, you may never have the opportunity to charge at the head of your nation's troops on some Santiago's heights; young woman, you may never be called on to go out on the seas like Grace Darling to save suffering humanity. But every one of you can earn money honestly, and with that money you can fight the battles of peace; and the victories of peace are always grander than those of war.

I say to you, that you ought to be rich.

"Well," you say, "I would like to be rich but I have never had an opportunity. I never had any diamonds about me!"

My friends, you did have an opportunity. And let us see where your mistake was. What business have you been in?

"Oh," some man or woman will say, "I keep a store up on one of these side streets, and I am so far from a great commercial center that I cannot make money."

"Are you poor? How long have you kept that store?"

"Twenty years."

"Twenty years, and not worth five hundred thousand dollars now? There is something the matter — not with the side street, but with you."

"Oh now," you will say, "any person knows you must be in the center of trade if you are going to make money."

The man of common sense will not admit that this is necessarily true at all. If you are keeping that store and you are not making money, it would have been better for the community if they had kicked you out of that store nineteen years ago.

It is a crime to go into business and lose money, because it is a curse to the community. No man has a moral right to transact business without profit to himself and others. Unless he lives and lets live, he is not an honest man in business. There are no exceptions to this great rule.

8. When I was young my father kept a country store, and once in a while he left me in charge of that

store. Fortunately for him it was not often. One day while I had it in charge, a man came into the door and said: "Do you keep jack-knives?"

"No, we don't keep jack-knives." Then I went off and whistled a tune, and what did I care for that man! Then another came in the same door and said: "Do you keep jack-knives?"

"No, we don't keep jack-knives." And I went off and whistled another tune, and what did I care for that man!

After a few days another man came in that same door and said: "Do you keep jack-knives?"

"No, we don't keep jack-knives. Do you suppose we are keeping this store just for the purpose of supplying the whole neighborhood with jack-knives?"

Do you carry on your business like that? Do you ask what was the difficulty with it? The difficulty was that I had not learned that the foundation principles of business success and of Christianity itself are the same. It is the whole of every man's life to be doing for his fellow men. And he who can do the most for his fellow men is entitled to the greatest reward himself. Not only so saith God's Holy Book, but so saith every man's business common sense. If I had been carrying on my father's store on a Christian plan I would have had a jack-knife for the third man that asked for it.

But you say, "I don't carry on my store like that." If you have not made money you are carrying on your store like that. I come to you tomorrow morning and inquire, "Do you know Mr. A?"

"Oh yes. He lives up in the next block. He trades here."

"Well, where did he come from when he came here?"

"I don't know."

"Does he own his own house?"

"I don't know."

"What business is he in?"

"I don't know."

"Do his children go to school?"

"I don't know."

"What ticket does he vote? What church does he go to?"

"I don't know, and I don't care."

Do you answer me like that tomorrow morning? Then you are carrying on your business just as I carried on my father's business. You don't know where neighbor A came from and you *don't care*. You don't know what church he goes to and you *don't care*. If you had cared, you would have been a rich man to-day.

9. Young man, remember if you are going to invest your life or talent or money you must look around and see what people need, and then invest your life or talent or money in that which they need most. Then will your fortune be made, for they must take care of you. It is a difficult lesson to learn.

One young man will say, "I cannot go into the mercantile business because I have no capital."

Capital! Capital! Capital! is the cry of a dudish generation that cannot see over its own collar. Who are the rich men now? The poor boys of fifty years

ago. You know it. If they hadn't been poor then they wouldn't be rich now. The statistics of Massachusetts say, and I presume it holds good in your state, that not one rich man's son in seventeen ever dies rich. I pity the rich man's son. He is not to be praised for his magnificent, palatial home, not to be congratulated on having plenty of money or yachts or carriages or diamonds. Oh no, he is rather to be commiserated. It is often a misfortune to be born the son of a rich man. There are many things a rich man's son cannot know because he is not passing through the school of actual experience.

A young man once asked me, "What is the happiest hour in the history of a man's life?" The answer I gave him was this: The happiest hour of a man's life is when he takes his bride for the first time over the threshold of his own door, into a house which he has earned by his own hands; and as he enters he says to her, "Wife, I earned this house myself." Oh, that is the grandest moment a man can know! He says to her with eloquence of feeling no words of mine can ever touch: "Wife, I earned this home; it is all mine, and I divide it with thee." It is a magnificent moment.

But the rich man's son can never know that moment. He may go into a house that is more beautiful, but as he takes his wife into his mansion he will go all through it and say to her: "My mother gave me that! My mother gave me that! My mother gave me that!" until his wife wishes she had married his mother! I pity such a man as that.

10. It is said that the elder Vanderbilt, when a boy,

went to his father and said, "Father, did you earn all your money?" and the old Commodore said, "I did, I earned every penny of it."

And he did. It is cruel to slander the rich because they have been successful. It is a shame to "look down" on the rich the way we do. They are not scoundrels because they have gotten money. They have blessed the world. They have gone into great enterprises that have enriched the nation, and the nation has enriched them. It is all wrong for us to accuse a rich man of dishonesty simply because he secured money. Go through this city, and your very best people are among your richest people. Owners of property are always the best citizens.

The elder Vanderbilt went to his father and said, "Did you earn all your money?" And when the Commodore replied that he did the boy said, "Then I will earn mine."

And he insisted on going to work for three dollars a week. If the rich man's son will go to work like that he will be able to take care of his father's money when the father is gone. If he has the bravery to fight the battle of poverty like the poor boy, then of course he has a double advantage. But as a rule the rich father won't allow his son to work; and as for the mother! Oh, she would think it a social disgrace for her poor weak little lilyfingered sissy sort of a boy to earn his living with honest toil. And so I say it is not capital you want. It is not copper cents, but common sense.

Let me illustrate again. A. T. Stewart had a dollar and fifty cents to begin life on. That was, of course,

before he was a school teacher. He lost eighty-seven cents on his first venture. How did he come to lose it? He lost it because he purchased some needles, thread and buttons to sell which people didn't want. And he said, "I will never do that again". Then he went around first to the doors of the houses and asked the people what they did want. Then when he found out what they wanted he invested his sixty-three cents and supplied a known demand.

Why does one merchant go beyond another? Why does one manufacturer outsell another? It is simply because that one has found out what people want, and does not waste his money buying things they do not need. That is the whole of it. And A. T. Stewart said: "I am not going to buy things people do not want. I will take an interest in people and study their needs." And he pursued that until he was worth forty millions of dollars.

II. But a better illustration was John Jacob Astor, the elder. They say that he had a mortgage on a millinery store. I never reach this point without thinking that the ladies will say: "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread." But John Jacob Astor had a mortgage on a millinery store, and foreclosed the mortgage and went into business with the people who had failed on his hands. After he entered into partnership he went out and sat down on a bench in the park. What was the successful merchant doing out there, in partnership with the people who had just failed on his hands? Ah, my friends, he had the most important, and, to my mind, the pleasantest part of that partnership. He was out there watching the la-

dies as they went by, — and where is the man who would not get rich at that business! As he sat upon the bench, if a lady passed with her shoulders thrown back and her head up, and looking straight to the front, as though she didn't care if all the world did gaze upon her, then John Jacob Astor studied the bonnet she wore; and before it was out of sight, he knew the shape of the frame, the curl of the lace, the crimp of the feathers, and lots of intricate things that go into a bonnet which I cannot describe. Then he went to his millinery store and said: "Now put into the show window just such a bonnet as I describe to you, for I have just seen a real lady who likes just such a bonnet." Then he went out and sat down again. Another lady, with another form and complexion came, and of course she wore another style of bonnet. He then went back and described that and had that put into the window. He didn't fill his show window full of hats to drive people away, and then sit down in the back of the store and bawl because people went somewhere else to trade. He didn't have a hat or a bonnet that some lady didn't like. That has since been the wealthiest millinery firm on the face of the earth. There has been taken out of the business seventeen million dollars and over, by partners who have retired. Yet not a dollar of capital have they ever put into that business except what they turned in from their profits to use as capital. Now John Jacob Astor made the fortune of that millinery firm, not by lending them money, but by finding out what the ladies liked for bonnets before they wasted any material in making them up. Now if a man can foresee

the millinery business, he can foresee anything under heaven.

12. I want to illustrate again. There was a man in Hingham, Massachusetts, who was a carpenter and out of work. He sat around the stove until his wife told him to go out doors, and he did — what every man in Massachusetts is compelled to do by law — he obeyed his wife. He went out and sat down on the shore of the bay and he whittled out an oak shingle into a wooden chain. His children, that evening, quarreled over it, so he whittled another to keep peace in the family. While he was whittling the second toy a neighbor came in and said to him: "Why don't you whittle toys and sell them? You can make money." The carpenter said: "I could not whittle toys, and if I could do it I would not know what to make." There is the whole thing. It is to know what to make. It is the secret of life everywhere. You may take it in the ministry; you may take it in law; you may take it in mechanics or labor; you may take it in professional life or anywhere on earth; the whole thing is what to make of yourself for other people. What to make is the great difficulty.

He said he would not know what to make. His neighbor said to him with good New England common sense: "Why don't you ask your own children what to make?"

"Oh," said he, "my children are different from other people's children."

I used to see people like that when I taught school. But he consulted his children later and whittled toys to please them, and found that other people's children

wanted the same thing. He called his children right around his feet and whittled out of fire wood the Hingham tops, the wooden shovels, the wooden buckets and such things. And when his children were especially pleased he then made copies to sell. He began to get a little capital of his own earning, and secured a foot lathe, and then secured a room, then hired a factory, and then hired power, and so he went on. The last law case I ever tried in my life was in the U. S. Court Room at Boston, and this very Hingham man who had whittled those toys stood upon the stand. He was the last man I ever cross-examined. Then I left the law and went into the ministry: left practicing entirely and went to preaching exclusively. But I said to this man as he stood upon the stand: "When did you begin to whittle those toys?"

He said "in 1870".

Said I, "In these seven years, how much have those toys become worth?"

He answered, "Do you mean the taxable value, or the estimated value?"

I said, "Tell his Honor the taxable value, that there may be no question about it."

He answered from the witness stand, under oath, "Seventy-eight thousand dollars."

13. *But our wealth is too near.* I was speaking in New Britain, Conn., on this very subject; there sat five or six rows from me a lady. I noticed the lady at the time from the color of her bonnet. I said to them what I say to you now, "Your wealth is too near to you, you are looking right over it." She went home after the lecture and tried to take off her col-

lar. The button stuck in the button-hole; she twisted and tugged and pulled, and finally broke it out of the button-hole and threw it away. She said, "I wonder why they don't make decent collar buttons."

Her husband said to her, "After what Conwell said tonight, why don't you get up a collar-button yourself? Did he not say that if you need anything other people need it? So if you need a collar button there are millions of people needing it. Get up a collar button and get rich. *Wherever there is a need there is a fortune.*"

Then she made up her mind to do it, and when a woman makes up her mind and doesn't say anything about it, she does it. And she invented this snap button, a kind of button that snaps together from two pieces through the button-hole. That very woman can now go over the sea every summer in her own yacht and take her husband with her; and if he were dead she would have enough money left to buy a foreign count, or duke, or some such thing.

What is my lesson in it? I said to her what I say to you. Your fortune is too near to you, so near that you are looking over it. She had to look over it. It was right under her chin, and it is just as near to you.

14. In East Brookfield, Mass., there was a shoemaker out of work. His wife drove him out of doors with a mop stick, because she wanted to mop around the stove. He went out and sat down on an ash barrel in the back yard. Close by that ash barrel ran a little mountain stream. I have sometimes wondered if, as he sat there on that ash barrel, he thought of Tennyson's beautiful poem:

"Chatter, chatter as I flow, to join the brimming river,
Men may come, and men may go, but I go on forever."

I don't believe he thought of it because it was not a poetical situation, on an ash barrel in the back yard. But as he sat on that ash barrel, he looked down into the stream. And he saw a trout go flashing up the stream and hiding under the bank. He leaped down and caught up the fish in his hands and took him into the house. His wife sent it to a friend in Worcester. The friend wrote back that they would give five dollars for another such trout, and the shoemaker and his wife immediately started out to find one. They went up and down the stream, but not another trout was to be found. Then they went to the preacher. But that is not half as foolish as some other things young people go to a preacher for. That preacher could not explain why they could not find another trout, but he was true to his profession, he pointed the way. He said, "Secure Seth Green's book on the culture of trout and it will give you the information you need. They got the book and found that if they started with a pair of trout a trout would lay 3,600 eggs every year and that every trout would grow an ounce the first year and a quarter of a pound every succeeding year. So that in four years a man could secure from two trout four tons per annum to sell. They said, "Oh, we don't believe such a great story as that, but if we could raise a few and sell them for five dollars apiece we might make money. So they purchased two little trout and put them in the stream, with a coal

sifter down stream and a window screen up stream to keep the trout in. Afterwards they moved to the banks of the Connecticut River, and afterwards to the Hudson, and one of them has been on the U. S. Fish Commission and had a large share in the preparation for the World's Fair in 1900 at Paris. But he sat that day on that ash barrel in the back yard right by his acres of diamonds. But he didn't see them. He had not seen his fortune, although he had lived there for twenty-three years, until his wife drove him out there with a mop stick. It may be that you will not find your wealth until your wife assumes the scepter of power, but nevertheless your wealth is there.

15. But the people who make the greatest mistakes are the farmers. When I could not keep my father's store he set me to work on the farm, knowing that as the ground was nearly all rock I could not do much harm there.

I know by experience that a very ordinary man can be a lawyer. I also know that it does not take a man with a gigantic intellect to be a preacher. It takes a greater man than either to make a successful farmer today. The farmer will be more successful when he gives more attention to what people want, and not so much to what will grow, though he needs to watch both. But now the whole time of most of our farmers is taken up with what will grow.

I was going up through Iowa a while ago, and saw the wheat decaying in the mud, and I said to a farmer: "Why is it that all this grain here is decaying instead of being marketed?"

He answered that it was because of the *awful* mon-

opoly of the railroads. He didn't use the word "awful", but he used one that he thought was more emphatic. I got into the train and sympathized with the poor down-trodden farmer.

The conductor came along pretty soon, and I asked him, "How much dividend does this railroad pay on its stock?"

He looked at me and said, "It has not paid any for nine years and it has been in the hands of the receiver most of the time."

Then I changed my mind. If that farmer had raised what the people wanted, not only would he have been rich, but the railroad would have paid interest on its stock.

I was at Evansville, Indiana, and a man drove up in his beautiful carriage and told me, "Eighteen years ago I borrowed two hundred dollars and went into farming. I began the first year to raise wheat, rye and hogs, but the second year I decided to raise what the people wanted, so I plowed the ground over and put in small fruits. Now I own this farm and a great deal more." They told me at the hotel that he owned two-thirds of the stock in the bank of which he was president. He had made his money all because he had planted what people wanted.

16. I asked a class in Minnesota once who were the great inventors, and a girl hopped up and said "Columbus". Columbus was a great inventor. He married a wife who owned a farm, and he carried it on just as I carried on my father's farm. We took the hoe and went out and sat down on a rock. But as Columbus sat on that rock on the island of Porto

Santo, Spain, he was thinking. I was not. That was a great difference. Columbus, as he sat on that rock, held in his hand a hoe-handle. He looked out on the ocean and saw the departing ships apparently sink into the sea, and the tops of the masts go down out of sight. Said Columbus, "This world is like a hoe handle: the farther off, the farther down, the farther off, the farther down, just like a hoe handle; I can sail around to the East Indies." How clear it all was! Yet how simple the mind! It is the simplest minds that observe the very simplest things, which accomplish the greatest marvels.

I went up into New Hampshire to lecture, and when I came back I said I would never go up into New Hampshire again. And I said to a relative of mine who was a professor at Harvard: "It was cold all the time I was there, and I shivered so that my teeth shook."

Said he, "Why did you shiver?"

"Because it was cold."

"No, that is not the reason you shivered."

"Well, I shivered because I did not have bed clothes enough."

"No, that is not the reason you shivered."

"Well," said I, "Professor, you are a scientific man and I am not, I would like to have an expert, scientific opinion, now, why I shivered."

He arose in his facetious way and said, "Young man, you shivered because you did not know any better! Didn't you have in your pocket a two-cent paper?"

"Yes, I had a Herald and a Journal."

"That is it: you had them in your pocket. If you had spread one newspaper over your sheet when you went to bed you would have been as warm lying there as the richest man in America under his silk covers. But you shivered because you did not know enough to put a two-cent paper over your bed, and you had the paper in your pocket."

17. It is the power to appreciate the little things that bring success. How many women want divorces, and ought to have them, too. But how many divorces originate like this: a man will hurry home from the factory, and his wife rushes in from the kitchen with the potatoes that have been taken out before they seem to be done, and she puts them on the table for her husband to eat. He chops them up and eats them in a hurry. They go down in hard lumps, he doesn't feel good, he is all full of crankiness. He frets and scolds, and perhaps swears, and there is a row in that family right away. And these two hearts that were almost divinely united will separate in Satanic hatred. What is the difficulty? The difficulty is that that lady doesn't know what all these ladies do know, that if with potatoes raised in lime soil she had put in a pinch of salt when she put them in the kettle, she could have brought them forth at the right time ready to laugh themselves to pieces with edible joy. He would have digested them readily, and there would have been love in that family, just for a little pinch of salt.

Now I say, it is the appreciation of the little things that makes the great inventors of the world. I read in a newspaper the other day that a woman never invented anything. Of course this didn't refer to gos-

sip, but to machines and improvements. If it had referred to gossip, it would have applied to that newspaper better than to women. Who invented the Jacquard Loom? Mrs. Jacquard. Who invented the printer's roller? A woman. Who invented the cotton gin? Mrs. Green, although the patent was taken out on an improvement in Mr. Whitney's name. Who invented the sewing machine? A woman, Mrs. Howe, the wife of Elias Howe. If a woman can invent a sewing machine, if a woman can invent a printing roller, if a woman can invent a cotton-gin, we men can invent anything under heaven! I say that to encourage the men. Anyhow our civilization would roll back if we should cross out the great inventions of women, though the patents were often taken out in the names of men.

18. Let me illustrate only once more. Suppose I were to go through this house and shake hands with each of you and say: "Please introduce me to the great men and women in this hall tonight."

You would say, "Great men! We don't have any here. There are none in this audience. For if you want to find great men you must go to some other part of the world. Great men always come from somewhere else."

How many of your men with vast power to help your city, how many with great genius or great social power, who might enrich and elevate and beautify their own city, are now taking their money and talents and spending them in foreign places instead of benefiting their own people here? Yet here is the place for them to be great. There are as great men here as

in any place of its size. But it is so natural for us to say that great men come from afar. They come from London, from Rome and from San Francisco, from New York or Manayunk or anywhere else. But there are just as great men hearing me speak tonight as there are elsewhere, yet who, because of their simplicity, are not appreciated. "The world knows nothing of its great men," says the philosopher; and it is true. Your neighbor is a great man, and it is time you appreciated it, and if you do not appreciate it now you never will. The only way to be a true patriot is to be a true patriot at home. A man who cannot benefit his own city should never be sent to Washington. Towns and cities are cursed because their own people talk them down. The man who cannot bless his own community, the place where he lives, should never be called a patriot anywhere else. To these young men I want to utter this cry with all my force. This is the place for you to be great, and here are your great men.

19. But we teach our young people to believe that all the great people are away off. I heard a professor in an Illinois college say, "Nearly all the great men are dead." We don't want him in Philadelphia. They don't want him anywhere. The greatest men are living now, and will only be exceeded by the generations to come and he who appreciates this fact will look around him and respect his neighbor. I say tonight that the great men of the world are those who appreciate what is next to them, and the danger to our nation now is that we belittle everything that is at home.

Have you heard the campaign speeches this year?

I heard a man at the Academy of Music say that our nation is going to ruin, that the Ship of State is drifting on the rocks and will soon be shattered into ten thousand fragments, and this republic will be no more; that there will be founded an empire, and upon the empire, we will put a throne, and upon the throne will be placed a tyrant, and he with his iron heel will grind the people to dust. It is a lie! Never in the history of God's government of mankind was there a nation stepping upward more certainly, toward all that is grand and beautiful and true, than the American Nation today. Let the politicians say what they will for personal greed, let them declaim with all their powers and try to burden the people, you and I know that whichever way the elections go the nation will not be destroyed. The American people are not dead; it is a living body, this mighty republic, it cannot be killed by a single election. And they that will belittle our nation are not patriots. Let the land be filled with hope. Some will say, "Oh well, the nation is having a hard time." But it is not. The Bible says, "It was good for me that I was afflicted." We are getting down to where we can take stock. In the next five years you will see the most flourishing institutions; all through this land there will be a prosperity such as this land never knew before. Whatever the result of the election, don't belittle your own nation.

20. A young man says, "There is going to be a great man here when there comes a war. When we get into another conflict with Spain over Cuba, with England over the Monroe Doctrine, or over the Russian

boundary, or with New Jersey or some other distant country of the world, then I will sweep up among the glittering bayonets, then I will tear down their flag from the staff, bear it away in triumph, and come home with stars on my shoulder and hold every office in the gift of the nation. Then I will be great!"

Young man, remember greatness does not consist in holding office even in war. The office does not make the great man. But alas! we mislead the young in teaching history. If you ask a scholar in school who sank the Merrimac, he will answer "Hobson", and tell seven-eighths of a lie. For eight men sank the Merrimac. Yet where are the women here tonight who have kissed the other seven men?

A young man says, "I was studying the history of the war the other day, and I read about Generals Grant, Meade, Beauregard, Hood, and those great leaders, and they were great."

Did you read anything about their predecessors? There is very little in History about them. If the office had made their predecessors great you would never have heard of Grant or Sherman or McClellan. But they were great men intrinsically, not made so by the office. The way we teach history leads the young to think that when people get into office they become great. But it is terribly misleading.

Every great general of the war is credited with many victories he never knew anything about, because they were won by his subordinates. But it is unfair to give the credit to the general who did not know anything about it. I tell you that if the light-

ning of heaven had struck out of existence every man who wore shoulder straps in our wars, there would have arisen out of the ranks of our private soldiers just as great men to lead the nation on to victory.

21. I will give one more illustration. I don't like to give it, I don't know how I ever fell into the habit. Indeed it was first given at a Grand Army post of which I was a member. I hesitate to give it now.

I close my eyes and I can see my own native hills once more, I can see my mountain home, the Congregational Church and the Town Hall. They are there spread before me with increasing detail as the years fly by. I can see again the crowd that was there in the war time, 1864, dressed in red, white and blue, the flags flying, the band playing. I see a platoon of soldiers who have returned from one term of service and re-enlisted for a second. They are now to be received by the mountain town. Well do I remember the day. I was captain of the company. Although I was only in my teens, I was marching at the head of that company and was puffed out with pride. A cambric needle would have burst me all to pieces. I am sincerely ashamed of the whole thing now. But in the august pride of my youth I was being received by the town authorities. We marched into the town hall. They seated my soldiers in the middle of the hall and the crowds came in on the right and on the left. Then the town officers filed up on the platform and took their position in a half circle. The good old mayor of the town, and the Chairman of the Selectmen, sat there in his dignity, with his powerful spec-

tacles. He may have thought that, if he could get into office, that would give him power to do almost anything. He never held an office before and never made a speech before. When he had taken his place, he saw me on the front seat, and he came right forward and invited me up on the platform with the Selectmen. Invited me! Why, no town officer ever took notice of me before I went to war. Yet, perhaps I ought not to say that, because one of them, I remember, did once advise a teacher to "whale" me! But I meant, no "honorable mention". Now I was on the stand with the Selectmen. They gave me a prominent chair. I sat down and let my sword fall to the floor and waited to be received. Napoleon the Vth! "Pride goeth before destruction" — and it ought!

22. When the Selectmen and mayor had taken their seats the mayor waited for a while, and then came forward to the table. Oh, that speech! We had supposed he would simply introduce the Congregational minister who usually gave such public addresses. But you should have seen the surprise when this old man began to give the address on this august occasion. He had never delivered an address before. He thought that the office would make him an orator. But he had forgotten that a man must speak his piece as a boy if he would become an orator as a man. Yet he made a common mistake. So he had written out and learned it by heart. But he brought the manuscript with him, very wisely, and took it out, opened it, and spread it on the table, then adjusted his spectacles that he might see it. Then he walked back and came forward again

to deliver that address. He must have studied the idea a great deal, for he assumed an "elocutionary attitude". He "rested heavily on his left heel, slightly advanced his right foot, threw back his shoulders and placed his right foot at an angle of forty-five". As he stood in that elocutionary attitude, this is the way he delivered that speech:

"Fellow citizens" — and then he paused until his fingers and knees shook. He began to swallow, then turned aside to look at his manuscript. "Fellow citizens: we are — we are — we are — we are very happy. We are very happy — we are very happy — we are very happy. We are very happy — to welcome back to their native town — to their native town — to their native town — these soldiers — these soldiers — who have fought and died, and — are back again in their native town. We are especially pleased — we are especially pleased — to see with us this young hero — (that meant me) — who in imagination we have seen leading his troops on to the deadly breach. We have seen his shining — we have seen his shining sword — his shining sword — flashing in the sunlight, as he called to his troops 'Come on!' "

23. He was a good old man. But how little he knew about the war. If he had known anything about war at all, he would have known that it is next to a crime for an officer of infantry ever, in time of danger, to go ahead of his men. I, with "my shining sword flashing in the sunlight, calling to my troops 'Come on' " — I never did it! Do you suppose I would go in

front of my men to be shot in front by the enemy and in the back by my own men? It is no place for an officer. The place for an officer, in time of danger, is behind the private soldier. It is the private soldier who faces the enemy. Often, as a staff officer, I have ridden down the line before the battle, and as I rode, I have given the general's order, "Officers to the rear". And then every officer goes behind the line of private soldiers, and the higher the officer's rank the farther behind he goes. It is the place for him, for if your officers and generals were killed on the first discharge where would the plan of battle be? How ashamed I was of the whole affair. In actual war such an officer has no right to go ahead of his men. Some of those men had carried that boy across the Carolina rivers. Some of them had given him their last draught of coffee. One of them had leaped in front of him and had his cheek-bone shot away: he had leaped in front of the boy to save his life. Some were not there at all, and the tears flowing from the eyes of the widows and orphans showed that they had gone down for their country. Yet in the good man's speech he scarcely noticed those who had died. The hero of the hour was that boy. We do not know even now where many of those comrades sleep. They went down to death. Sometimes in my dreams I call, "answer me, ye sighing pines of the Carolinas; answer me, ye shining sands of Florida; answer me, ye crags and rocks of Kentucky and Tennessee; where sleep my dead?" But to my call no answer comes. I know not where they sleep, but this I know: they were

brave men; they went down before a brave foe, fighting for a cause both believed to be right. Yet the hero of the hour was a boy. He was an officer — they were only private soldiers.

24. As I went through the war, I learned a lesson I will never forget until the bell of time ceases to swing for me, that greatness consists not in holding an office. Greatness really consists in doing great deeds with little means, in the accomplishment of vast purposes, in the private ranks of life, in benefiting one's own neighborhood, in blessing one's own city, the community in which he lives. There, and there only, is the great test of human goodness and human ability. He who waits for an office before he does great and noble deeds must fail altogether.

I learned that lesson then, that henceforth in life I will call no man great simply because he holds an office. Greatness! It is something more than office, something more than fame, more than genius. It is the great-heartedness that encloses those in need, reaches down to those below and lifts them up. May this thought come to every one of you who hear me tonight, and abide through future years.

I close with the words of Bailey. He was not one of our greatest writers, but after all he was one of our best:

“We live in deeds, not years,
In feelings, not in figures on a dial,
In thoughts, not breaths;
We should count time by heart throbs.
He lives most who thinks most, — ”

And friends, if you forget everything else I say, don't forget these two lines: for if you think two thoughts where I think one, you live twice as much as I do in the same length of time, —

“He most lives who thinks most,
Who feels the noblest,
And who acts the best.”

THE LIBERTY OF MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD

BY ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

Robert Green Ingersoll was born at Dresden, New York, August 11, 1833. His father was a Congregational preacher of some ability but of strict orthodox views. There seems to be no foundation for the story that Ingersoll's agnosticism was due to any tyranny of his father. Ingersoll himself speaks with the greatest affection of his father. In fact, the father seems to have granted young Robert the perfect right to form opinions for himself, and never to have been unduly insistent on his own views. The family moved to Illinois, where Robert grew to manhood. In 1852-3 he tried school teaching, "boarding 'round," but got into trouble with the school authorities and had to quit. Having been repeatedly asked what he thought of baptism, he is said to have replied, "With soap, baptism is a good thing." This ended his teaching experience. In 1853 he began the study of law and about 1855 began to practice in partnership with his brother, Ebon C. Ingersoll. They moved their offices from Shawneetown to Peoria in 1857. Robert was a candidate for Congress in 1860 on the Democratic ticket, and, strangely enough, made his campaign largely on the basis of emancipation, going further than the Republicans led by Lincoln. He was defeated. From the day of the attack on Fort Sumpter he was a Republican and so continued until his death. He was one of the first to enlist in the armies of the North in 1861, and helped to raise three regiments of volunteers. He became a colonel. He was captured by the Confederates and paroled. Despairing of being exchanged, he finally resigned his commission in 1863.

From 1867 to 1869 he was attorney-general of Illinois. Here began a career that, according to many able political

critics, might easily have ended in the White House had it not been for Mr. Ingersoll's religious utterances. As it was, he absolutely refused to give up his attacks on organized religion, and so his political career ended where it began, and he is known today, not as a great statesman, but as the champion of political and religious freedom, and as "The Great Agnostic." On June 15, 1876, as a delegate to the National Republican Convention in Cincinnati, he made the speech nominating James G. Blaine for the presidency. It is perhaps the greatest nominating speech on record.

In 1877 he first delivered "The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child." This was followed by many others, including the lecture on Burns and the one on Shakespeare. On May 31, 1879, he was called upon to fulfill the promise of years before, the compact made between the brothers, Robert and Ebon, that whichever died first the other would say the final words over his grave. As he stood over the grave of the brother whom he loved as he did his own life, he gave voice to that most beautiful of tributes, known as "A Tribute to Ebon C. Ingersoll." His oratorical triumphs went on and on, until he was generally conceded to be the most eloquent man of his generation. Henry Ward Beecher, the greatest preacher of his age, said of him, "He is the most brilliant speaker of the English tongue of all men on this globe." He died of angina pectoris, very suddenly, July 22, 1899.

"The Liberty of Man, Woman and Child" is here reprinted in full. It will be seen that it contains more assignments than the "Acres of Diamonds." It is suggested that the teacher choose those that best suit the needs of the class, leaving out the rest. Other modifications of the assignments may also be made in the way of cuttings. It is thought best to give the lecture complete, to afford a basis for the extemporaneous assignment following. But in the memorized speeches such parts may be omitted as circumstances make it advisable to omit.

The lecture is reprinted by the kind permission of Mr.

C. P. Farrell, publisher, Mr. Ingersoll's brother-in-law, 117 East Twenty-first Street, Gramercy Park, New York City. It is taken from the Dresden Edition of Mr. Ingersoll's works, Volume I, page 329.

LIBERTY SUSTAINS THE SAME RELATION TO MIND
THAT SPACE DOES TO MATTER

I. There is no slavery but ignorance. Liberty is the child of intelligence.

The history of man is simply the history of slavery, of injustice and brutality, together with the means by which he has, through the dead and desolate years, slowly and painfully advanced. He has been the sport and prey of priest and king, the food of superstition and cruel might. Crowned force has governed ignorance through fear. Hypocrisy and tyranny — two vultures — have fed upon the liberties of man. From all these there has been, and is, but one means of escape — intellectual development. Upon the back of industry has been the whip. Upon the brain have been the fetters of superstition. Nothing has been left undone by the enemies of freedom. Every art and artifice, every cruelty and outrage has been practiced and perpetrated to destroy the rights of man. In this great struggle every crime has been rewarded and every virtue has been punished. Reading, writing, thinking and investigating have all been crimes.

Every science has been an outcast.

All the altars and all the thrones united to arrest the forward march of the human race. The king said that mankind must not work for themselves. The priest said that mankind must not think for them-

selves. One forged chains for the hands, the other for the soul. Under this infamous *regime* the eagle of the human intellect was for ages a slimy serpent of hypocrisy.

The human race was imprisoned. Through some of the prison bars came a few struggling rays of light. Against these bars Science pressed its pale and thoughtful face, wooed by the holy dawn of human advancement. Bar after bar was broken away. A few grand men escaped and devoted their lives to the liberation of their fellows.

Only a few years ago there was a great awakening of the human mind. Men began to inquire by what right a crowned robber made them work for him? The man who asked this question was called a traitor. Others asked by what right does a robed hypocrite rule my thought? Such men were called infidels. The priest said, and the king said, where is this spirit of investigation to stop? They said then and they say now, that it is dangerous for man to be free. I deny it. Out on the intellectual sea there is room enough for every sail. In the intellectual air there is space enough for every wing.

2. The man who does not do his own thinking is a slave, and is a traitor to himself and to his fellow-men.

Every man should stand under the blue and stars, under the infinite flag of nature, the peer of every other man.

Standing in the presence of the Unknown, all have the same right to think, and all are equally interested in the great questions of origin and destiny. All I

claim, all I plead for, is liberty of thought and expression. That is all. I do not pretend to tell what is absolutely true, but what I think is true. I do not pretend to tell all the truth.

I do not claim that I have floated level with the heights of thought, or that I have descended to the very depths of things. I simply claim that what ideas I have, I have a right to express; and that any man who denies that right to me is an intellectual thief and robber. That is all.

Take those chains from the human soul. Break those fetters. If I have no right to think, why have I a brain? If I have no such right, have three or four men, or any number, who may get together, and sign a creed, and build a house, and put a steeple upon it, and a bell in it — have they the right to think? The good men, the good women are tired of the whip and the lash in the realm of thought. They remember the chain and fagot with a shudder. They are free, and they give liberty to others. Whoever claims any right that he is unwilling to accord to his fellow-men is dishonest and infamous.

In the good old times, our fathers had the idea that they could make people believe to suit them. Our ancestors, in the ages that are gone, really believed that by force you could convince a man. You cannot change the conclusion of the brain by torture; nor by social ostracism. But I will tell you what you can do by these, and what you have done. You can make hypocrites by the million. You can make a man say that he has changed his mind; but he remains of the same opinion still. Put fetters all over him; crush his feet

in iron boots; stretch him to the last gasp upon the holy rack; burn him, if you please, but his ashes will be of the same opinion still.

3. Our fathers in the good old times — and the best thing I can say about them is, that they have passed away — had an idea that they could force men to think their way. That idea is still prevalent in many parts, even of this country. Even in our day some extremely religious people say, "We will not trade with that man; we will not vote for him; we will not hire him if he is a lawyer; we will die before we will take his medicine if he is a doctor; we will not invite him to dinner; we will socially ostracise him; he must come to our church; he must believe our doctrines; he must worship our god or we will not in any way contribute to his support."

In the old times of which I have spoken, they desired to make all men think exactly alike. All the mechanical ingenuity of the world cannot make two clocks run exactly alike, and how are you going to make hundreds of millions of people, differing in brain and disposition, in education and aspiration, in conditions and surroundings, each clad in a living robe of passionate flesh — how are you going to make them think and feel alike? If there is an infinite god, one who made us, and wishes us to think alike, why did he give a spoonful of brains to one, and a magnificent intellectual development to another? Why is it that we have all degrees of intelligence, from orthodoxy to genius, if it was intended that all should think and feel alike?

I used to read in books how our fathers persecuted

mankind. But I never appreciated it. I read it, but it did not burn itself into my soul. I did not really appreciate the infamies that have been committed in the name of religion, until I saw the iron arguments that Christians used. I saw the Thumbscrew — two little pieces of iron, armed on the inner surfaces with protuberances, to prevent their slipping; through each end a screw uniting the two pieces. And when some man denied the efficacy of baptism, or may be said, "I do not believe that a fish ever swallowed a man to keep him from drowning," then they put his thumb between these pieces of iron and in the name of love and universal forgiveness, began to screw these pieces together. When this was done most men said, "I will recant." Probably I should have done the same. Probably I would have said: "Stop; I will admit anything that you wish; I will admit that there is one god or a million, one hell or a billion; suit yourselves; but stop."

But there was now and then a man who would not swerve the breadth of a hair; there was now and then some sublime heart, willing to die for an intellectual conviction. Had it not been for such men, we would be savages tonight. Had it not been for a few brave, heroic souls in every age, we would have been cannibals, with pictures of wild beasts tattooed upon our flesh, dancing around some dried snake fetich.

4. Let us thank every good and noble man who stood so grandly, so proudly, in spite of opposition, of hatred and death, for what he believed to be the truth.

Heroism did not excite the respect of our fathers.

The man who would not recant was not forgiven. They screwed the thumbscrews down to the last pang, and then threw their victim into some dungeon, where, in the throbbing silence and darkness, he might suffer the agonies of the fabled damned. This was done in the name of love — in the name of mercy — in the name of the compassionate Christ.

I saw, too, what they called the Collar of Torture. Imagine a circle of iron, and on the inside a hundred points almost as sharp as needles. This argument was fastened about the throat of the sufferer. Then he could not walk, nor sit down, nor stir without the neck being punctured by these points. In a little while the throat would begin to swell, and suffocation would end the agonies of that man. This man, it may be, had committed the crime of saying, with tears upon his cheeks, "I do not believe that God, the father of us all, will damn to eternal perdition any of the children of men."

I saw another instrument, called the Scavenger's Daughter. Think of a pair of shears with handles, not only where they now are, but at the points as well, and just above the pivot that unites the blades, a circle of iron. In the upper handles the hands would be placed; in the lower, the feet; and through the iron ring, at the centre, the head of the victim would be forced. In this condition, he would be thrown prone upon the earth, and the strain upon the muscles produced such agony that insanity would in pity end his pain.

This was done by gentlemen who said: "Whosoever

smieth thee upon one cheek turn to him the other also."

I saw the Rack. This was a box like the bed of a wagon, with a windlass at each end, with levers, and ratchets to prevent slipping; over each windlass went chains; some were fastened to the ankles of the sufferer; others to his wrists. And then priests, clergymen, divines, saints, began turning these windlasses, and kept turning, until the ankles, the knees, the hips, the shoulders, the elbows, the wrists of the victim were all dislocated, and the sufferer was wet with the sweat of agony. And they had standing by a physician to feel his pulse. What for? To save his life? Yes. In mercy? No; simply that they might rack him once again.

This was done, remember, in the name of civilization; in the name of law and order; in the name of mercy; in the name of religion; in the name of the most merciful Christ.

5. Sometimes, when I read and think about these frightful things, it seems to me that I have suffered all these horrors myself. It seems sometimes, as though I had stood upon the shore of exile and gazed with tearful eyes toward home and native land; as though my nails had been torn from my hands, and into the bleeding quick needles had been thrust; as though my feet had been crushed in iron boots; as though I had been chained in the cell of the Inquisition and listened with dying ears for the coming footsteps of release; as though I had stood upon the scaffold and had seen the glittering axe fall upon me; as

though I had been upon the rack and had seen, bending above me, the white faces of hypocrite priests; as though I had been taken from my fireside, from my wife and children, taken to the public square, chained; as though fagots had been piled about me; as though the flames had climbed around my limbs and scorched my eyes to blindness, and as though my ashes had been scattered to the four winds, by all the countless hands of hate. And when I so feel, I swear that while I live I will do what little I can to preserve and to augment the liberties of man, woman, and child.

It is a question of justice, of mercy, of honesty, of intellectual development. If there is a man in the world who is not willing to give to every human being every right he claims for himself, he is just so much nearer a barbarian than I am. It is a question of honesty. The man who is not willing to give to every other the same intellectual rights he claims for himself, is dishonest, selfish, and brutal.

It is a question of intellectual development. Whoever holds another man responsible for his honest thought, has a deformed and distorted brain. It is a question of intellectual development.

6. A little while ago I saw models of nearly everything that man has made. I saw models of all the water craft, from the rude dug-out in which floated a naked savage — one of our ancestors — a naked savage, with teeth two inches in length, with a spoonful of brains in the back of his head — I saw models of all the water craft of the world, from that dug-out up to a man-of-war, that carries a hundred guns and miles of canvas — from that dug-out to the steamship

that turns its brave prow from the port of New York, with a compass like a conscience, crossing three thousand miles of billows without missing a throb or beat of its mighty iron heart.

I saw at the same time the weapons that man has made, from a club, such as was grasped by that same savage, when he crawled from his den in the ground and hunted a snake for his dinner; from that club to the boomerang, to the sword, to the cross-bow, to the blunderbuss, to the flint-lock, to the cap-lock, to the needle-gun, up to a cannon cast by Krupp, capable of hurling a ball weighing two thousand pounds through eighteen inches of solid steel.

I saw, too, the armor from the shell of a turtle, that one of our brave ancestors lashed upon his breast when he went to fight for his country; the skin of a porcupine, dried with the quills on, which this same savage pulled over his orthodox head, up to the shirts of mail, that were worn in the Middle Ages, that laughed at the edge of the sword and defied the point of the spear; up to a monitor clad in complete steel.

I saw at the same time, their musical instruments, from the tom-tom — that is, a hoop with a couple of strings of raw hide drawn across it — from that tom-tom, up to the instruments we have today, that make the common air blossom with melody.

I saw, too, their paintings, from a daub of yellow mud, to the great works which now adorn the galleries of the world. I saw also their sculpture, from the rude god with four legs, a half dozen arms, several noses, and two or three rows of ears, and one little, contemptible, brainless head, up to the figures of

today — to the marbles that genius has clad in such a personality that it seems almost impudent to touch them without an introduction.

I saw their books — books written upon skins of wild beasts — upon shoulder-blades of sheep — books written upon leaves, upon bark, up to the splendid volumes that enrich the libraries of our day. When I speak of libraries, I think of the remark of Plato: "A house that has a library in it has a soul."

7. I saw their implements of agriculture, from a crooked stick that was attached to the horn of an ox by some twisted straw, to the agricultural implements of this generation, that make it possible for a man to cultivate the soil without being an ignoramus.

While looking upon these things I was forced to say that man advanced only as he mingled his thought with his labor, — only as he got into partnership with the forces of nature, — only as he learned to take advantage of his surroundings — only as he freed himself from the bondage of fear, — only as he depended upon himself — only as he lost confidence in the gods.

I saw at the same time a row of human skulls, from the lowest skull that has been found, the Neanderthal skull — skulls from Central Africa, skulls from the Bushmen of Australia — skulls from the farthest isles of the Pacific sea — up to the best skulls of the last generation; — and I noticed that there was the same difference between those skulls that there was between the *products* of those skulls, and I said to myself, "After all, it is a simple question of intellectual development." There was the same difference between

those skulls, the lowest and highest skulls, that there was between the dug-out and the man-of-war and the steamship, between the club and the Krupp gun, between the yellow daub and the landscape, between the tom-tom and an opera by Verdi.

The first and lowest skull in this row was the den in which crawled the base and meaner instincts of mankind, and the last was a temple in which dwelt joy, liberty, and love.

It is all a question of brain, of intellectual development.

If we are nearer free than were our fathers, it is because we have better heads upon the average, and more brains in them.

8. Now, I ask you to be honest with me. It makes no difference to you what I believe, nor what I wish to prove. I simply ask you to be honest. Divest your minds, for a moment at least, of all religious prejudice. Act, for a few moments, as though you were men and women.

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, if there was one, at the time this gentleman floated in the dug-out, and charmed his ears with the music of the tom-tom, had said: "That dug-out is the best boat that ever can be built by man; the pattern of that came from on high, from the great god of storm and flood, and any man who says that he can improve it by putting a mast in it, with a sail upon it, is an infidel, and shall be burned at the stake;" what, in your judgment — honor bright — would have been the effect upon the circumnavigation of the globe?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest,

if there was one — and I presume there was a priest, because it was a very ignorant age — suppose this king and priest had said: "That tom-tom is the most beautiful instrument of music of which any man can conceive; that is the kind of music they have in heaven; an angel sitting upon the edge of a fleecy cloud, golden in the setting sun, playing upon that tom-tom, became so enraptured, so entranced with her own music, that in a kind of ecstasy she dropped it — that is how we obtained it; and any man who says that it can be improved by putting a back and front to it, and four strings, and a bridge, and getting a bow of hair with rosin, is a blaspheming wretch, and shall die the death," — I ask you, what effect would that have had upon music? If that course had been pursued, would the human ears, in your judgment, ever have been enriched with the divine symphonies of Beethoven?

Suppose the king, if there was one, and the priest, had said: "That crooked stick is the best plow that can be invented: the pattern of that plow was given to a pious farmer in a holy dream, and that twisted straw is the *ne plus ultra* of all twisted things, and any man who says he can make an improvement upon that plow, is an atheist;" what, in your judgment, would have been the effect upon the science of agriculture?

But the people said, and the king and priest said: "We want better weapons with which to kill our fellow-Christians; we want better plows, better music, better paintings, and whoever will give us better weapons, and better music, better houses to live in, better

clothes, we will robe him in wealth, and crown him with honor." Every incentive was held out to every human being to improve these things. That is the reason the club has been changed to a cannon, the dug-out to a steamship, the daub to a painting; that is the reason that the piece of rough and broken stone finally became a glorified statue.

9. You must not, however, forget that the gentleman in the dug-out, the gentleman who was enraptured with the music of the tom-tom, and cultivated his land with a crooked stick had a religion of his own. That gentleman in the dug-out was orthodox. He was never troubled with doubts. He lived and died settled in his mind. He believed in hell; and he thought he would be far happier in heaven if he could just lean over and see certain people who expressed doubts as to the truth of his creed, gently but everlastingly broiled and burned.

It is a very sad and unhappy fact that this man has had a great many intellectual descendants. It is also an unhappy fact in nature, that the ignorant multiply much faster than the intellectual. This fellow in the dug-out believed in a personal devil. His devil had a cloven hoof, a long tail, armed with a fiery dart; and his devil breathed brimstone. This devil was at least the equal of God; not quite so stout but a little shrewder. And do you know there has not been a patentable improvement made upon that devil for six thousand years.

This gentleman in the dug-out believed that God was a tyrant; that he would eternally damn the man who lived in accordance with his highest and grandest

ideal. He believed that the earth was flat. He believed in a literal, burning, seething hell of fire and sulphur. He had also his idea of politics; and his doctrine was, might makes right. And it will take thousands of years before the world will reverse this doctrine, and believingly say, "Right makes might."

All I ask is the same privilege to improve upon that gentleman's theology as upon his musical instrument; the same right to improve upon his politics as upon his dug-out. That is all. I ask for the human soul the same liberty in every direction. That is the only crime I have committed. I say, let us think. Let each one express his thought. Let us become investigators, not followers, not cringers and crawlers. If there is in heaven an infinite being, he never will be satisfied with the worship of cowards and hypocrites. Honest unbelief, honest infidelity, honest atheism, will be a perfume in heaven when pious hypocrisy, no matter how religious it may be outwardly, will be a stench.

10. This is my doctrine: Give every other human being every right you claim for yourself. Keep your mind open to the influences of nature. Receive new thoughts with hospitality. Let us advance.

The religionist of today wants the ship of his soul to lie at the wharf of orthodoxy and rot in the sun. He delights to hear the sails of old opinions flap against the masts of old creeds. He loves to see the joints and the sides open and gape in the sun, and it is a kind of bliss for him to repeat again and again: "Do not disturb my opinions. Do not unsettle my mind; I have it all made up, and I want no infidelity. Let me go backward rather than forward."

As far as I am concerned I wish to be out on the high seas. I wish to take my chances with wind, and wave, and star. And I had rather go down in the glory and grandeur of the storm, than to rot in any orthodox harbor whatever.

After all, we are improving from age to age. The most orthodox people in this country two hundred years ago would have been burned for the crime of heresy. The ministers who denounce me for expressing my thought would have been in the Inquisition themselves. Where once burned and blazed the bivouac fires of the army of progress, now glow the altars of the church. The religionists of our time are occupying about the same ground occupied by heretics and infidels of one hundred years ago. The church has advanced in spite, as it were, of itself. It has followed the army of progress protesting and denouncing, and had to keep within protesting and denouncing distance. If the church had not made great progress I could not express my thoughts.

Man, however, has advanced just exactly in the proportion with which he has mingled his thought with his labor. The sailor, without control of the wind and wave, knowing nothing or very little of the mysterious currents and pulses of the sea, is superstitious. So also is the agriculturist, whose prosperity depends upon something he cannot control. But the mechanic, when a wheel refuses to turn, never thinks of dropping on his knees and asking the assistance of some divine power. He knows there is a reason. He knows that something is too large or too small; that there is something wrong with his machine; and he goes to

work and he makes it larger or smaller, here or there, until the wheel will turn. Now, just in proportion as man gets away from being, as it were, the slave of his surroundings, the serf of the elements, — of the heat, the frost, the snow, and the lightning, — just to the extent that he has gotten control of his own destiny, just to the extent that he has triumphed over the obstacles of nature, he has advanced physically and intellectually. As man develops, he places a greater value upon his own rights. Liberty becomes a grander and diviner thing. As he values his own rights, he begins to value the rights of others. And when all men give to all others all the rights they claim for themselves, this world will be civilized.

11. A few years ago the people were afraid to question the king, afraid to question the priest, afraid to investigate a creed, afraid to deny a book, afraid to denounce a dogma, afraid to reason, afraid to think. Before wealth they bowed to the very earth, and in the presence of titles they became abject. All this is slowly but surely changing. We no longer bow to men simply because they are rich. Our fathers worshiped the golden calf. The worst you can say of an American now is, he worships the gold of the calf. Even the calf is beginning to see this distinction.

It no longer satisfies the ambition of a great man to be a king or emperor. The last Napoleon was not satisfied with being emperor of the French. He was not satisfied with having a circlet of gold about his head. He wanted some evidence that he had something of value within his head. So he wrote the life of Julius Cæsar, that he might become a member of the

French Academy. The emperors, the kings, the popes, no longer tower above their fellows. Compare king William with the philosopher Haeckel. The king is one of the anointed by the most high; as they claim—one upon whose head has been poured the divine petroleum of authority. Compare this king with Haeckel, who towers an intellectual colossus above the crowned mediocrity. Compare George Eliot with Queen Victoria. The Queen is clothed in garments given her by blind fortune and unreasoning chance, while George Eliot wears robes of glory woven in the loom of her own genius

The world is beginning to pay homage to intellect, to genius, to heart.

We have advanced. We have reaped the benefit of every sublime and heroic self-sacrifice, of every divine and brave act; and we should endeavor to hand the torch to the next generation, having added a little to the intensity and glory of the flame.

12. When I think of how much this world has suffered; when I think of how long our fathers were slaves, of how they cringed and crawled at the foot of the throne, and in the dust of the altar, of how they abased themselves, of how abjectly they stood in the presence of superstition robed and crowned, I am amazed.

This world has not been fit for a man to live in fifty years. It was not until the year 1808 that Great Britain abolished the slave trade. Up to that time her judges, sitting upon the bench in the name of justice, her priests, occupying her pulpits, in the name of universal love, owned stock in the slave ships, and lux-

uriated upon the profits of piracy and murder. It was not until the same year that the United States of America abolished the slave trade between this and other countries, but carefully preserved it as between the States. It was not until the 28th day of August, 1833, that Great Britain abolished human slavery in her colonies; and it was not until the 1st day of January, 1863, that Abraham Lincoln, sustained by the sublime and heroic North, rendered our flag pure as the sky in which it floats.

Abraham Lincoln was, in my judgment, in many respects, the grandest man ever President of the United States. Upon his monument these words should be written: "Here sleeps the only man in the history of the world, who, having been clothed with almost absolute power, never abused it, except upon the side of mercy."

Think how long we clung to the institution of human slavery, how long lashes upon the naked back were a legal tender for labor performed. Think of it. The pulpit of this country deliberately and willingly, for a hundred years, turned the cross of Christ into a whipping post.

With every drop of my blood I hate and execrate every form of tyranny, every form of slavery. I hate dictation. I love liberty.

13. What do I mean by liberty? By physical liberty I mean the right to do anything which does not interfere with the happiness of another. By intellectual liberty I mean the right to think right and the right to think wrong. Thought is the means by which we endeavor to arrive at truth. If we know the truth

already, we need not think. All that can be required is honesty of purpose. You ask my opinion about anything; I examine it honestly, and when my mind is made up, what should I tell you? Should I tell you my real thought? What should I do? There is a book put in my hands. I am told this is the Koran; it was written by inspiration. I read it, and when I get through, suppose that I think in my heart and in my brain, that it is utterly untrue, and you then ask me, what do you think? Now, admitting that I live in Turkey, and have no chance to get any office unless I am on the side of the Koran, what should I say? Should I make a clean breast and say, that upon my honor I do not believe it? What would you think then of my fellow-citizens if they said: "That man is dangerous, he is dishonest."

Suppose I read the book called the Bible, and when I get through I make up my mind that it was written by men. A minister asks me, "Did you read the Bible?" I answer, that I did. "Do you think it divinely inspired?" What should I reply? Should I say to myself, "If I deny the inspiration of the Scriptures, the people will never clothe me with power." What ought I to answer? Ought I not to say like a man: "I have read it; I do not believe it." Should I not give the real transcript of my mind? Or should I turn hypocrite and pretend what I do not feel, and hate myself forever after for being a cringing coward. For my part I would rather a man would tell me what he honestly thinks. I would rather he would preserve his manhood. I had a thousand times rather be a manly unbeliever than an unmanly believer. And if

there is a judgment day, a time when all will stand before some supreme being, I believe I will stand higher, and stand a better chance of getting my case decided in my favor, than any man sneaking through life pretending to believe what he does not.

I have made up my mind to say my say. I shall do it kindly, distinctly; but I am going to do it. I know there are thousands of men who substantially agree with me, but who are not in a condition to express their thoughts. They are poor; they are in business; and they know that should they tell their honest thought, persons will refuse to patronize them — to trade with them; they wish to get bread for their little children; they wish to take care of their wives; they wish to have homes and the comforts of life. Every such person is a certificate of the meanness of the community in which he resides. And yet I do not blame these people for not expressing their thought. I say to them: "Keep your ideas to yourselves; feed and clothe the ones you love; I will do your talking for you. The church can not touch, can not crush, can not starve, can not stop nor stay me; I will express your thoughts."

14. As an excuse for tyranny, as a justification of slavery, the church has taught that man is totally depraved. Of the truth of that doctrine, the church has furnished the only evidence there is. The truth is, we are both good and bad. The worst are capable of some good deeds, and the best are capable of bad. The lowest can rise, and the highest may fall. That mankind can be divided into two great classes, sinners and saints, is an utter falsehood. In times of

great disaster, called it may be, by the despairing voices of women, men, denounced by the church as totally depraved, rush to death as to a festival. By such men, deeds are done so filled with self-sacrifice and generous daring, that millions pay to them the tribute, not only of admiration, but of tears. Above all creeds, above all religions, after all, is that divine thing, — Humanity; and now and then in shipwreck on the wide, wild sea, or 'mid the rocks and breakers of some cruel shore, or where the serpents of flame writhe and hiss, some glorious heart, some chivalric soul does a deed that glitters like a star, and gives the lie to all the dogmas of superstition. All these frightful doctrines have been used to degrade and to enslave mankind.

Away, forever away with the creeds and books and forms and laws and religions that take from the soul liberty and reason. Down with the idea that thought is dangerous! Perish the infamous doctrine that man can have property in man. Let us resent with indignation every effort to put a chain upon our minds. If there is no God; certainly we should not bow and cringe and crawl. If there is a God, there should be no slaves.

THE LIBERTY OF WOMAN

15. Women have been the slaves of slaves; and in my judgment it took millions of ages for woman to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the institution of marriage. Let me say right here, that I regard marriage as the holiest institution among men. Without the fireside there is no human ad-

vancement; without the family relation there is no life worth living. Every good government is made up of good families. The unit of good government is the family, and anything that tends to destroy the family is perfectly devilish and infamous. I believe in marriage, and I hold in utter contempt the opinions of those long-haired men and short-haired women who denounce the institution of marriage.

The grandest ambition that any man can possibly have, is to so live, and so improve himself in heart and brain, as to be worthy of the love of some splendid woman; and the grandest ambition of any girl is to make herself worthy of the love and adoration of some magnificent man. That is my idea. There is no success in life without love and marriage. You had better be the emperor of one loving and tender heart, and she the empress of yours, than to be king of the world. The man who has really won the love of one good woman in this world, I do not care if he dies in the ditch a beggar, his life has been a success.

I say it took millions of years to come from the condition of abject slavery up to the condition of marriage. Ladies, the ornaments you wear upon your persons tonight are but the souvenirs of your mother's bondage. The chains around your necks, and the bracelets clasped upon your white arms by the thrilled hand of love, have been changed by the wand of civilization from iron to shining, glittering gold.

But nearly every religion has accounted for all the devilment in this world by the crime of woman. What a gallant thing that is! And if it is true, I had rather

live with the woman I love in a world full of trouble, than to live in heaven with nobody but men.

I read in a book — and I will say now that I cannot give the exact language, as my memory does not retain the words, but I can give the substance — I read in a book that the Supreme Being concluded to make a world and one man; that he took some nothing and made a world and one man, and put this man in a garden. In a little while he noticed that the man got lonesome; that he wandered around as if he was waiting for a train. There was nothing to interest him; no news; no papers; no politics; no policy; and, as the devil had not yet made his appearance, there was no chance for reconciliation; not even for civil service reform. Well, he wandered about the garden in this condition, until finally the Supreme Being made up his mind to make him a companion.

16. Having used up all the nothing he originally took in making the world and one man, he had to take a part of the man to start a woman with. So he caused a sleep to fall on this man — now understand me, I do not say this story is true. After the sleep fell upon this man, the Supreme Being took a rib, or as the French would call it, a cutlet, out of this man, and from that he made a woman. And considering the amount of raw material used, I look upon it as the most successful job ever performed. Well, after he got the woman done, she was brought to the man; not to see how she liked him, but to see how he liked her. He liked her, and they started housekeeping; and they were told of certain things they might do and of one

thing they could not do — and of course they did it. I would have done it in fifteen minutes, and I know it. There wouldn't have been an apple on that tree half an hour from date, and the limbs would have been full of clubs. And then they were turned out of the park and extra policemen were put on to keep them from getting back.

Devilment commenced. The mumps, and the measles, and the whooping-cough, and the scarlet fever started in their race for man. They began to have the toothache, roses began to have thorns, snakes began to have poisoned teeth, and people began to divide about religion and politics, and the world has been full of trouble from that day to this.

Nearly all of the religions of this world account for the existence of evil by such a story as that!

I read in another book what appeared to be an account of the same transaction. It was written about four thousand years before the other. All commentators agree that the one that was written last was the original, and that the one that was written first was copied from the one that was written last. But I would advise you all not to allow your creed to be disturbed by a little matter of four or five thousand years. In this other story Brahma made up his mind to make the world and a man and woman. He made the world, and he made the man and then the woman, and put them on the island of Ceylon. According to the account it was the most beautiful island of which man can conceive. Such birds, such songs, such flowers and such verdure! And the branches of the trees were so arranged that when the wind swept

through them every tree was a thousand Æolian harps.

Brahma, when he put them there, said: "Let them have a period of courtship, for it is my desire and will that true love should forever precede marriage." When I read that, it was so much more beautiful and lofty than the other, that I said to myself, "If either one of these stories ever turns out to be true, I hope it will be this one."

17. Then they had their courtship, with the nightingale singing, and the stars shining, and the flowers blooming, and they fell in love. Imagine that courtship! No prospective fathers nor mothers-in-law; no prying and gossiping neighbors; nobody to say, "Young man, how do you expect to support her?" Nothing of that kind. They were married by the Supreme Brahma, and he said to them: "Remain here; you must never leave this island." Well, after a little while the man — and his name was Adami, and the woman's name was Heva — said to Heva: "I believe I'll look about a little." He went to the northern extremity of the island where there was a little narrow neck of land connecting it with the mainland, and the devil, who is always playing pranks with us, produced a mirage, and when he looked over to the mainland, such hills and vales, such dells and dales, such mountains crowned with snow, such cataracts clad in bows of glory did he see there, that he went back and told Heva: "The country over there is a thousand times better than this; let us migrate." She, like every other woman that ever lived, said: "Let well enough alone; we have all we want; let us stay here." But he

said, "No, let us go;" so she followed him, and when they came to this narrow neck of land, he took her on his back like a gentleman, and carried her over. But the moment they got over they heard a crash, and, looking back, discovered that this narrow neck of land had fallen into the sea. The mirage had disappeared, and there were naught but rocks and sand; and then the Supreme Brahma cursed them both to the lowest hell.

Then it was that the man spoke, — and I have liked him ever since for it — "Curse me, but curse not her, it was not her fault, it was mine."

That's the kind of man to start a world with.

The Supreme Brahma said: "I will save her, but not thee." And then she spoke out of her fullness of love, out of a heart in which there was love enough to make all her daughters rich in holy affection, and said: "If thou wilt not spare him, spare neither me; I do not wish to live without him; I love him." Then the Supreme Brahma said — and I have liked him ever since I read it — "I will spare you both and watch over you and your children forever."

Honor bright, is not that the better and grander story?

18. And from that same book I want to show you what ideas some of these miserable heathen had; the heathen we are trying to convert. We send missionaries over yonder to convert heathen there, and we send soldiers out on the plains to kill heathen here. If we can convert the heathen, why not convert those nearest home? Why not convert those we can get at? Why not convert those who have the immense advan-

tage of the example of the average pioneer? But to show you the men we are trying to convert: In this book it says: "Man is strength, woman is beauty; man is courage, woman is love. When the one man loves the one woman and the one woman loves the one man, the very angels leave heaven and come and sit in that house and sing for joy."

They are the men we are converting. Think of it! I tell you, when I read these things, I say that love is not of any country; nobility does not belong exclusively to any race, and through all the ages, there have been a few great and tender souls blossoming in love and pity.

In my judgment, the woman is the equal of the man. She has all the rights I have and one more, and that is the right to be protected. That is my doctrine. You are married; try and make the woman you love happy. Whoever marries simply for himself will make a mistake; but whoever loves a woman so well that he says "I will make her happy," makes no mistake. And so with the woman who says, "I will make him happy." There is only one way to be happy, and that is to make somebody else so, and you cannot be happy by going cross lots; you have got to go the regular turnpike road.

If there is any man I detest, it is the man who thinks he is the head of a family — the man who thinks he is "boss!" The fellow in the dug-out used that word "boss"; that was one of his favorite expressions.

Imagine a young man and a young woman courting, walking out in the moonlight, and the nightingale singing a song of pain and love, as though the thorn

touched her heart — imagine them stopping there in the moonlight and starlight and song, and saying, “Now, here, let us settle who is ‘boss!’” I tell you it is an infamous word and an infamous feeling — I abhor a man who is “boss”, who is going to govern in his family, and when he speaks orders all the rest to be still as some mighty idea is about to be launched from his mouth. Do you know I dislike this man unspeakably?

19. I hate above all things a cross man. What right has he to murder the sunshine of a day? What right has he to assassinate the joy of life? When you go home you ought to go like a ray of light — so that it will, even in the night, burst out of the doors and windows and illuminate the darkness. Some men think their mighty brains have been in a turmoil; they have been thinking about who will be alderman from the fifth ward; they have been thinking about politics; great and mighty questions have been engaging their minds; they have bought calico at five cents or six, and want to sell it for seven. Think of the intellectual strain that must have been upon that man, and when he gets home everybody else in the house must look out for his comfort. A woman who has only taken care of five or six children, and one or two of them sick, has been nursing them and singing to them, and trying to make one yard of cloth do the work of two, she, of course, is fresh and fine and ready to wait upon this gentleman — the head of the family — the boss!

Do you know another thing? I despise a stingy man. I do not see how it is possible for a man to die

worth fifty million of dollars, or ten million of dollars, in a city full of want, when he meets almost every day the withered hand of beggary and the white lips of famine. How a man can withstand all that, and hold in the clutch of his greed twenty or thirty million of dollars, is past my comprehension. I do not see how he can do it. I should not think he could do it any more than he could keep a pile of lumber on the beach, where hundreds and thousands of men were drowning in the sea.

20. Do you know that I have known men who would trust their wives with their hearts and their honor but not with their pocketbook; not with a dollar. When I see a man of that kind, I always think he knows which of these articles is the most valuable. Think of making your wife a beggar! Think of her having to ask you every day for a dollar, or for two dollars or fifty cents! "What did you do with that dollar I gave you last week?" Think of having a wife that is afraid of you! What kind of children do you expect to have with a beggar and a coward for their mother? Oh, I tell you if you have but a dollar in the world, and you have got to spend it, spend it like a king; spend it as though it were a dry leaf and you the owner of unbounded forests! That's the way to spend it! I had rather be a beggar and spend my last dollar like a king, than be a king and spend my money like a beggar! If it has got to go, let it go!

Get the best you can for your family — try to look as well as you can yourself. When you used to go courting, how elegantly you looked! Ah, your eye was bright, your step was light, and you looked like a

prince. Do you know that it is insufferable egotism in you to suppose a woman is going to love you always looking as slovenly as you can! Think of it! Any good woman on earth will be true to you forever when you do your level best.

Some people tell me, "Your doctrine about loving, and wives, and all that, is splendid for the rich, but it won't do for the poor." I tell you tonight there is more love in the homes of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. The meanest hut with love in it is a palace fit for the gods, and a palace without love is a den only fit for wild beasts. That is my doctrine! You cannot be so poor that you cannot help somebody. Good nature is the cheapest commodity in the world; and love is the only thing that will pay ten per cent. to borrower and lender both. Do not tell me that you have got to be rich! We have a false standard of greatness in the United States. We think here that a man must be great, that he must be notorious; that he must be extremely wealthy, or that his name must be upon the putrid lips of rumor. It is all a mistake. It is not necessary to be rich or to be great, or to be powerful, to be happy. The happy man is the successful man.

Happiness is the legal tender of the soul.

Joy is wealth.

21. A little while ago, I stood by the grave of the old Napoleon — a magnificent tomb of gilt and gold, fit almost for a dead deity — and gazed upon the sarcophagus of rare and nameless marble, where rest at last the ashes of that restless man. I leaned over the

balustrade and thought about the career of the greatest soldier of the modern world.

I saw him walking upon the banks of the Seine, contemplating suicide. I saw him at Toulon — I saw him putting down the mob in the streets of Paris — I saw him at the head of the army of Italy — I saw him crossing the bridge of Lodi with the tri-color in his hand — I saw him in Egypt in the shadows of the pyramids — I saw him conquer the Alps and mingle the eagles of France with the eagles of the crags. I saw him at Marengo — at Ulm and Austerlitz. I saw him in Russia, where the infantry of the snow and the cavalry of the wild blast scattered his legions like winter's withered leaves. I saw him at Leipsic in defeat and disaster — driven by a million bayonets back upon Paris — clutched like a wild beast — banished to Elba. I saw him escape and retake an empire by the force of his genius. I saw him upon the frightful field of Waterloo, where Chance and Fate combined to wreck the fortunes of their former king. And I saw him at St. Helena, with his hands crossed behind him, gazing out upon the sad and solemn sea.

I thought of the orphans and widows he had made — of the tears that had been shed for his glory, and of the only woman who ever loved him, pushed from his heart by the cold hand of ambition. And I said I would rather have been a French peasant and worn wooden shoes. I would rather have lived in a hut with a vine growing over the door, and the grapes growing purple in the kisses of the autumn sun. I would rather have been that poor peasant with my

loving wife by my side, knitting as the day died out of the sky — with my children upon my knees and their arms about me — I would rather have been that man and gone down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless dust, than to have been that imperial impersonation of force and murder, known as “Napoleon the Great”.

It is not necessary to be great to be happy; it is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection. No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a splendid flower, and she will fill your life with perfume and with joy.

22. And do you know, it is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her, you will always see the face you loved and won. And a woman who really loves a man does not see that he grows old; he is not decrepit to her; he does not tremble; he is not old; she always sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it in that way. I like to think that love is eternal. And to love in that way and then go down the hill of life together, and as you go down, hear, perhaps, the laughter of grandchildren, while the birds of joy and love sing once more in the leafless branches of the tree of age.

I believe in the fireside. I believe in the democracy of home. I believe in the republicanism of the family. I believe in liberty, equality and love.

THE LIBERTY OF CHILDREN

If women have been slaves, what shall I say of children; of the little children in alleys and sub-cellar; the little children who turn pale when they hear their fathers' footsteps; little children who run away when they only hear their names called by the lips of a mother; little children — the children of poverty, the children of crime, the children of brutality, wherever they are — flotsam and jetsam upon the wild, mad sea of life — my heart goes out to them, one and all.

I tell you the children have the same rights that we have, and we ought to treat them as though they were human beings. They should be reared with love, with kindness, with tenderness, and not with brutality. That is my idea of children.

When your little child tells a lie, do not rush at him as though the world were about to go into bankruptcy. Be honest with him. A tyrant father will have liars for his children; do you know that? A lie is born of tyranny upon the one hand and weakness upon the other, and when you rush at a poor little boy with a club in your hand, of course he lies.

I thank thee, Mother Nature, that thou hast put ingenuity enough in the brain of a child, when attacked by a brutal parent, to throw up a little breastwork in the shape of a lie.

23. When one of your children tells a lie, be honest with him; tell him that you have told hundreds of them yourself. Tell him it is not the best way; that you have tried it. Tell him as the man did in Maine when his boy left home: "John, honesty is the best

policy; I have tried both." Be honest with him. Suppose a man as much larger than you as you are larger than a child five years old, should come at you with a liberty pole in his hand, and in a voice of thunder shout, "Who broke that plate?" There is not a solitary one of you who would not swear you never saw it, or that it was cracked when you got it. Why not be honest with these children? Just imagine a man who deals in stocks whipping his boy for putting false rumors afloat! Think of a lawyer beating his own flesh and blood for evading the truth when he makes half of his own living that way! Think of a minister punishing his child for not telling all he thinks! Just think of it!

When your child commits a wrong, take it in your arms; let it feel your heart beat against its heart; let the child know that you really and truly and sincerely love it. Yet some Christians, good Christians, when a child commits a fault, drive it from the door and say: "Never do you darken this house again." Think of that! And then these same people will get down on their knees and ask God to take care of the child they have driven from home. I will never ask God to take care of my children unless I am doing my level best in that same direction.

But I will tell you what I say to my children: "Go where you will; commit what crime you may; fall to what depth of degradation you may; you can never commit any crime that will shut my door, my arms, or my heart to you. As long as I live you shall have one sincere friend."

Do you know that I have seen some people who

acted as though they thought that when the Savior said "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," he had a raw-hide under his mantle, and made that remark simply to get the children within striking distance?

I do not believe in the government of the lash. If any one of you ever expects to whip your children again, I want you to have a photograph taken of yourself when you are in the act, with your face red with vulgar anger, and the face of the little child, with eyes swimming in tears and the little chin dimpled with fear, like a piece of water struck by a sudden cold wind. Have the picture taken. If that little child should die, I cannot think of a sweeter way to spend an autumn afternoon than to go out to the cemetery, when the maples are clad in tender gold, and little scarlet runners are coming, like poems of regret, from the sad heart of the earth— and sit down upon the grave and look at that photograph, and think of the flesh now dust that you beat. I tell you it is wrong; it is no way to raise children! Make your home happy. Be honest with them. Divide fairly with them in everything.

24. Give them a little liberty and love, and you can not drive them out of your house. They will want to stay there. Make home pleasant. Let them play any game they wish. Do not be so foolish as to say: "You may roll balls on the ground, but you must not roll them on a green cloth. You may knock them with a mallet, but you must not push them with a cue. You may play with little pieces of paper which have 'authors' written on them, but you must not

have 'cards'." Think of it! "You may go to a minstrel show where people blacken themselves and imitate humanity below them, but you must not go to a theatre and see the characters created by immortal genius put upon the stage." Why? Well, I can't think of any reason in the world except "minstrel" is a word of two syllables, and "theatre" has three.

Let children have some daylight at home if you want to keep them there, and do not commence at the cradle and shout "Don't!" "Don't!" "Stop!" That is nearly all that is said to a child from the cradle until he is twenty-one years old, and when he comes of age other people begin saying "Don't!" And the church says "Don't!" and the party he belongs to says "Don't!"

I despise that way of going through this world. Let us have liberty — just a little. Call me infidel, call me atheist, call me what you will, I intend so to treat my children, that they can come to my grave and truthfully say: "He who sleeps here never gave us a moment of pain. From his lips, now dust, never came to us an unkind word."

People justify all kinds of tyranny toward children upon the ground that they are totally depraved. At the bottom of ages of cruelty lies this infamous doctrine of total depravity. Religion contemplates a child as a living crime — heir to an infinite curse — doomed to eternal fire.

25. In the olden time, they thought some days were too good for a child to enjoy himself. When I was a boy Sunday was considered altogether too holy to be happy in. Sunday used to commence then when

the sun went down on Saturday night. We commenced at that time for the purpose of getting a good ready, and when the sun fell below the horizon on Saturday evening, there was a darkness fell upon the house ten thousand times deeper than that of night. Nobody said a pleasant word; nobody laughed; nobody smiled; the child that looked the sickest was regarded as the most pious. That night you could not even crack hickory nuts. If you were caught chewing gum it was only another evidence of the total depravity of the human heart. It was an exceedingly solemn night. Dyspepsia was in the very air you breathed. Everybody looked sad and mournful. I have noticed all my life that many people think they have religion when they are troubled with dyspepsia. If there could be found an absolute specific for that disease, it would be the hardest blow the church has ever received.

On Sunday morning the solemnity had simply increased. Then we went to church. The minister was in a pulpit about twenty feet high, with a little sounding-board above him, and he commenced at "firstly" and went on and on and on to about "twenty-thirdly". Then he made a few remarks by way of application; and then took a general view of the subject, and in about two hours reached the last chapter in Revelation.

In those days, no matter how cold the weather was, there was no fire in the church. It was thought to be a kind of sin to be comfortable while you were thanking God. The first church that ever had a stove in it in New England, divided on that account. So the first

church in which they sang by note, was torn in fragments.

After the sermon we had an intermission. Then came the catechism with the chief end of man. We went through with that. We sat in a row with our feet coming in about six inches of the floor. The minister asked us if we knew that we all deserved to go to hell, and we all answered "Yes". Then we were asked if we would be willing to go to hell if it was God's will, and every little liar shouted "Yes". Then the same sermon was preached once more, commencing at the other end and going back. After that, we started for home, sad and solemn — overpowered with the wisdom displayed in the scheme of the atonement. When we got home, if we had been good boys, and the weather was warm, sometimes they would take us out to the graveyard to cheer us up a little. It did cheer me. When I looked at the sunken tombs and the leaning stones, and read the half-effaced inscriptions through the moss of silence and forgetfulness, it was a great comfort. The reflection came to my mind that the observance of the Sabbath could not last always. Sometimes they would sing that beautiful hymn in which occur these cheerful lines:

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths never end."

These lines, I think, prejudiced me a little against even heaven.

26. Then we had good books that we read on Sundays by way of keeping us happy and contented. There were Milners' "History of the Waldenses", Baxter's

"Call to the Unconverted", Yahn's "Archæology of the Jews", and Jenkyns' "On the Atonement". I used to read Jenkyns' "On the Atonement". I have often thought that an atonement would have to be exceedingly broad in its provisions to cover the case of a man who would write a book like that for a boy.

But at last the Sunday wore away, and the moment the sun went down we were free. Between three and four o'clock we would go out to see how the sun was coming on. Sometimes it seemed to me that it was stopping from pure meanness. But finally it went down. It had to. And when the last rim of light sank below the horizon, off would go our caps, and we would give three cheers for liberty once more.

Sabbaths used to be prisons. Every Sunday was a Bastile. Every Christian was a kind of turnkey, and every child was a prisoner, — a convict. In that dungeon, a smile was a crime.

It was thought wrong for a child to laugh upon this holy day. Think of that!

A little child would go out into the garden, and there would be a tree laden with blossoms, and the little fellow would lean against it, and there would be a bird on one of the boughs, singing and swinging, and thinking about four little speckled eggs, warmed by the breast of its mate, — singing and swinging, and the music in happy waves rippling out of its tiny throat, and the flowers blossoming, the air filled with perfume and the great white clouds floating in the sky, and the little boy would lean up against that tree and think about hell and the worm that never dies.

I have heard them preach, when I sat in the pew

and my feet did not touch the floor, about the final home of the unconverted. In order to impress upon the children the length of time they would probably stay if they settled in that country, the preacher would frequently give us the following illustration: "Suppose that once in a billion years a bird should come from some far-distant planet, and carry off in its little bill a grain of sand, a time would finally come when the last atom composing this earth would be carried away; and when this last atom was taken, it would not even be sun up in hell." Think of such an infamous doctrine being taught to children!

27. The laugh of a child will make the holiest day more sacred still. Strike with hand of fire, O weird musician, thy harp strung with Apollo's golden hair; fill the vast cathedral aisles with symphonies sweet and dim, deft toucher of the organ keys; blow, bugler, blow, until thy silver notes do touch and kiss the moonlit waves, and charm the lovers wandering 'mid the vine-clad hills. But know, your sweetest strains are discords all, compared with childhood's happy laugh — the laugh that fills the eyes with light and every heart with joy. O rippling river of laughter, thou art the blessed boundary line between the beasts and men; and every wayward wave of thine doth drown some fretful fiend of care. O Laughter, rose-lipped daughter of Joy, there are dimples enough in thy cheeks to catch and hold and glorify all the tears of grief.

And yet the minds of children have been polluted by this infamous doctrine of eternal punishment. I denounce it today as a doctrine, the infamy of which no language is sufficient to express.

Where did that doctrine of eternal punishment for men and women and children come from? It came from the low and beastly skull of that wretch in the dug-out. Where did he get it? It was a souvenir from the animals. The doctrine of eternal punishment was born in the glittering eyes of snakes — snakes that hung in fearful coils watching for their prey. It was born of the howl and bark and growl of wild beasts. It was born of the grin of hyenas and of the depraved chatter of unclean baboons. I despise it with every drop of my blood. Tell me there is a God in the serene heavens that will damn his children for the expression of an honest belief! More men have died in their sins, judged by your orthodox creeds, than there are leaves on all the forests in the wide world ten thousand times over. Tell me these men are in hell; that these men are in torment; that these children are in eternal pain, and that they are to be punished forever and forever! I denounce this doctrine as the most infamous of lies.

28. When the great ship containing the hopes and aspirations of the world, when the great ship freighted with mankind goes down in the night of death, chaos and disaster, I am willing to go down with the ship. I will not be guilty of the ineffable meanness of paddling away in some orthodox canoe. I will go down with the ship, with those who love me, and with those whom I have loved. If there is a God who will damn his children forever, I would rather go to hell than to go to heaven and keep the society of such an infamous tyrant. I make my choice now. I despise that doctrine. It has covered the cheeks of this world with

tears. It has polluted the hearts of children, and poisoned the imaginations of men. It has been a constant pain, a perpetual terror to every good man and woman and child. It has filled the good with horror and with fear; but it has no effect upon the infamous and base. It has wrung the hearts of the tender; it has furrowed the cheeks of the good. This doctrine should be preached again. What right have you, sir, Mr. clergyman, you, minister of the gospel, to stand at the portals of the tomb, at the vestibule of eternity, and fill the future with horror and with fear? I do not believe this doctrine: neither do you. If you did, you could not sleep one moment. Any man who believes it, and has within his breast a decent, throbbing heart, will go insane. A man who believes that doctrine and does not go insane has the heart of a snake and the conscience of a hyena.

Jonathan Edwards, the dear old soul, who, if his doctrine is true, is now in heaven rubbing his holy hands with glee, as he hears the cries of the damned, preached this doctrine; and he said: "Can the believing husband in heaven be happy with his unbelieving wife in hell? Can the believing father in heaven be happy with his unbelieving children in hell? Can the loving wife in heaven be happy with her unbelieving husband in hell?" And he replies: "I tell you, yea. Such will be their sense of justice, that it will increase rather than diminish their bliss." There is no wild beast in the jungles of Africa whose reputation would not be tarnished by the expression of such a doctrine.

29. These doctrines have been taught in the name of religion, in the name of universal forgiveness, in

the name of infinite love and charity. Do not, I pray you, soil the minds of your children with this dogma. Let them read for themselves; let them think for themselves.

Do not treat your children like orthodox posts to be set in a row. Treat them like trees that need light and sun and air. Be fair and honest with them; give them a chance. Recollect that their rights are equal to yours. Do not have it in your mind that you must govern them; that they must obey. Throw away forever the idea of master and slave.

In old times they used to make the children go to bed when they were not sleepy, and get up when they were sleepy. I say let them go to bed when they are sleepy, and get up when they are not sleepy.

But you say, this doctrine will do for the rich but not for the poor. Well, if the poor have to waken their children early in the morning it is as easy to wake them with a kiss as with a blow. Give your children freedom; let them preserve their individuality. Let your children eat what they desire, and commence at the end of a dinner they like. That is their business and not yours. They know what they wish to eat. If they are given their liberty from the first, they know what they want better than any doctor in the world can prescribe. Do you know that all the improvement that has ever been made in the practice of medicine has been made by the recklessness of patients and not by the doctors? For thousands and thousands of years the doctors would not let a man suffering from fever have a drop of water. Water they looked upon as poison. But every now and then some man got

reckless and said, "I had rather die than not to slake my thirst." Then he would drink two or three quarts of water and get well. And when the doctor was told of what the patient had done, he expressed great surprise that he was still alive, and complimented his constitution upon being able to bear such a frightful strain. The reckless men, however, kept on drinking the water, and persisted in getting well. And finally the doctors said: "In a fever, water is the very best thing you can take." So, I have more confidence in the voice of nature about such things than I have in the conclusions of the medical schools.

30. Let your children have freedom and they will fall into your ways; they will do substantially as you do; but if you try to make them, there is some magnificent, splendid thing in the human heart that refuses to be driven. And do you know that it is the luckiest thing that ever happened for this world, that people are that way. What would have become of the people five hundred years ago if they had followed strictly the advice of the doctors? They would have all been dead. What would the people have been, if at any age of the world they had followed implicitly the direction of the church? They would have all been idiots. It is a splendid thing that there is always some grand man who will not mind, and who will think for himself.

I believe in allowing the children to think for themselves. I believe in the democracy of the family. If in this world there is anything splendid, it is a home where all are equals.

You will remember that only a few years ago par-

ents would tell their children to "let their victuals stop their mouths." They used to eat as though it were a religious ceremony — a very solemn thing. Life should not be treated as a solemn matter. I like to see the children at table, and hear each one telling of the wonderful things he has seen and heard. I like to hear the clatter of knives and forks and spoons mingling with their happy voices. I had rather hear it than any opera that was ever put upon the boards. Let the children have liberty. Be honest and fair with them; be just; be tender, and they will make you rich in love and joy.

Men are oaks, women are vines, children are flowers.

31. The human race has been guilty of almost countless crimes; but I have some excuse for mankind. This world, after all, is not very well adapted to raising good people. In the first place, nearly all of it is water. It is much better adapted to fish culture than to the production of folks. Of that portion which is land not one-eighth has suitable soil and climate to produce great men and women. You cannot raise men and women of genius, without the proper soil and climate, any more than you can raise corn and wheat upon the ice fields of the Arctic sea. You must have the necessary conditions and surroundings. Man is a product; you must have the soil and food. The obstacles presented by nature must not be so great that man cannot, by reasonable industry and courage, overcome them. There is upon this world only a narrow belt of land, circling zigzag the globe, upon which you can produce men and women

of talent. In the Southern Hemisphere the real climate that man needs falls mostly upon the sea, and the result is, that the southern half of our world has never produced a man or woman of great genius. In the far north there is no genius — it is too cold. In the far south there is no genius — it is too warm. There must be winter, and there must be summer. In a country where man needs no coverlet but a cloud, revolution is his normal condition. Winter is the mother of industry and prudence. Above all, it is the mother of the family relation. Winter holds in its icy arms the husband and wife and the sweet children. If upon this earth we ever have a glimpse of heaven, it is when we pass a home in winter, at night, and through the windows, the curtains drawn aside, we see the family about the pleasant hearth; the old lady knitting; the cat playing with the yarn; the children wishing they had as many dolls or dollars or knives or somethings, as there are sparks going out to join the roaring blast; the father reading and smoking, and the clouds rising like incense from the altar of domestic joy. I never passed such a house without feeling that I had received a benediction.

Civilization, liberty, justice, charity, intellectual advancement, are all flowers that blossom in the drifted snow.

32. I do not know that I can better illustrate the great truth that only part of the world is adapted to the production of great men and women than by calling your attention to the difference between vegetation in valleys and upon mountains. In the valley you find the oak and elm tossing their branches defiantly

to the storm, and as you advance up the mountain side the hemlock, the pine, the birch, the spruce, the fir, and finally you come to little dwarfed trees, that look like other trees seen through a telescope reversed — every limb twisted as though in pain — getting a scanty subsistence from the miserly crevices of the rocks. You go on and on, until at last the highest crag is freckled with a kind of moss, and vegetation ends. You might as well try to raise oaks and elms where the mosses grow, as to raise great men and great women where their surroundings are unfavorable. You must have the proper climate and soil.

A few years ago we were talking about the annexation of Santo Domingo to this country. I was in Washington at the time. I was opposed to it. I was told that it was a most delicious climate; that the soil produced everything. But I said: "We do not want it; it is not the right kind of country in which to raise American citizens. Such a climate would debauch us. You might go there with five thousand Congregational preachers, five thousand ruling elders, five thousand professors in colleges, five thousand of the solid men of Boston and their wives; settle them all in San Domingo, and you will see the second generation riding upon a mule, bareback, no shoes, a grapevine bridle, hair sticking out at the top of their sombreros, with a rooster under each arm, going to a cock fight on Sunday." Such is the influence of climate.

Science, however, is gradually widening the area within which men of genius can be produced. We are conquering the north with houses, clothing, food and fuel. We are in many ways overcoming the heat

of the south. If we attend to this world instead of another, we may in time cover the land with men and women of genius.

I have still another excuse. I believe that man came up from the lower animals. I do not say this as a fact. I simply say I believe it to be a fact. Upon that question I stand about eight to seven, which, for all practical purposes, is very near a certainty. When I first heard of that doctrine I did not like it. My heart was filled with sympathy for those people who have nothing to be proud of except ancestors. I thought, how terrible this will be upon the nobility of the Old World. Think of their being forced to trace their ancestry back to the duke Orang Outang, or to the princess Chimpanzee. After thinking it all over, I came to the conclusion that I liked that doctrine. I became convinced in spite of myself. I read about rudimentary bones and muscles. I was told that everybody had rudimentary muscles extending from the ear into the cheek. I asked "What are they?" I was told: "They are the remains of muscles; that they became rudimentary from lack of use; they went into bankruptcy. They are the muscles with which your ancestors used to flap their ears." I do not know now so much wonder that we once had them as that we have outgrown them.

33. After all I had rather belong to a race that started from the skull-less vertebrates in the dim Laurentian seas, vertebrates wiggling without knowing why they wiggled, swimming without knowing where they were going, but that in some way began to develop, and began to get a little higher and a little

higher in the scale of existence; that came up by degrees through millions of ages through all the animal world, through all that crawls and swims and floats and climbs and walks, and finally produced the gentleman in the dug-out; and then from this man, getting a little grander, and each one below calling every one above him a heretic, calling every one who had made a little advance an infidel or an atheist — for in the history of this world the man who is ahead has always been called a heretic — I would rather come from a race that started from that skull-less vertebrate, and came up and up and up and finally produced Shakespeare, the man who found the human intellect dwelling in a hut, touched it with the wand of his genius and it became a palace domed and pin-nacled; Shakespeare, who harvested all the fields of dramatic thought, and from whose day to this, there have been only gleaners of straw and chaff — I would rather belong to that race that commenced a skull-less vertebrate and produced Shakespeare, a race that has before it an infinite future, with the angel of progress leaning from the far horizon, beckoning men forward, upward and onward forever — I had rather belong to such a race, commencing there, producing this, and with that hope, than to have sprung from a perfect pair upon which the Lord has lost money every moment from that day to this.

CONCLUSION

I have given you my honest thought. Surely investigation is better than unthinking faith. Surely reason is a better guide than fear. This world should

be controlled by the living, not by the dead. The grave is not a throne, and a corpse is not a king. Man should not try to live on ashes.

The theologians dead, knew no more than the theologians now living. More than this cannot be said. About this world little is known, — about another world, nothing.

Our fathers were intellectual serfs, and their fathers were slaves. The makers of our creeds were ignorant and brutal. Every dogma that we have, has upon it the mark of whip, the rust of chain, and the ashes of fagot.

Our fathers reasoned with instruments of torture. They believed in the logic of fire and sword. They hated reason, they despised thought, they abhorred liberty.

Superstition is the child of slavery. Free thought will give us truth. When all have the right to think and to express their thoughts, every brain will give to all the best it has. The world will then be filled with intellectual wealth.

34. As long as men and women are afraid of the church, as long as a minister inspires fear, as long as people reverence a thing simply because they do not understand it, as long as it is respectable to lose your self-respect, as long as the church has power, as long as mankind worship a book, just so long will the world be filled with intellectual paupers and vagrants, covered with the soiled and faded rags of superstition.

As long as woman regards the Bible as the charter of her rights, she will be the slave of man. The Bible was not written by a woman. Within its lids there

is nothing but humiliation and shame for her. She is regarded as the property of man. She is made to ask forgiveness for becoming a mother. She is as much below her husband, as her husband is below Christ. She is not allowed to speak. The gospel is too pure to be spoken by her polluted lips. Woman should learn in silence.

In the Bible will be found no description of a civilized home. The free mother surrounded by free and loving children, adored by a free man, her husband, was unknown to the inspired writers of the Bible. They did not believe in the democracy of home — in the republicanism of the fireside.

These inspired gentlemen knew nothing of the rights of children. They were the advocates of brute force — the disciples of the lash. They knew nothing of human rights. Their doctrines have brutalized the homes of millions, and filled the eyes of infancy with tears.

Let us free ourselves from the tyranny of a book, from the slavery of dead ignorance, from the aristocracy of the air.

There has never been upon the earth a generation of free men and women. It is not yet time to write a creed. Wait until the chains are broken — until dungeons are not regarded as temples. Wait until solemnity is not mistaken for wisdom — until mental cowardice ceases to be known as reverence. Wait until the living are considered the equals of the dead — until the cradle takes precedence of the coffin. Wait until what we know can be spoken without regard to what others may believe. Wait until teachers take

the place of preachers — until followers become investigators. Wait until the world is free before you write a creed.

In this creed there will be but one word — Liberty.

Oh Liberty, float not forever in the far horizon — remain not forever in the dream of the enthusiast, the philanthropist and poet, but come and make thy home among the children of men!

I know not what discoveries, what inventions, what thoughts may leap from the brain of the world. I know not what garments of glory may be woven by the years to come. I cannot dream of the victories to be won upon the fields of thought; but I do know, that coming from the infinite sea of the future, there will never touch this “bank and shoal of time” a richer gift, a rarer blessing than liberty for man, for woman, and for child.

A TRIBUTE TO EBON C. INGERSOLL

BY HIS BROTHER ROBERT

THE RECORD OF A GENEROUS LIFE RUNS LIKE A VINE
AROUND THE MEMORY OF OUR DEAD, AND EVERY
SWEET, UNSELFISH ACT IS NOW A PERFUMED
FLOWER.

35. DEAR FRIENDS: I am going to do that which the dead oft promised he would do for me.

The loved and loving brother, husband, father, friend, died where manhood's morning almost touches noon, and while the shadows still were falling toward the west.

He had not passed on life's highway the stone that marks the highest point; but, being weary for a moment, he lay down by the wayside, and, using his burden for a pillow, fell into that dreamless sleep that kisses down his eyelids still. While yet in love with life and raptured with the world, he passed to silence and pathetic dust.

Yet, after all, it may be best, just in the happiest, sunniest hour of all the voyage, while eager winds are kissing every sail, to dash against the unseen rock, and in an instant hear the billows roar above a sunken ship. For whether in mid sea or 'mong the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck at last must mark the end of each and all. And every life, no matter if its every hour is rich with love and every moment jeweled with a joy, will, at its close, become a tragedy as sad and 'deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death.

This brave and tender man in every storm of life was oak and rock; but in the sunshine he was vine and flower. He was the friend of all heroic souls. He climbed the heights, and left all superstitions far below, while on his forehead fell the golden dawning of the grander day.

36. He loved the beautiful, and was with color, form, and music touched to tears. He sided with the weak, the poor, and wronged, and lovingly gave alms. With loyal heart and with the purest hands he faithfully discharged all public trusts.

He was a worshipper of liberty, a friend of the oppressed. A thousand times I have heard him quote these words: "*For Justice all place a temple, and all*

season, summer." He believed that happiness was the only good, reason the only torch, justice the only worship, humanity the only religion, and love the only priest. He added to the sum of human joy; and were every one to whom he did some loving service to bring a blossom to his grave, he would sleep tonight beneath a wilderness of flowers.

Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry. From the voiceless lips of the unreplying dead there comes no word; but in the night of death hope sees a star and listening love can hear the rustle of a wing.

He who sleeps here, when dying, mistaking the approach of death for the return of health, whispered with his latest breath, "I am better now." Let us believe, in spite of doubts and dogmas, of fears and tears, that these dear words are true of all the countless dead.

And now, to you, who have been chosen, from among the many men he loved, to do the last sad office for the dead, we give his sacred dust.

Speech cannot contain our love. There was, there is, no gentler, stronger, manlier man.

THE PRINCE OF PEACE

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN

William Jennings Bryan was born in Salem, Illinois, March 19, 1860. He was graduated from Illinois College in 1881, valedictorian of his class, and received the degree of A.M. in 1884. The Union College of Law, Chicago, granted him the degree of LL.B. in 1883. The Universities of Nebraska and Arizona have conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D. He practiced law at Jacksonville, Illinois, from 1883 to 1887, when he removed to Lincoln, Nebraska. He was a member of Congress from 1891 to 1895. He was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention in 1896, where he wrote the "silver plank" in the platform and made the famous "Cross of Gold" speech which won for him the nomination to the presidency of the United States. He travelled over 18,000 miles during that campaign, making speeches at almost every stopping place. He was defeated by William McKinley, and again in 1900. He then established his magazine, "The Commoner," and still publishes it. He was nominated for the third time in 1908, but was again defeated. He became Secretary of State under President Woodrow Wilson in 1913, resigning in 1915. During this period he made treaties with governments which include more than three-fourths of the world's population, the treaties providing for investigation of international disputes before resorting to war.

In addition to his political activities he has spoken very widely on religious questions. "The Prince of Peace" is perhaps the best known of his religious lectures. It is here reprinted with the kind permission of Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan is commonly known as one of the very best, if not the best, public speaker of our time. He has from the first been an advocate of issues that were unpopular, usually because of the fact that they were new. He has lived to see

most of his policies adopted in this country, among them popular election of United States senators, equal suffrage and prohibition of liquor. His style is conversational and direct, vigorous, clear, and emotionally strong. A keen sense of humor and a delightful personality make him a universal favorite with audiences.

1. I offer no apology for writing upon a religious theme, for it is the most universal of all themes. I am interested in the science of government, but I am more interested in religion than in government. I enjoy making a political speech — I have made a good many and shall make more — but I would rather speak on religion than on politics. I commenced speaking on the stump when I was only twenty, but I commenced speaking in the church six years earlier — and I shall be in the church even after I am out of politics. I feel sure of my ground when I make a political speech, but I feel even more certain of my ground when I make a religious speech. If I addressed you upon the subject of law I might interest the lawyers; if I discussed the science of medicine I might interest the physicians; in like manner merchants might be interested in comments on commerce, and farmers in matters pertaining to agriculture; but no one of these subjects appeals to all.

Even the science of government, though broader than any profession or occupation, does not embrace the whole sum of life, and those who think upon it differ so among themselves that one could not enlarge upon the subject so as to please a part without displeasing others. While to me the science of government is intensely absorbing, I recognize that the most

important things in life lie outside of the realm of government and that more depends upon what the individual does for himself than upon what the government does or can do for him. Men can be miserable under the best government and they can be happy under the worst government.

Government affects but a part of the life which we live here and does not deal at all with the life beyond, while religion touches the infinite circle of existence as well as the small arc of that circle which we spend on earth. No greater theme, therefore, can engage our attention. If I discuss questions of government I must secure the coöperation of a majority before I can put my ideas into practice but if, in referring to religion, I can touch one human heart for good, I have not laboured in vain no matter how large the majority may be against me.

2. Man is a religious being; the heart instinctively seeks for a God. Whether he worships on the banks of the Ganges, prays with his face upturned to the sun, kneels towards Mecca or, regarding all space as a temple, communes with the Heavenly Father according to the Christian creed, man is essentially devout.

There are honest doubters whose sincerity we recognize and respect, but occasionally I find young men who think it smart to be skeptical; they talk as if it were an evidence of larger intelligence to scoff at creeds and to refuse to connect themselves with churches. They call themselves "Liberal", as if a Christian were narrow minded. Some go so far as to assert that the "advanced thought of the world"

has discarded the idea that there is a God. To these young men I desire to address myself.

Even some older people profess to regard religion as a superstition, pardonable in the ignorant but unworthy of the educated. Those who hold this view look down with mild contempt upon such as give to religion a definite place in their thoughts and lives. They assume an intellectual superiority and often take little pains to conceal the assumption. Tolstoy administers to the "cultured crowd" (the words quoted are his) a severe rebuke when he declares that the religious sentiment rests not upon a superstitious fear of the invisible forces of nature, but upon man's consciousness of his finiteness amid an infinite universe and of his sinfulness; and this consciousness, the great philosopher adds, man can never outgrow. Tolstoy is right; man recognizes how limited are his own powers and how vast is the universe, and he leans upon the arm that is stronger than his. Man feels the weight of his sins and looks for One who is sinless.

Religion has been defined by Tolstoy as the relation which man fixes between himself and his God, and morality as the outward manifestation of this inward relation. Every one, by the time he reaches maturity, has fixed some relation between himself and God and no material change in this relation can take place without a revolution in the man, for this relation is the most potent influence that acts upon a human life.

3. Religion is the foundation of morality in the individual and in the group of individuals. Materialists have attempted to build up a system of morality upon the basis of enlightened self-interest. They

would have man figure out by mathematics that it pays him to abstain from wrong-doing; they would even inject an element of selfishness into altruism, but the moral system elaborated by the materialists has several defects.

First, its virtues are borrowed from moral systems based upon religion. All those who are intelligent enough to discuss a system of morality are so saturated with the morals derived from systems resting upon religion that they cannot frame a system resting upon reason alone. Second, as it rests upon argument rather than upon authority, the young are not in a position to accept or reject. Our laws do not permit a young man to dispose of real estate until he is twenty-one. Why this restraint? Because his reason is not mature; and yet a man's life is largely moulded by the environment of his youth. Third, one never knows just how much of his decision is due to reason and how much is due to passion or to selfish interest. Passion can dethrone the reason — we recognize this in our criminal laws. We also recognize the bias of self-interest when we exclude from the jury every man, no matter how reasonable or upright he may be, who has a pecuniary interest in the result of the trial. And, fourth, one whose morality rests upon a nice calculation of benefits to be secured spends time figuring that he should spend in action. Those who keep a book account of their good deeds seldom do enough good to justify keeping books. A noble life cannot be built upon an arithmetic; it must be rather like the spring that pours forth constantly of that which refreshes and invigorates.

Morality is the power of endurance in man; and a religion which teaches personal responsibility to God gives strength to morality. There is a powerful restraining influence in the belief that an all-seeing eye scrutinizes every thought and word and act of the individual.

4. There is a wide difference between the man who is trying to conform his life to a standard of morality about him and the man who seeks to make his life approximate to a divine standard. The former attempts to live up to the standard, if it is above him, and down to it, if it below him — and if he is doing right only when others are looking he is sure to find a time when he thinks he is unobserved, and then he takes a vacation and falls. One needs the inner strength which comes with the conscious presence of a personal God. If those who are thus fortified sometimes yield to temptation, how helpless and hopeless must those be who rely upon their own strength alone!

There are difficulties to be encountered in religion, but there are difficulties to be encountered everywhere. If Christians sometimes have doubts and and fears, unbelievers have more doubts and greater fears. I passed through a period of skepticism when I was in college, and I have been glad ever since that I became a member of the church before I left home for college, for it helped me during those trying days. And the college days cover the dangerous period in the young man's life; he is just coming into possession of his powers, and feels stronger than he ever feels afterwards — and he thinks he knows more than he ever does know.

It was at this period that I became confused by the different theories of creation. But I examined these theories and found that they all assumed something to begin with. You can test this for yourselves. The nebular hypothesis, for instance, assumes that matter and force existed — matter in particles infinitely fine and each particle separated from every other particle by space infinitely great. Beginning with this assumption, force working on matter — according to this hypothesis — created a universe.

5. Well, I have a right to assume, and I prefer to assume, a Designer back of the design — a Creator back of the creation; and no matter how long you draw out the process of creation, so long as God stands back of it you cannot shake my faith in Jehovah. In Genesis it is written that, in the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth, and I can stand on that proposition until I find some theory of creation that goes farther back than “the beginning”. We must begin with something — we must start somewhere— and the Christian begins with God.

I do not carry the doctrine of evolution as far as some do; I am not yet convinced that man is a lineal descendant of the lower animals. I do not mean to find fault with you if you want to accept the theory; all I mean to say is that while you may trace your ancestry back to the monkey if you find pleasure or pride in doing so, you shall not connect me with your family tree without more evidence than has yet been produced. I object to the theory for several reasons.

First, it is a dangerous theory. If a man links himself in generations with the monkey, it then becomes

an important question whether he is going towards him or coming from him — and I have seen them going in both directions. I do not know of any argument that can be used to prove that man is an improved monkey that may not be used just as well to prove that the monkey is a degenerate man, and the latter theory is more plausible than the former.

It is true that man in some physical characteristics resembles the beast, but man has a mind as well as a body, and a soul as well as a mind. The mind is greater than the body and the soul is greater than the mind, and I object to having man's pedigree traced on one-third of him only — and that the lowest third. Fairbairn, in his "Philosophy of Christianity", lays down a sound proposition when he says that it is not sufficient to explain man as an animal; that it is necessary to explain man in history — and the Darwinian theory does not do this. The ape, according to this theory, is older than man and yet the ape is still an ape while man is the author of the marvellous civilization which we see about us.

6. One does not escape from mystery, however, by accepting this theory, for it does not explain the origin of life. When the follower of Darwin has traced the germ of life back to the lowest form in which it appears — and to follow him one must exercise more faith than religion calls for — he finds that scientists differ. Those who reject the idea of creation are divided into two schools, some believing that the first germ of life came from another planet and others holding that it was the result of spontaneous generation. Each school answers the arguments advanced

by the other, and as they cannot agree with each other, I am not compelled to agree with either.

If I were compelled to accept one of these theories I would prefer the first, for if we can chase the germ of life off this planet and get it out into space we can guess the rest of the way and no one can contradict us; if we accept the doctrine of spontaneous generation we cannot explain why spontaneous generation ceased to act after the first germ was created.

Go back as far as we may, we cannot escape from the creative act, and it is just as easy for me to believe that God created man *as he is* as to believe that, millions of years ago, He created a germ of life and endowed it with power to develop into all that we see today. I object to the Darwinian theory, until more conclusive proof is produced, because I fear we shall lose the consciousness of God's presence in our daily life, if we must accept the theory that through all the ages no spiritual force has touched the life of man or shaped the destiny of nations.

But there is another objection. The Darwinian theory represents man as reaching his present perfection by the operation of the law of hate — the merciless law by which the strong crowd out and kill off the weak. If this is the law of our development then, if there is any logic that can bind the human mind, we shall turn backward towards the beast in proportion as we substitute the law of love. I prefer to believe that love rather than hatred is the law of development. How can hatred be the law of development when nations have advanced in proportion as they

have departed from that law and adopted the law of love?

7. But, I repeat, while I do not accept the Darwinian theory I shall not quarrel with you about it: I only refer to it to remind you that it does not solve the mystery of life or explain human progress. I fear that some have accepted it in the hope of escaping from the miracle, but why should the miracle frighten us? And yet I am inclined to think that it is one of the test questions with the Christian.

Christ cannot be separated from the miraculous; His birth, His ministrations, and His resurrection, all involve the miraculous, and the change which His religion works in the human heart is a continuing miracle. Eliminate the miracles and Christ becomes merely a human being and His Gospel is stripped of divine authority.

The miracle raises two questions: "Can God perform a miracle?" and "Would He want to?" The first is easy to answer. A God who can make a world can do anything He wants to do with it. The power to perform miracles is necessarily implied in the power to create. But would God *want* to perform a miracle? — this is the question which has given most of the trouble. The more I have considered it the less inclined I am to answer in the negative. To say that God *would not* perform a miracle is to assume a more intimate knowledge of God's plans and purposes than I can claim to have. I will not deny that God does perform a miracle or may perform one merely because I do not know how or why He does it. I find it so difficult to decide each day what God wants done

now that I am not presumptuous enough to attempt to declare what God might have wanted to do thousands of years ago.

8. The fact that we are constantly learning of the existence of new forces suggests the possibility that God may operate through forces yet unknown to us, and the mysteries with which we deal every day warn me that faith is as necessary as sight. Who would have credited a century ago the stories that are now told of the wonder-working electricity? For ages man had known the lightning, but only to fear it; now, this invisible current is generated by a man-made machine, imprisoned in a man-made wire and made to do the bidding of man. We are even able to dispense with the wire and hurl words through space, and the X-ray has enabled us to look through substances which were supposed, until recently, to exclude all light. The miracle is not more mysterious than many of the things with which man now deals — it is simply different. The miraculous birth of Christ is not more mysterious than any other conception — it is simply unlike it; nor is the resurrection of Christ more mysterious than the myriad resurrections which mark each annual seed-time.

It is sometimes said that God could not suspend one of His laws without stopping the universe, but do we not suspend or overcome the law of gravitation every day? Every time we move a foot or lift a weight we temporarily overcome one of the most universal of natural laws and yet the world is not disturbed.

9. Science has taught us so many things that we are tempted to conclude that we know everything, but

there is really a great unknown which is still unexplored and that which we have learned ought to increase our reverence rather than our egotism. Science has disclosed some of the machinery of the universe, but science has not yet revealed to us the great secret — the secret of life. It is to be found in every blade of grass, in every insect, in every bird and in every animal, as well as in man. Six thousand years of recorded history and yet we know no more about the secret of life than they knew in the beginning! We live, we plan; we have our hopes, our fears; and yet in a moment a change may come over any one of us and this body will become a mass of lifeless clay. What is it that, having, we live, and having not, we are as the clod? The progress of the race and the civilization which we now behold are the work of men and women who have not yet solved the mystery of their own lives.

And our food, must we understand it before we eat it? If we refused to eat anything until we could understand the mystery of its growth, we would die of starvation. But mystery does not bother us in the dining-room; it is only in the church that it is a stumbling-block.

10. I was eating a piece of watermelon some months ago and was struck with its beauty. I took some of the seeds and dried them and weighed them, and found that it would require some five thousand seeds to weigh a pound; and then I applied mathematics to that forty-pound melon. One of these seeds, put into the ground, when warmed by the sun and moistened by the rain, takes off its coat and goes to work; it

gathers from somewhere two hundred thousand times its own weight, and forcing this raw material through a tiny stem, constructs a watermelon. It ornaments the outside with a covering of green; inside the green it puts a layer of white, and within the white a core of red, and all through the red it scatters seeds, each one capable of continuing the work of reproduction. Where does that little seed get its tremendous power? Where does it find its colouring matter? How does it collect its flavouring extract? How does it build a watermelon? Until you can explain a watermelon, do not be too sure that you can set limits to the power of the Almighty and say just what He would do or how He would do it. I cannot explain the watermelon, but I eat it and enjoy it.

The egg is the most universal of foods and its use dates from the beginning, but what is more mysterious than an egg? When an egg is fresh it is an important article of merchandise; a hen can destroy its market value in a week's time, but in two weeks more she can bring forth from it what man could not find in it. We eat eggs, but we cannot explain an egg.

Water has been used from the birth of man; we learned after it had been used for ages that it is merely a mixture of gases, but it is far more important that we have water to drink than that we know that it is not water.

11. Everything that grows tells a like story of infinite power. Why should I deny that a divine hand fed a multitude with a few loaves and fishes when I see hundreds of millions fed every year by a hand which converts the seeds scattered over the field into

an abundant harvest? We know that food can be multiplied in a few months' time; shall we deny the power of the Creator to eliminate the element of time, when we have gone so far in eliminating the element of space? Who am I that I should attempt to measure the arm of the Almighty with my puny arm, or to measure the brain of the Infinite with my finite mind? Who am I that I should attempt to put metes and bounds to the power of the Creator?

But there is something even more wonderful still — the mysterious change that takes place in the human heart when the man begins to hate the things he loved and to love the things he hated; the marvellous transformation that takes place in the man who, before the change, would have sacrificed a world for his own advancement but who, after the change, would give his life for a principle and esteem it a privilege to make sacrifice for his convictions! What greater miracle than this, that converts a selfish, self-centred human being into a centre from which good influences flow out in every direction! And yet this miracle has been wrought in the heart of each one of us — or may be wrought — and we have seen it wrought in the hearts and lives of those about us. No, living a life that is a mystery, and living in the midst of mystery and miracles, I shall not allow either to deprive me of the benefits of the Christian religion. If you ask me if I understand everything in the Bible, I answer, no, but if we will try to live up to what we do understand, we will be kept so busy doing good that we will not have time to worry about the passages which we do not understand.

12. Some of those who question the miracle also question the theory of atonement; they assert that it does not accord with their idea of justice for one to die for all. Let each one bear his own sins and the punishments due for them, they say. The doctrine of vicarious suffering is not a new one; it is as old as the race. That one should suffer for others is one of the most familiar of principles and we see the principle illustrated every day of our lives. Take the family, for instance; from the day the mother's first child is born, for twenty or thirty years her children are scarcely out of her waking thoughts. Her life trembles in the balance at each child's birth; she sacrifices for them, she surrenders herself to them.

Is it because she expects them to pay her back? Fortunate for the parent and fortunate for the child if the latter has an opportunity to repay in part the debt it owes. But no child can compensate a parent for a parent's care. In the course of nature the debt is paid, not to the parent, but to the next generation, and the next — each generation suffering, sacrificing for and surrendering itself to the generation that follows. This is the law of our lives.

Nor is this confined to the family. Every step in civilization has been made possible by those who have been willing to sacrifice for posterity. Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of conscience and free government have all been won for the world by those who were willing to labour unselfishly for their fellows. So well established is this doctrine that we do not regard any one as great unless he recog-

nizes how unimportant his life is in comparison with the problems with which he deals.

I find proof that man was made in the image of his Creator in the fact that, throughout the centuries, man has been willing to die, if necessary, that blessings denied to him might be enjoyed by his children, his children's children and the world.

13. The seeming paradox: "He that saveth his life shall lose it and he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it," has an application wider than that usually given to it; it is an epitome of history. Those who live only for themselves live little lives, but those who stand ready to give themselves for the advancement of things greater than themselves find a larger life than the one they would have surrendered. Wendell Phillips gave expression to the same idea when he said, "What imprudent men the benefactors of the race have been. How prudently most men sink into nameless graves, while now and then a few *forget* themselves into immortality." We win immortality, not by remembering ourselves, but by forgetting ourselves in devotion to things larger than ourselves.

Instead of being an unnatural plan, the plan of salvation is in perfect harmony with human nature as we understand it. Sacrifice is the language of love, and Christ, in suffering for the world, adopted the only means of reaching the heart. This can be demonstrated not only by theory but by experience, for the story of His life, His teachings, His sufferings and His death has been translated into every language and everywhere it has touched the heart.

But if I were going to present an argument in fa-

vour of the divinity of Christ, I would not begin with miracles or mystery or with the theory of atonement. I would begin as Carnegie Simpson does in his book entitled, "The Fact of Christ". Commencing with the undisputed fact that Christ lived, he points out that one cannot contemplate this fact without feeling that in some way it is related to those now living. He says that one can read of Alexander, of Cæsar or of Napoleon, and not feel that it is a matter of personal concern; but that when one reads that Christ lived, and how He lived and how He died, he feels that somehow there is a cord that stretches from that life to his.

14. As he studies the character of Christ he becomes conscious of certain virtues which stand out in bold relief — His purity. His forgiving spirit, and His unfathomable love. The author is correct. Christ presents an example of purity in thought and life, and man, conscious of his own imperfections and grieved over his shortcomings, finds inspiration in the fact that He was tempted in all points like as we are, and yet without sin. I am not sure but that each can find just here a way of determining for himself whether he possesses the true spirit of a Christian. If the sinlessness of Christ inspires within him an earnest desire to conform his life more nearly to the perfect example, he is indeed a follower; if, on the other hand, he resents the reproof which the purity of Christ offers, and refuses to mend his ways, he has yet to be born again.

The most difficult of all the virtues to cultivate is the forgiving spirit. Revenge seems to be natural with

man; it is human to want to get even with an enemy. It has even been popular to boast of vindictiveness; it was once inscribed on a man's monument that he had repaid both friends and enemies more than he had received. This was not the spirit of Christ. He taught forgiveness and in that incomparable prayer which He left as a model for our petitions, He made our willingness to forgive the measure by which we may claim forgiveness. He not only taught forgiveness but He exemplified His teachings in His life. When those who persecuted Him brought Him to the most disgraceful of all deaths, His spirit of forgiveness rose above His sufferings and He prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

But love is the foundation of Christ's creed. The world had known love before; parents had loved their children, and children their parents; husbands had loved their wives, and wives their husbands; and friend had loved friend; but Jesus gave a new definition of love. His love was as wide as the sea; its limits were so far-flung that even an enemy could not travel beyond its bounds. Other teachers sought to regulate the lives of their followers by rule and formula, but Christ's plan was to purify the heart and then to leave love to direct the footsteps.

15. What conclusion is to be drawn from the life, the teachings and the death of this historic figure? Reared in a carpenter shop; with no knowledge of literature save Bible literature; with no acquaintance with philosophers living or with the writings of sages dead, when only about thirty years old He gathered disciples about Him, promulgated a higher code of

morals than the world had ever known before and proclaimed Himself the Messiah. He taught and performed miracles for a few brief months and then was crucified; His disciples were scattered and many of them put to death; His claims were disputed, His resurrection denied and His followers persecuted; and yet from this beginning His religion spread until hundreds of millions have taken His name with reverence upon their lips and millions have been willing to die rather than surrender the faith which He put into their hearts.

How shall we account for Him? Here is the greatest fact of history; here is One who has with increasing power, for nineteen hundred years, moulded the hearts, the thoughts and the lives of men, and He exerts more influence today than ever before. "What think ye of Christ?" It is easier to believe Him divine than to explain in any other way what He said and did and was. And I have greater faith even than before, since I have visited the Orient and witnessed the successful contest which Christianity is waging against the religions and philosophies of the East.

I was thinking a few years ago of the Christmas which was then approaching and of Him in whose honour the day is celebrated. I recalled the message, "Peace on earth, good will to men," and then my thoughts ran back to the prophecy uttered centuries before His birth, in which He was described as the Prince of Peace. To reinforce my memory I reread the prophecy and I found immediately following a verse which I had forgotten — a verse which declares that of the increase of His peace and government there

shall be no end. And, Isaiah adds, that He shall judge His people with justice, and with judgment. I had been reading of the rise and fall of nations, and occasionally I had met a gloomy philosopher who preached the doctrine that nations, like individuals, must of necessity have their birth, their infancy, their maturity and finally their decay and death. But here I read of a government that is to be perpetual — a government of increasing peace and blessedness — the government of the Prince of Peace — and it is to rest on justice.

16. I have thought of this prophecy many times during the last few years, and I have selected this theme that I might present some of the reasons which lead me to believe that Christ has fully earned the right to be called the Prince of Peace— a title that will in the years to come be more and more applied to Him. If He can bring peace to each individual heart, and if His creed when applied will bring peace throughout the earth, who will deny His right to be called the Prince of Peace?

All the world is in search of peace; every heart that ever beat has sought for peace, and many have been the methods employed to secure it. Some have thought to purchase it with riches and have laboured to secure wealth, hoping to find peace when they were able to go where they pleased and buy what they liked. Of those who have endeavoured to purchase peace with money, the large majority have failed to secure the money. But what has been the experience of those who have been eminently successful in finance? They all tell the same story, viz., that they spent the first half of their lives trying to get money from others

and the last half trying to keep others from getting their money, and that they found peace in neither half.

Some have even reached the point where they find difficulty in getting people to accept their money; and I know of no better indication of the ethical awakening in this country than the increasing tendency to scrutinize the methods of money-making. I am sanguine enough to believe that the time will yet come when respectability will no longer be sold to great criminals by helping them to spend their ill-gotten gains. A long step in advance will have been taken when religious, educational and charitable institutions refuse to condone conscienceless methods in business and leave the possessor of illegitimate accumulations to learn how lonely life is when one prefers money to morals.

17. Some have sought peace in social distinction, but whether they have been within the charmed circle and fearful lest they might fall out, or outside, and hopeful that they might get in, they have not found peace. Some have thought, vain thought, to find peace in political prominence; but whether office comes by birth, as in monarchies, or by election, as in republics, it does not bring peace. An office is not considered a high one if all can occupy it. Only when few in a generation can hope to enjoy an honour do we call it a great honour.

I am glad that our Heavenly Father did not make the peace of the human heart to depend upon our ability to buy it with money, secure it in society, or win it at the polls, for in either case but few could

have obtained it, but when He made peace the reward of a conscience void of offense towards God and man, He put it within the reach of all. The poor can secure it as easily as the rich, the social outcast as freely as the leader of society, and the humblest citizen equally with those who wield political power.

To those who have grown gray in the Church, I need not speak of the peace to be found in faith in God and trust in an over-ruling Providence. Christ taught that our lives are precious in the sight of God, and poets have taken up the thought and woven it into immortal verse. No uninspired writer has expressed it more beautifully than William Cullen Bryant in his Ode to a Waterfowl. After following the wanderings of the bird of passage as it seeks first its southern and then its northern home, he concludes :

“Thou art gone ; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form, but on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

“He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain
flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.”

Christ promoted peace by giving us assurance that a line of communication can be established between the Father above and the child below. And who will measure the consolations of the hour of prayer?

18. And immortality. Who will estimate the peace which a belief in a future life has brought to the sorrowing hearts of the sons of men? You may talk to the young about death ending all, for life is full and hope is strong, but preach not this doctrine to the mother who stands by the death-bed of her babe or to one who is within the shadow of a great affliction.

When I was a young man I wrote to Colonel Ingersoll and asked him for his views on God and immortality. His secretary answered that the great infidel was not at home, but enclosed a copy of a speech of Colonel Ingersoll's which covered my question. I scanned it with eagerness and found that he had expressed himself about as follows: "I do not say that there is no God, I simply say I do not know. I do not say that there is no life beyond the grave, I simply say I do not know." And from that day to this I have asked myself the question and have been unable to answer it to my own satisfaction, how could any one find pleasure in taking from a human heart a living faith and substituting therefor the cold and cheerless doctrine, "I do not know."

Christ gave us proof of immortality and it was a welcome assurance, although it would hardly seem necessary that one should rise from the dead to convince us that the grave is not the end. To every created thing God has given a tongue that proclaims a future life.

If the Father deigns to touch with divine power the cold and pulseless heart of the buried acorn and to make it burst forth from its prison walls, will He leave neglected in the earth the soul of man, made in

the image of his Creator? If He stoops to give to the rosebush, whose withered blossoms float upon the autumn breeze, the sweet assurance of another spring-time, will He refuse the words of hope to the sons of men when the frosts of winter come? If matter, mute and inanimate, though changed by the forces of nature into a multitude of forms, can never die, will the imperial spirit of man suffer annihilation when it has paid a brief visit like a royal guest to this tenement of clay? Rather let us believe that He who in His apparent prodigality wastes not the rain-drops, the evening sighing zephyrs, the blade of grass, and created nothing without a cause — has made provision for a future life in which man's universal longing for immortality will find its realization. I am as sure that we live again as I am sure that we live today.

19. In Cairo I secured a few grains of wheat that had slumbered for more than thirty centuries in an Egyptian tomb. As I looked at them this thought came into my mind: If one of those grains had been planted on the banks of the Nile the year after it grew, and all its lineal descendants had been planted and replanted from that time until now, its progeny would today be sufficiently numerous to feed the teeming millions of the world. An unbroken chain of life connects the earliest grains of wheat with the grains that we sow and reap. There is in the grain of wheat an invisible something which has power to discard the body that we see, and from earth and air fashion a new body so much like the old one that we cannot tell the one from the other. If this invisible germ of life in the grain of wheat can thus pass un-

impaired through three thousand resurrections, I shall not doubt that my soul has power to clothe itself with a body suited to its new existence when this earthly frame has crumbled into dust.

A belief in immortality not only consoles the individual, but it exerts a powerful influence in bringing peace between individuals. If one actually thinks that man dies as the brute dies, he will yield more easily to the temptation to do injustice to his neighbor when the circumstances are such as to promise security from detection. But if one really expects to meet again, and live eternally with, those whom he knows today, he is restrained from evil deeds by the fear of endless remorse. We do not know what rewards are in store for us or what punishments may be reserved, but if there were no other it would be some punishment for one who deliberately and consciously wrongs another to have to live forever in the company of the person wronged and have his littleness and selfishness laid bare. I repeat, a belief in immortality must exert a powerful influence in establishing justice between men and thus laying the foundation for peace.

20. Again, Christ deserves to be called the Prince of Peace because He has given us a measure of greatness which promotes peace. When His disciples quarrelled among themselves as to which should be greatest in the kingdom of Heaven, He rebuked them and said: "Let him who would be chiefest among you be the servant of all."

Service is the measure of greatness; it always has been true; it is true today; and it always will be true, that he is greatest who does the most of good. And

how this old world will be transformed when this standard of greatness becomes the standard of every life! Nearly all of our controversies and combats grow out of the fact that we are trying to get something from each other — there will be peace when our aim is to do something for each other. Our enmities and animosities arise largely from our efforts to get as much as possible out of the world — there will be peace when our endeavor is to put as much as possible into the world. The human measure of a human life is its income; the divine measure of a life is its outgo, its overflow — its contribution to the welfare of all.

Christ also led the way to peace by giving us a formula for the propagation of truth. Not all of those who have really desired to do good have employed the Christian method — not all Christians even. In the history of the human race but two methods have been used. The first is the forcible method, and it has been employed most frequently. A man has an idea which he thinks is good; he tells his neighbours about it and they do not like it. This makes him angry; he thinks it would be so much better for them if they would like it, and, seizing a club, he attempts to make them like it. But one trouble about this rule is that it works both ways; when a man starts out to compel his neighbours to think as he does, he generally finds them willing to accept the challenge and they spend so much time in trying to coerce each other that they have no time left to do each other good.

21. The other is the Bible plan — “Be not overcome of evil but overcome evil with good.” And there is no

other way of overcoming evil. I am not much of a farmer — I get more credit for my farming than I deserve, and my little farm receives more advertising than it is entitled to. But I am farmer enough to know that if I cut down weeds they will spring up again; and farmer enough to know that if I plant something there which has more vitality than the weeds I shall not only get rid of the constant cutting, but have the benefit of the crop besides.

In order that there might be no mistake in His plan of propagating the truth, Christ went into detail and laid emphasis upon the value of example — “So live that others seeing your good works may be constrained to glorify your Father which is in Heaven”. There is no human influence so potent for good as that which goes out from an upright life. A sermon may be answered; the arguments presented in a speech may be disputed; but no one can answer a Christian life — it is the unanswerable argument in favour of our religion.

It may be a slow process — this conversion of the world by the silent influence of a noble example but it is the only sure one, and the doctrine applies to nations as well as to individuals. The Gospel of the Prince of Peace gives us the only hope that the world has — and it is an increasing hope — of the substitution of reason for the arbitrament of force in the settlement of international disputes. And our nation ought not to wait for other nations — it ought to take the lead and prove its faith in the omnipotence of truth.

But Christ has given us a platform so fundamental

that it can be applied successfully to all controversies. We are interested in platforms; we attend conventions, sometimes travelling long distances; we have wordy wars over the phraseology of various planks, and then we wage earnest campaigns to secure the endorsement of these platforms at the polls. The platform given to the world by the Prince of Peace is more far-reaching and more comprehensive than any platform ever written by the convention of any party in any country.

22. When He condensed into one commandment those of the ten which relate to man's duty towards his fellows and enjoined upon us the rule, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," He presented a plan for the solution of all the problems that now vex society or may hereafter arise. Other remedies may palliate or postpone the day of settlement, but this is all-sufficient and the reconciliation which it effects is a permanent one.

My faith in the future — and I have faith — and my optimism — for I am an optimist — my faith and my optimism rest upon the belief that Christ's teachings are being more studied today than ever before, and that with this larger study will come a larger application of those teachings to the every-day life of the world, and to the questions with which we deal.

In former times when men read that Christ came "to bring life and immortality to light", they placed the emphasis upon immortality; now they are studying Christ's relation to human life. People used to read the Bible to find out what it said of Heaven; now they read it more to find what light it throws upon the pathway of today. In former years many thought to pre-

pare themselves for future bliss by a life of seclusion here; we are learning that to follow in the footsteps of the Master we must go about doing good. Christ declared that He came that we might have life and have it more abundantly. The world is learning that Christ came not to narrow life, but to enlarge it — not to rob it of its joy, but to fill it to overflowing with purpose, earnestness and happiness.

23. But this Prince of Peace promises not only peace but strength. Some have thought His teachings fit only for the weak and the timid and unsuited to men of vigour, energy and ambition. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Only the man of faith can be courageous. Confident that he fights on the side of Jehovah, he doubts not the success of his cause. What matters it whether he shares in the shouts of triumph? If every word spoken in behalf of truth has its influence and every deed done for the right weighs in the final account, it is immaterial to the Christian whether his eyes behold victory or whether he dies in the midst of the conflict.

“Yea, though thou lie upon the dust,
When they who helped thee flea in fear,
Die full of hope and manly trust,
Like those who fell in battle here.

“Another hand thy sword shall wield,
Another hand the standard wave,
Till from the trumpet’s mouth is pealed
The blast of triumph o’er thy grave.”

Only those who *believe* attempt the seemingly impossible, and, by attempting, prove that one, with God, can chase a thousand and that two can put ten thousand to flight. I can imagine that the early Christians, who were carried into the Coliseum to make a spectacle for those more savage than the beasts, were entreated by their doubting companions not to endanger their lives. But, kneeling in the centre of the arena, they prayed and sang until they were devoured. How helpless they seemed, and, measured by every human rule, how hopeless was their cause! And yet within a few decades the power which they invoked proved mightier than the legions of the emperor and the faith in which they died was triumphant o'er all the land. It is said that those who went to mock at their sufferings returned asking themselves, "What is it that can enter into the heart of man and make him die as these die?" They were greater conquerors in their death than they could have been had they purchased life by a surrender of their faith.

24. What would have been the fate of the Church if the early Christians had had as little faith as many of our Christians today? And if the Christians of to-day had the faith of the martyrs, how long would it be before the fulfillment of the prophecy that "Every knee shall bow and every tongue confess"?

I am glad that He, who is called the Prince of Peace — who can bring peace to every troubled heart and whose teachings, exemplified in life, will bring peace between man and man, between community and community, between state and state, between nation and nation throughout the world — I am glad that He

brings courage as well as peace so that those who follow Him may take up and each day bravely do the duties that to that day fall.

As the Christian grows older he appreciates more and more the completeness with which Christ satisfies the longings of the heart, and grateful for the peace which he enjoys and for the strength which he has received, he repeats the words of the great scholar, Sir William Jones :

“Before thy mystic altar, heavenly truth,
I kneel in manhood, as I knelt in youth,
Thus let me kneel, till this dull form decay,
And life's last shade be brightened by thy ray.”

SOUR GRAPES

BY EDWARD A. OTT

Edward Amherst Ott was born at Youngstown, Ohio, November 27, 1867. He studied at Hiram College and at Drake University, receiving his degree from the latter institution. He was professor of English and Oratory at Drake University from 1891 to 1901. He was three times elected to the presidency of the International Lyceum Association. His greatest work has been done in the popular lecture field, where for many years he has had an enviable reputation. He is the author of several books, among them at least two on the technique of public speaking.

He is best known among public audiences for his lecture, "Sour Grapes," which is herewith printed. The lecture is a popularized account of the subject of heredity, written in 1897. Conversationally direct, forceful and animated in style, Mr. Ott has left a vivid impression on the thousands of people who have been fortunate enough to hear him and to come under the influence of his personality.

The lecture is reprinted, with some cuttings made in the interest of brevity, by permission of Mr. Ott and of his publishers, The Educational Extension Service, Byron, New York.

1. In "Sour Grapes" we emphasize no new fad of the hour. The subject, even in its wording, is more than three thousand years old. A sarcastic humorist, in ridiculing the degeneracy of the Hebrew race at a certain period of their history, said: "The fathers have eaten 'Sour Grapes' and the children's teeth are set on edge." The earnest-minded prophet who quoted this criticism hoped for a time when it could be said no more.

The critic intended to convey the idea which we now express with the word heredity, or with the slang expression, "a chip off the old block", or with the expression, "like father, like son", or "like begets like". It will not matter which one of these phrases we use if we understand each other.

We are to discuss the most interesting subject in life — the law of life itself. Why is one man tall and another man short; one man dark and another man light; one man kind, gentle, generous, a good friend, and another man sour, cruel, mean and crabbed; one a success and another a failure? The first time in life that the author's own attention was called to the fact that a character has a physical foundation; that it lasts from generation to generation, that you can't get one in a day or lose it in a night, — that lesson came from the lips of an old gray-haired man, who knew little of his dictionary, nothing of his grammar, but a great deal about nature and the laws of life. I asked him why a little crippled child was crawling up the streets of our city, instead of running, romping and playing as the other children were doing; one that was cursed physically from the beginning and that had no hope in life? He tried to explain the matter as best he could, and finally ended by saying: "Why, my boy, you seem to know nothing of life; you have only theories of character. This boy is not crippled because something has happened to him, or because someone hurt him. It is just a matter of hitheridittery."

And this old philosopher, who could come no nearer to pronouncing the word heredity than to call it hit-

teridittery, seemed to understand the philosophy of life better than many of our moralists do today.

We do our moralizing "up in the air". We have great agitations and reform movements; we pass new criminal laws. The real inherent condition of the people remains untouched. We talk about life as it might be, could be and should be. This old gentleman had noticed it *as it is*. He had noticed that whenever a blade of grass drops a seed it plants its own successor — timothy, clover, blue grass. He had noticed that, when the great oak drops the acorn, the branches of the parent tree soon shadow the little oak; and that, when the pyramid-shaped beechnut drops into the rich, black loam of the forest, it is the little beech tree that springs up.

2. In all nature there is no law more fundamental or far-reaching in its consequences than this tendency of life to reproduce itself. It is the only law by which you could explain the character of the horses that career upon our race tracks, and beat out the music of the jockey's heart with their polished hoofs upon the earth. It is the only law by which you could explain the character of the cattle that bear away the premium ribbons at our county fairs. It is the only law by which you could explain national characteristics. The genius of the Mexican people is the result of the mingling of the proud blood that marched under the banners of Leon and Castillo, with the lower Aztec tribes. It is the only law by which you could explain the character of the leaders in the world of letters, arts, statecraft and war. "Like begets like." And when the objection is made that the theory cannot be proved,

that no two people are alike, we concede the point, and acknowledge that there is in nature a law of variety as well as a law of heredity.

The law of heredity gives the race its stability. If it were not for an inherent character in people any crazy reform movement might sweep a state or nation to its destruction. Now, even a French Revolution cannot destroy a nation, for there is something in the blood, bone and fiber of the people that leads them to take up the problems of life just where they were before the storm came. We foolishly thought we could "make over" the negro with a civil war; and when the storm was passed the negro, industrially, socially and educationally, was left untouched. The long climb of civilization is still ahead of him; and if he ever arrives, he will arrive as the white man did, after centuries of voluntary work, of prayers, and agony, and tears — but you can't give him civilization any more than you can give a lazy boy an education. You can furnish free opportunity, and there helpfulness meets a stone wall. All great good things people must do for themselves. No great good can be given to people. We all have to live out the days of life with the character we inherit. This law of inheritance for the individual is modified by the law of variety for the race.

We pause to mention one great blessing under this law of variety. We never have more than one man of a kind in the world; and we acknowledge that this is a great blessing, because up to date one of a kind has been enough.

3. And now, to note how the law of variety and the

law of heredity together bless the world. Some fifty years ago, the luscious strawberry which we now enjoy in our markets was not in existence. Nature did not produce it for us. God had not planted it. Nature had planted a little, sweet-flavored wild strawberry upon the prairies of the West. In another part of the world she had planted a large, hollow, tasteless strawberry — very prolific, but not good to eat. So the scientist, the biological priest of the world, a man who thinks about things, — and it educates the brain very much faster to think about things than it does to play with words and fool with language — the scientist stooped and whispered into the ears of this little wild rascal, and he went roving; and by a process of cross-fertilization, a wedding took place; and as a result of the union of this sweet-flavored little wild strawberry and the large, hollow, prolific one we have today the large, luscious strawberry of the market — one foreign marriage that was not a failure — the only one recorded up to date.

In a certain garden field, it was the custom to grow a fine variety of squash. One particular summer, a pumpkin seed got into the bed. The sun wooed, and the pumpkin and the squash grew side by side. The leaves spread, the vines intertwined, the plants looked so nearly alike that it seemed cruel to part them. At times the scoundrel so much resembles the gentleman that we lose the courage to root him out. So they grew, side by side, these two, and in autumn the leaves began to dry as usual and the harvest was gathered. There were some magnificent squashes, the housewife's pride; and there were some magnificent pump-

kins, the Jersey's pride; and there were some things, neither squashes nor pumpkins — failures — results of an unfortunate marriage.

We have, however, a nurseryman in one of our Western states, who is earning a small fortune through his knowledge of this "Sour Grapes" idea. After many years of horticultural skill, he produced in his nurseries a large luscious pear. The sun kissed it a gold upon one side; it was a beautiful brown upon the other, but the tree upon which it grew could not endure our winters, and so he thought, — and thought is still the most profitable thing in this world. He went around the globe, and in the sandhills of Japan he found a little China pear tree that you can't kill. Cut off at the roots, it will spring up again. He brought it around the globe; a wedding took place, and as a result of that union we have today a large, luscious hybrid pear, growing upon a rugged little tree, that can endure our winters; and the man is making a fortune out of it. However, all pears (pairs) are not so fortunate.

4. We have a right to say this in more than a facetious way. For, in all the world's history of which we have a record, there have appeared among humankind only about four hundred geniuses. If a young man wants a biographical library of the world's celebrated great he can put all the books into one good bookcase. On the other hand, here in America, where life should be at its best; here where we have few large cities to contaminate us with their diseases and vices; here where we have lived much out-of-doors and are well-housed and clothed and fed, and have never suf-

fered a famine — here, too, where we should know how to live, for we are an educated and enlightened people, yet here among us, out of every one hundred children born in the United States today one is a failure, a cripple, imbecile or hereditary criminal child. In the states where we have statistics, it is now recorded that out of every one thousand children born, one hundred and sixty-five die before they are one year of age; and in the congested manufacturing cities about three hundred and sixty-five die before the age of two. We are the most enlightened people in the world; but we do not know how to live.

We get sick — we know not why. We get well — and are as surprised as the doctor attending us. Each year there are epidemics sweeping over the land — pneumonia, la grippe, scarlet and typhoid fever, and a thousand other ailments — and most of them absolutely unnecessary, foolish and morally wrong. We have an example in typhoid fever. Science knows how to prevent it. There is a city in the northwest where they have not had a case in six years. “How did they free themselves?” Easily. They elected on the board of health a scientist, a man who knows something, — not a politician. Then they elected some *gentlemen* on the council — and that settled it. The man of science knew what to do; the council had morality enough to do it. The disease was stamped out by perfect sanitation.

We preach and moralize theoretically, but give the public at large too little information. There is an ethics of biology. In “Sour Grapes” we are trying to emphasize one more reason for being good. If we

bred the right kind of people, the work of the school and the church would be easy. We have proceeded on the theory that you can make people over, and if we had emphasized sanitation, hygiene and the biological views of life as we have the abstract morals, we would now have a different human race.

5. We do not as yet approach the question of education from a scientific standpoint. The laymen still expect the teachers to reconstruct the child. They foolishly ask: "Why, — now that we have well-equipped schools, the best textbooks, the latest methods of education — why do not the number of good scholars multiply faster among the pupils?" The answer, based on fact and not on theory, is that the teachers have to do their work with the kind of pupils the parents send to school. The healthy, bright, normal child becomes educated under any system, and if we had placed as much emphasis on the child as we have on the methods of education, results would not now be so disappointing. The same critic asks: "Why, — now that we have one hundred thousand well-trained preachers in the country — why do not the saints multiply faster in our churches?" We have the same biological answer: It is because the preacher has to do his work with the kind of people who join. The people who unite with the churches sometimes bring very little of character and stamina, of strength of blood and bone and marrow to build on; and the minister has to carry forward his organization with the material at hand. It is fair, therefore, to say to the critic of the school and the church that these institutions are doing marvelously well when you consider the material they

work with, and to call attention to the fact that there is only one institution that does not keep the pace of progress; and that is the home that produces the enfeebled, erratic and abnormal child, the despair of teacher, preacher and lawmaker alike.

A legitimate question has always been asked by the audiences that have listened to the plea of "Sour Grapes" in the years past: "Why do we produce so many failures?" We must give hundreds of reasons in one answer: We have ceased to be good animals. And you can never lift people morally and intellectually above the level of the physical perfection. Moral degeneracy is a physiological fact. The minister has treated it as a moral and ethical fact, and has applied a moral and ethical cure; but boards of health and national crusades for hygiene and sanitation are also basic remedies. A single proof that we are no longer good animals, is the fact that it takes as many drug stores now to feed our people drugs and medicines every twenty-four hours as it does dry goods stores to clothe our bodies. We are a nation of drug fiends. We have been physiologically careless. In a single year our people expended one hundred million dollars for patent medicines alone.

Our forefathers used to take bitters, — and that was a very polite name for it, too. We take powders, pellets and pills; and even the gray-haired saints, who would not frequent the saloons for the sake of their moral reputations, buy their patent medicines by the box; and they buy them for the stimulants that are in them; and the people that are not drug fiends take absent treatment.

6. Let us turn from this view of degeneracy to study the record of success. I have examined with some degree of care the history of the world's four hundred eminently successful people. I find that almost without exception they came from families that would naturally produce their kind. Going back to the time of Aristotle we note that his father was a scholar and philosopher before him — so wise as to be chosen the intellectual counselor of the King of Macedonia and the physician to the King's household; and from his time down we select now at random the leaders in the various professions. Here is Mrs. Siddons, — the greatest actress the world ever knew, — her father and mother were upon the stage. She graced it as it has not been graced since. Her children were upon the stage, and her children's children. And even in our day the Siddons blood is recognized in theatrical circles. It is only some ten years since that one died in her hotel in the city of Paris with an international reputation. Joseph Jefferson says, in the first sentence of his beautiful autobiography: "I was literally born upon the stage, or, at least, when I opened the back door of my home and stepped out into the back yard I was upon the stage of the old Washington theater, next to which my mother and father lived." Booth's whole life current flowed through a theatrical landscape; and Henry Ward Beecher, regardless of the fact that some people think preachers never do have good sons, came from a family of preachers. I am frequently reminded that Beecher had his critics; but I also remember that no ten of his critics ever accomplished for this country

and its religious and intellectual freedom what he accomplished for it, and I personally have little sympathy for any critic who has done less in life than the man he criticises. Is it not fair, therefore, to include him in the list of hereditary genius?

Lord Bacon's father was the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and ranked as Chancellor, while the mother was "exquisitely skilled in Latin and Greek" and noted for her piety. The genius of the Darwin family is marked for several generations. Newton seems to be an exception, but there is no authentic family history. Byron, the poet, could be loved and pitied more if people knew his family. A "strange, proud, half-mad" mother, an imprudent and vicious father, and a grandfather who was as restless as the poet, all plead for mercy on Lord Byron.

William Pitt was but another example of "hitter-idittery". His father was at the head of the English government at the age of twenty-seven. The son gained control at the age of twenty-three and held England in his hand for seventeen years. No one taught him to be a statesman — he was born one. Hannibal, Alexander, Wellington, Cæsar, all seem to have been peculiarly endowed. They did not choose. No credit attaches to birth, no shame. Praise belongs only to those who do bravely all they can.

7. In the musical world the law seems to prevail most strikingly. Only two of the creative musicians seem to be exceptions. These are Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer, and all the rest seem to follow in their line, generation after generation. One of the musical journals of Germany gives the story of the Bachs,

that great German family of creative musicians. At a family reunion there were present one hundred and twenty great musicians. The Dictionary of Music names fifty-seven renowned musicians in this family; and now there is not a single drop of this musical Bach blood in existence. They are lost to the world forever; and this loss was an international calamity.

Think of the premium we pay for good music, — and most of it imported. When Patti was here the last time she received five thousand dollars a night, and in some of the large cities, eight thousand. During the season of 1908 we paid five thousand dollars a night to two separate singers for the entire season. To three others we paid forty-five hundred dollars a night, and to another singer we paid fifteen hundred dollars a night for as many nights as she would consent to sing on this side of the Atlantic. Consent to sing for fifteen hundred dollars a night! We all know people who would do it for fifteen hundred dollars a year, — but no audience would listen to the music. Her rival received a thousand dollars a night for as many nights as London, Paris and St. Petersburg would spare her. Why? Because there is no competition. There are less than ten great sopranos in all the world — not even one to a nation, with all their millions of inhabitants. When we wish to hear superlative music we have to hear the singers en route. The voice that thrills an audience in Melbourne, Australia, is known as Melba's voice around the world.

The amateur reformer, the man who knows how to settle all problems without thinking, interrupts and gives a solution: "We will build musical conserva-

tories, go to teaching music, and so meet the situation." No! We will not meet it for centuries. Nor will we get the full benefit of our schools of music or our other educational institutions until we realize, better than we seem to now, their real purpose. The object of a school of music is not to make musicians, but to rear up a generation of young men and women who can understand music, listen to it appreciatively, perhaps interpret it in a measure, and so increase the joy of living. They would accomplish much if they did nothing more than to bring into the home life of the people one joy that does not debauch.

8. The object of a school is not to produce scholars. The foolish theory that schools are creative institutions has led to the expenditure of hundreds of millions of dollars to benefit what is known as the "top of the system", when the large expenditure should have been made near the bottom of the system where the millions go to school. All of this has been done on the foolish theory that you can "make the children over". The school is not a manufacturing plant, but a retail store of learning. The children customers carry away from the institution all their baskets of capacity will hold; and when a greater respect for individuality comes, we will educate each child with the complete recognition of its powers, and so make the greatest ethical and industrial saving the world of education has ever known. The most disheartening condition recognized by all educators exists today. The sad spectacle of thousands of young men who have been taken out of one classification, natural and normal to themselves, and led to failure

in abnormal conditions, is before us. The pettifogging lawyer, misdirected in the choice of his profession, is a menace to society; he drifts into cheap politics, becomes the local grafter through no inherent fault of his own. The quack doctor never intended to be a quack. He hoped to shine in his profession; but someone planted a false hope in his breast and he took up the wrong profession.

This sin to nature, this sin of misdirection, is also clearly seen in the realm of arts. The schools of elocution turn out hundreds of graduates, who are absolute failures both industrially and artistically. In the musical world there are examples numbered in the thousands. I have in mind a poor girl, whom some over-enthusiastic adviser told that she could become a concert player. Her ear is faulty to the point of disease. The scientist would call her "sound blind" as he would call another "color blind". She has been "pounding away" at the piano for nine long, tedious, miserable, horrible years, — horrible to the neighbors. Faithful to a fault, diligent and hopeful, she produces heart-breaking results. A good friend asked the author not to tell the story of her failure, saying, "You might discourage some other young woman. If she keeps at it long enough, and is patient enough, she can learn how to play. Do you not believe it?" The answer, — yes. If she keeps at it long enough she can learn how, and that is what eternity is for; but we only live this life once, and there is not time enough on this side of the grave for her to learn how.

9. The pathos of the situation is this, with her as with all other failures, victims of misdirection, still

hopeful and confident in their own ability, they blame society and continue in their failure. If a man fails in business he says the town in which he is located is "no good". If the teacher fails in his control of a school he does not acknowledge his inability, but says the Board of Directors did not sustain him. If the minister empties a church, does he acknowledge that he cannot preach? Never! And even on the last Sunday, when he presents his resignation to the handful of the faithful followers left, he explains that the community is the most unresponsive and ungodly in which he ever labored. This poor girl's case symbolizes the entire situation. I met her at a party, where she told me her disappointments. These are her own words: "Isn't it strange that America is so slow to respond to any art? I have had the best of teachers, I have worked hard, and if somebody doesn't give me an opportunity soon to show what I can do with my art I will take things in my own hands, organize a concert company and go out and fill dates and get my money back." One feels like praying for the public.

She continued: "I play the very best of music, the finest, classic music in the world, and sometimes the people don't listen. They whisper, talk, and laugh. Do you think that the public really appreciates good music?" One does not like to be impolite, but the case was desperate, and I mustered courage enough to reply: "Yes; I think the public appreciates good music — whenever it has the chance to hear it." This impertinence was bald enough to do some good, but it evidently failed, for she replied: "You do not know how much you encourage me" — and I did not dare

to make it any plainer than that. A man doesn't like to say mean things to a woman — at least, not unless he is married to her.

One does not like to criticise the individual. When the minister has spent nine years to prepare for the ministry, and is then a failure, even the bishop hesitates to tell him, and yet the wrong classification of individual effort is the greatest personal tragedy in human life. I did not wish to criticise this girl farther. She was moral, religious, earnest, and one whom a critic listed in the class of those who play the piano religiously — she never sat down to the keyboard without practicing according to the scriptures; she obeys the scriptural injunction and never allows her “left hand to know what her right hand doeth”.

10. In passing to the history of the military world, we find that this law of blood prevails with a vengeance. We find representatives of the Lee family marching to the Holy Land in the days of the Crusades — already leaders of men; in another generation we find them crossing the bloody field of Hastings, — leaders of men: in another generation, marching under the banners of Henry the VIII, invading Scotland, — leaders of men: in another generation, on this side of the Atlantic ocean in revolutionary days, helping to make the Declaration of Independence; and then we find them marching across the sad and pathetic fields of our own civil war — on down to the island of Cuba, giving us, in our own day and generation, Fitzhugh Lee. And from Cuba to Palestine, the Lees were leaders of men, marching under the flaunting flags of war. They were a great family of fight-

ers and leaders, just as the Bachs were a great family of musicians. I know that Cromwell and Grant are spoken of as exceptions to the rule of early service, but Napoleon Bonaparte, in his wild, erratic, murderous career, was not an exception in either particular.

His mother was a Corsican heroine. She was one of those women that can look into the face of physical danger without winking. She knew what it was, by choice, to accompany the father in the disturbed states of the island. She saw men marching up and down clad in the paraphernalia of war. She heard the clatter and clash of arms, and in her own imagination charged the fortress of the enemy, and had halted armies in defeat and disaster. It was out of the bone, blood, marrow, desire and ambition of this Corsican heroine that the first Napoleon was born. Born under the eagles of France, lifted to the breeze by smoke that was blazed and puffed from the cannon's mouth.

And from that early time on, he was never satisfied until he heard the echo of this cannonade of the sky, reproduced in the rolling cannonade on the fields of war. At the age of nineteen he was a failure. He walked down the banks of the Seine river, contemplating suicide. But four years later they gave him a chance to fight. He could do that. He reached out the strong right hand of his military will over the raging mob in the streets of Paris, and at the first effort crushed it. Three years later, he was at the head of the entire army of Italy; and from that time on he conquered everything before him; until at last he lay

dying upon the island to which Great Britain chained him. The last words that came from the white lips of the dying Corsican were not of God or France or Josephine. The words, which showed the very inmost soul of the man, were these: "Head of the army! Head of the army!" and even in death his fevered brain was marching his battalions on the frightful fields of war.

11. If a man's first self is one of the ever present forces to determine what he shall be, there are mighty lessons to learn. All his education should be based upon his individuality, properly understood. If a man is born capable, much can be expected and should be demanded; but when he is born inferior, he should be — *not excused but understood*. Many men are failing as business men who could succeed in professions, and many teachers and preachers should have been in other professions — or in none. Even horses have to be bred for their uses.

Therefore, we say, blessed is the man who finds his work in life, and so large a part of the success of each individual depends upon this, that I am praying in my heart of hearts for the time to come, when in this great Republic of ours, in each community, there shall be at least one school, founded upon an absolutely industrial basis, where the average boy can find himself, and prepare for the real struggles of life; and that this machine-like process of educating all our children in the same way, boys and girls, and all kinds of boys and all kinds of girls, the weak and the strong, the sick and the well, the bright and the dull, shall pass from our educational history forever, and the in-

dividual, the sacred individual, be given a chance to make a success of his own life.

It might be interesting here to call a longer roll of honor of the world's celebrated and romantically great. But I must call attention to the fact that vice as well as virtue runs in families. The patriot had a right to believe that here on American soil we would raise at last a more perfect human race. Now, in several respects, we are leading all the other nations of the earth in our criminal and vice statistics. Penitentiaries and insane asylums are as prevalent as in the Old World; and in some localities the number of incompetent people sustained at public expense is appalling. This, too, in spite of the fact that here in America religion is most perfectly organized, education universally free, and general information cheap. In view of this condition, we have a right to emphasize the ethics of biology and show that mere moralizing will not perfect the human race, that the recognition and application of the biological conditions of life development will help much, and to urge the ushering in of an era of "conscious evolution" for the human race.

It is not an accident that some people go to jail. Vice is no more accidental than virtue. It is as natural for one man to go to jail as it is for another to go to the legislature.

12. We have a large number of criminals because we breed them. A single family in New York State has produced nearly twelve hundred of the criminals in this country, and has cost the taxpayers one and one-quarter millions of dollars for arrests and deten-

tions. The annual report of the convention of charities published in 1890 gives the story of the Ishmaelite tribe of criminals in Cincinnati, Ohio, and tells us that about twenty-two hundred and fifty petty criminals sprung from this one line of blood.

The only way to empty the jails and penitentiaries and insane asylums of this country is to allow a certain class of people to die out. We have no machinery by which people can be made over, and the first step upward is to teach the normal and the healthy the laws of race preservation, and something of the dignity and beauty and sacredness of the marriage institution. There seems to be too little pride in the question of marriage. Anyone can get married. A young man may be behind the prison bars for murder. Some woman will carry him flowers, and, if the sheriff permits, will say the wedding vows, with no thought of the future or future generations. A young woman may be dying of tuberculosis, the family physician knows that she cannot possibly recover, yet some man will lead her to the marriage altar; and the minister, who preaches much on the sacredness of the home, will ask God's blessing on the union of two lives that cannot possibly be blessed under the laws of life. Our young people, well educated and trained, are ignorant of the one most important subject, the marriage relation. They do not know how to marry.

One couple out of every twelve under oath declare that for them married life is a failure, and are divorced. In the last twenty years one million couples under oath have sworn that married life was a failure, and have been granted divorces. The amateur

reformer springs up and cries: "Down with this divorce evil; it is the greatest disgrace of the nation; change the divorce laws!"

No! We have done too much hasty reforming. The reformer should be a lighthouse builder and not a wrecker. To prevent a ship from going on the rocks is better than to snatch a plank from the waves. In the settling of the divorce problem the attack should be on the marriage side, not on the loose divorce laws. When people are happily and properly married there will be no divorces, even though divorce decrees could be had for the asking. I know something worse than divorce, and that is a bad home, and the longer it lasts the worse it is for society. To the one who says it is an awful thing to break up a home in the divorce court, the answer must ever be, that it is never done. Homes are broken up in the minds and hearts of men and women and they are usually wrecked before the court hears of the tragedy, and all the judge does is to hang out a little red flag to show where the wreck went down. Again, the critic quotes, "Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder," and the humorist responds, "Whom God has tried to keep asunder, let no man join."

13. We therefore propose a change that would make marriage more dignified and place it on a higher social basis. The change proposed has become known as the "Marriage Diploma Idea". The plan briefly stated is this: To grant marriage diplomas on these three conditions:

First: A three months' public announcement of the engagement. Publicity is in itself an education. The

public has a right to know of intended marriages. Above all things, marriage is not a purely personal matter. When the young man and woman in the mountains of the Hudson river foolishly elected to marry each other they started a family which has given us twelve hundred criminals and has cost us one and one-quarter millions of dollars. Society, against its will, has one and one-quarter million dollars invested in this family. We certainly have a right to be invited to the next wedding.

Second: A medical certificate should be demanded by a County Board acting upon all marriage licenses before granting them. This would work a hardship on no one who is fit to marry. A certificate from the local family physician as a rule would meet the requirements, but such a law would be the means of preventing much heartache, sorrow, shame, disease and crime. To argue the matter would require a lecture in itself. A few pictures must serve. Some fifteen years ago when I was lecturing in a Western city an intelligent young woman of twenty-two, a graduate of the local high school, and one who for two years had attended the State College, sat in my audience. She was engaged to marry the young man who accompanied her.

This young man had been ill all the year. He was a neurotic: and yet this intelligent young woman, whose education in all other matters was much above the average, intended to sacrifice her life to this impossible example of young manhood. Aroused by the argument of the evening, she told her lover that she would wait a year, that she must have time to think.

Five months later, with much distress, she came to me in a distant city to tell me that her lover was in the asylum, was pronounced incurable, and with tears of gratitude, to tell of her relief that she was not the wife of an insane man.

A young man was placed in an insane asylum at eighteen. At twenty his parents took charge of him and tried to care for him at home; eight months later he was married. The years rolled by; children were born; later he was again sent to the asylum, and afterwards his two oldest sons were placed in cells adjoining his; and the State is caring for three insane persons instead of one.

In the light of these facts, and in the light of the fact that these are not exceptional stories, has not the time arrived, under the rule of conscious evolution, for the human race to protect itself?

14. Third: 'The three months' probation should be devoted to an education for domestic life. The period of three months, between the time of announcing an engagement and granting a diploma, could well be spent in this preparation. The marriage board in each county could have this matter in charge. The training should be for young men, as well as for young women. Lessons on the mutual obligations, duties and relations of domestic life, could be taught with tremendous and saving advantages. The relation of the individuals, the relation of the home to the State, to society, and, above all, to the destiny of the human race, could be taught; and if such change were made in the marriage laws, it is safe to say that at least ninety per cent. of the divorce evil would disappear.

I dwell, therefore, upon marriage and the courtship which leads to it. When people are married it is too late to moralize. Like begets like. The child is the joint product of the lives, experience and ancestry of the father and mother. How important, then, that our boys and girls should mate well, with strong, healthy, good companions, and establish happy homes and desirable ones. How many children, could they have chosen, would have selected their fathers and mothers? Some one has facetiously advised children to select good fathers and mothers. Garfield, addressing the thousands of upturned faces in the great nominating convention at Chicago, said: "Not here where the party banners flutter, not here in excitement and enthusiasm, is the safety and glory of our nation, the dignity, the grandeur. The safety and beauty of the American republic is there where families sit in the shadow of the roof-tree and in the glow of the hearthstone. The strength of our nation is in the home."

The hopes of the great and good, the longings of all statesmen who love their country, is for the home, where men and women, united in love, fitted in body, mind and disposition to become fathers and mothers, are married indeed. Every home of this sort is a blessing. There are too many unhappy and unfortunate ones. "Married in haste," unfitted by nature, and unprepared by education, "anybody and everybody", consumptives, half imbecile, insane, paupers, moral lepers, criminals, children, anybody, from the meanest soul whose blood is poisoned, whose imagination is a wilderness and whose heart is a hell, to the most cour-

ageous and God-like hero of the world, all propagate the human race.

"Anybody" may do to marry. "Anybody" will make a plaything to court. "Anybody" can wear dry goods and millinery. "Anybody" can run a tailor's bill. But only men and women can be true husbands and wives. Only men and women should become fathers and mothers, and live to counsel and to guide such rosy, healthy children as God shall send and give.

15. Young people should be taught to place a premium upon sturdy, rugged manhood and womanhood. Many a strong, healthy, plain but good girl is slighted. Many a worthy "fellow" with broad shoulders and heavy hands is willing to pour the honest devotion of his worshipful heart at the feet of some true woman. The sporty young man who runs in debt for his clothes, and the girl who forgets to assist an old mother in her home are not desirable.

The ideas of home life and matrimony should be the highest. I bring a home from the world of realism, in settings of an old-fashioned farm house in the Western Reserve. Trees surround it, and an old scattered orchard drops its ripening fruits on the bosom of the hills. We open the gate, that is, draw back the bars, and walk over the old lawn where the croquet balls used to click, while the children's laughter echoed from the old bank barn. We turn the corner where the old-fashioned rose bush grew, scraggy and luxuriant. There on the old porch where the morning-glories twine, sit an old man of seventy-three and an old woman of sixty-eight, courting. They rise to greet us and tell us the story of their life: how as a

young man and woman they started together, hand in hand and heart to heart; how they stood by each other, and helped each other, sustained, comforted, inspired, marched through life's cares and bore its burdens together. How they mingled their tears with the white flowers that lay upon the little coffin of that child which sleeps in the village churchyard, where the myrtle of summer and the white snows of winter are its sacred covering. How their oldest daughter was given to a home as happy as their own. How the boys, one by one, went out to fill positions of usefulness and prosperity.

We see them sitting hand in hand and heart to heart, bodies dying and souls glowing. They have marched up the hillslopes of life together; now we see them almost at the summit where the twilight glories of old age mingle with the morning purples of eternity—hand in hand and heart to heart from the beginning to the end.

The objection is sometimes raised that all of this savors of "blue-bloodism". To which we must answer that in the realm of science we recognize no blue ribbons of society. The stamp of aristocracy, in the kingdom of biology, is perfect health, and a set of nerves that do not twitch and tremble, muscles that are elastic and free, a heart beat that is normal in its rhythm, and brain cells, undiseased. Many fail to understand the laws of heredity, the laws of breeding, because they think and observe superficially. Genius may be born in poverty, but it is never born of impoverished blood. A Lincoln may be born in the forests of Kentucky, a Garfield march toward the White

House on the tow path of an Ohio canal, and imbecility may be born in a palace, when the parents in the palace have become pale, anaemic and diseased.

16. What has been said, has been said to link the word responsibility to the words home and marriage and love; to emphasize the fact that the age of conscious evolution has arrived. It is a century since Charles Darwin was born and lived and taught. It is not too soon to emphasize the ethics of biology.

I wish now to emphasize a sweeter word, that grows directly out of this "Sour Grape" doctrine — the word "mercy". If it is a fact, that every man has a character peculiar to himself when he is born, it is also true that the rest of us should take that character into account.

All men have a character, a personality, when they are born. Every man we see affects us by form and features peculiar to himself. People embody tastes, dispositions, habits, impulses, passions, vices and virtues peculiarly their own. No two people are exactly alike. Each differs from the other in size, weight, height, complexion, mental forces, and inherent tastes.

They have some of these differences from the beginning, and in addition to the inherent character, the one given to them by their ancestors, they have another, a second, moulded and fashioned by the conditions and moral forces surrounding the plastic souls of childhood. People have as little choice over this second character as over the first. Babyhood and youth are both subject to forces omnipotent but not always divinely good. Some men are born cripples, some are made such. Some are born imbeciles, some

are dwarfed by conditions and some are ruined by themselves — that is, indeed, “original sin”. Some men have three characters, the two of which I have spoken, and one which they have the courage to make. These are God’s heroes and heroines; men and women who battle against vice, disease, perverted impulses and runaway passions; the men and women who march to victory, conquering even the forces that are inherent. There should be more of these, —

“Who break their birth’s invidious bar
And grasp the skirts of happy chance,
And breast the blows of circumstance,
And grapple with their evil star.”

In studying life, in measuring character, in punishing vice and in rewarding virtue, we have paid too little attention to heredity and all that it means and involves.

We judge people too easily. We see what they are, but forget their beginnings. We do not credit them with what they have done. We do not know the weary road they have been traveling. It is a long way from the cabin to the White House, from the canal to the capitol.

17. A man’s personality is a composite, complex thing. It rests upon the threefold basis of heredity, environment and self-education. It embodies the blood and nerves, imagination and intelligence, and history of his ancestors. It is touched by the angelic smile of a mother’s love, the stern rebuke of a dignified father, the sweet graces of a fond sister, the wise counsel of proud brothers, and inspiration of wise

masters. The blows and buffets of adverse circumstances affect it. The weariness born of hard labor and the sweet benediction of rest are needed. The landscape of one's childhood creeps into it; hills and valleys where boyhood romped; love songs of wooing birds; the buzz of busy bees; the quiet influences of farm life, as well as the graceful curves of a sea beach where the pulse-beats of the Creator are heard in the breaking waves that lave the feet of the reverent fisherboy. Whittier's poetry is full of the scenes of his childhood. Robert Burns reached his best efforts when writing about the plow field and the farm life of old Scotland.

It has taken the world five thousand years to learn that it is only a coward that would strike a cripple. Now, is it going to take another five thousand years to teach the world to treat with mercy the intellectually and morally crippled of the human race? All recognize the fact that it is the duty of the strong man to push along the cart of the cripple; but little of mercy and tenderness have been shown the morally delinquent cripples.

As yet we seem to have recognized only the physical deformities in our code of charity. Over yonder is a family, the children of which all have black hair. This we understand. We say it is a legacy from grandparents and parents, a case of "hitteridittery". And yonder is a family, the children of which all have red hair, and again we understand; there is no criticism or tendency to moralize. The fact is accepted; it is a question of "Sour Grapes", a "chip off the old block". And yonder is a family of varied complexions. Some

of the children have dark hair, some light; and we say here is a mingling of national strains. You do not find the varied complexions among the negroes, the Japanese, the Chinese, but only among the peoples that have intermarried. And as one looks out on the audiences up and down the country and sees the heads without hair, he is led to believe there will be many children born in the next generation without any.

18. Yonder is a family, the children of which have black hearts instead of black hair. Now, there seems to be a lack of understanding or sympathy. The under dog, morally and intellectually, has had little sympathy. The physically ill are given the best room in the house, the physician's care, the faithful nurse, the best of food, are shielded from annoyance; they receive the kiss and caress of merciful understanding. For the morally crippled we have stone walls and the iron bars.

To those who have given the matter little thought, it may have sounded cruel to say that the only way to empty the jails, penitentiaries, and insane asylums of the country, is to allow a certain degenerate class of people to die out; and yet, such a suggestion has less of cruelty and more of Christianity in it than the present method of treating the criminal class. Stone walls and iron bars do not make bad people good. It is high time that we substitute criminal reservations for jails and penitentiaries; and detain our delinquents in normal surroundings, in the free, open-air life; establish a wise system of parole for the ones who are making an honest effort at reform; and establish this uniform punishment for the rest—namely,

prevent marriage and reproduction among them; and so let the criminal class disappear.

An extended plea of mercy for the unfortunate is not here necessary. Lips, a thousand times more eloquent than mine, are making this plea upon the American platform. I speak of the work of the bighearted Ben Lindsey of Denver, Colo., the friend of the bad boy, the man who believes in child culture; in a chance for "Mickey" of the streets. And the plea for the adult criminal is made, as no one else could make it, by Maude Ballington Booth. It is not given to all to help in the great national reform movements, but all have an opportunity to put into practice one bit of moralizing that is pertinent to this question. We can learn to be good to the people that are unfortunate enough to live under the same roof with us.

It is easy to allow other people to "get on our nerves". Perhaps all of us are frequently annoyed by the conduct, words and manner of our associates, and few of us take time to think how tedious and annoying we may be to others. They have to listen to our voices, see our way of doing things. They are annoyed by our tastes and demands. There is really a great deal of unhappiness in the world that is unnecessary, unhappiness that comes because we do not cultivate the fine art of appreciation as much as we do the folly of criticism. Now, the way to be good to other people is to be good to them "in their way". A friend of mine states this moral well. He says: "I would rather be understood for two minutes than be loved all day."

19. We know love never made a happy home un-

less it was coupled with thoughtfulness and courtesy. Affection itself may become a source of deep sorrow and bring intensest pain to other people's lives, unless it is considerate, respectful, wise. Even the doctrine of Christian love was not operative until St. Paul defined and explained it with an entire chapter. Hate can make no one unhappy except the one who hates. The saddest-faced woman in a community was made sad through love. Love is the only passion that brings deep sorrow into life, — tears, heartache and scars. Nor is it the disappointing love alone that hurts. This woman's husband may love her unto death. She would die for the man to whom she is wed, and still a failure to understand the individual needs and desires may leave the lives unblessed and full of sorrow.

"It isn't the shame and it isn't the blame

That stings like a white-hot brand.

It's coming to know that (they) never could know,
And never could understand."

The highest compliment we can pay to any individual is the compliment of complete understanding. Mary is to be made happy in Mary's way, — Charlie in his, — Mother in hers, — and "Daddie" in his. And we of the younger generation might well learn how to be more appreciative of the generation that is passing.

After calling attention to the impertinence and conduct approaching insolence with which the younger generation sometimes treat the passing one in our own

America, the following protest was made by a young and newly-married couple: "It's very well to plead for old age, but you can't do much for old people. They are set in their ways, old foggy in their notions. We invited grandfather to share our cottage in the city when grandmother died. He seemed to enjoy the change, and walked about the village carrying an old wooden stick as a cane. We sympathized with the situation, and bought him a new, gold-headed walking stick. He set it in the corner, and hasn't used it once. Now, what are you going to do with the old people?"

There are some things you must remember; and if you open your home to give its hospitality to old age you must remember that old age has a history. That old wooden stick Grandfather cut from a tree under which he and Grandmother stood fifty years ago, the day they were betrothed back there in the forests. You thought he could throw it away and use your new, gold-headed and varnished stick; but Grandfather is a gentleman. He is a gentleman of the old school, and can't forget.

20. The wife says, "I had just fixed up our little sitting-room and he brought with him an old-fashioned rocker from the farm. It must have been manufactured with an ax after dark. He didn't even want me to paint it, so that it would blend with the color scheme of my room."

Oh, but did you forget the wrinkled hands that rested on the arms of that chair the last winter that Grandfather and Grandmother sat side by side before the open fireplace, out on the farm, and rocked the days and the hours away, talking and rocking, rocking

and talking? Why! Grandfather couldn't smoke his evening pipe in any other chair, or dream the dreams of the future, or "see the purple lights that dawn on the eternal hills, where the twilight glories of old age mingled with the morning purples of eternity".

It takes some thought, some consideration, this cultivation of the social art of being good to others. We men must learn how to be good to women, and to be good to them in their way.

Here is the story of a man who has been married for forty years. He certainly had time to learn how to be good to his wife; and he loved her devotedly. He was "big and good-natured". He made up his mind to present her the finest anniversary Christmas present he had ever given her. Like all other women, there were numbers of little things that she wanted, but never felt free to purchase. Her good-meaning husband saved up his spare money for three months and then — bought her a dress. Oh, the tragedy of the dresses that husbands pick out for their wives! Any man who will buy his wife a dress for a Christmas present, — and not allow her to pick it out — is indiscreet. Christmas morning he was the exuberantly happy one in the family. He gathered the whole family about the table and brought out the big bundle and undid it with triumph. That dress was a gorgeous splendor. Solomon in all his glory never saw anything half so gorgeous. It was such a dress — as only a man could have picked out; and it was a color this poor woman had detested all her life. She looked at it in dismay — even the children were silent — and when she thought of herself wearing it in public, she

gave a scream of alarm. But it was Christmas; she put her arms about his neck, and was going to kiss him and thank him; but even she couldn't go that far. Her face fell upon his shoulder, and she broke into sobs. While he was so happy at what he had done, so proud of his purchase and his taste, that he thought she must be crying for joy. He took her in his big, awkward arms, and encouraged her by saying: "Why, God bless you, wife, don't cry. Why, — you deserved it. If I had known you wanted a dress like this that badly I would have given it to you long ago. Go, — put it right on, — and wear it out, — wear it every day; and as soon as it is worn out I'll get you another one just like it."

21. What's the use? This man loved this woman, but he never thought about her. He thought of her but never about her. What's the use of being loved by people who never take time to think us over? If you are going to make a woman happy you must make her happy in her way. Why, even a man likes to be understood.

Of course, the question of appreciation with a man is not so important. We men are not supposed to suffer keenly. We have no sensibilities. We are just crude, coarse, virile, masculine animals. But even a man will notice a sentiment if you make it plain enough; and as one of our plainsmen puts it "Even a man wouldn't like to get a side-saddle for a Christmas present."

Some one should make an effective plea for man's domestic rights. There is a worldwide movement on to give woman her political rights, and woman has

suffered and lost much, but she has not lost in the political realm anything half so sacred or important as man has lost in the feminization of the American homes. From an architectural standpoint and a decorative standpoint our homes are feminine. There are few pictures on the walls that a man would have chosen; and the furniture in its outlines and treatment and use is feminine — chairs bought by women for women never fit a man. The woman in defense, may say that the man in the modern home has his library or den that he can call his own. That is as far as it goes — he can call it his own, but twice a week the woman will invade it and hide everything a man owns. A man needs little space, but what he needs should be sacred. When a man puts a thing in a place, six weeks, six months or six years later, he should find it there. The one domestic instinct you can depend on in a man is this: When a man puts a thing in any place he wants to find it where he put it. Or where he *thinks* he put it. A plea for man's domestic rights would probably do little good. If he asserts himself and buys a stand for his little home, where he can lay his newspapers and magazines and glasses, the very next day when he comes to look at that stand, there will be a doily on the top of it. There is no remedy just now. "Cheer up; there is no hope," is the best advice.

This statement would not be made in behalf of the man and masculine rights in the home if it were not for the American boy. But nearly all of the masculine amusements, the games that men like to play, have been driven from the homes. Men have spent hun-

dreds of millions of dollars to erect lodges and club rooms that would never have been built if houses had been masculine as well as feminine in their arrangement and atmosphere. Now, the man has provided for himself, and the public amusement hall has taken the place of domestic games and pleasures.

22. The Y. M. C. A. is caring for the young man, but the young boy is still without his rights. He grows up on the streets and is cursed because he fails at the task of making "bricks without straw". At the age of from five to fifteen the American boys' club house is the public street. Some of the cities have even failed to provide playgrounds and parks, and the moralists wonder at the degeneracy of the American boy. It is a wonder that he is as good as he is.

A mother, who is somewhat typical, tried to explain by saying that boys do not take care of their things; that they do not appreciate what is done for them, and that they are the most ungrateful little animals in nature, and then gave her own experience. She said: "There is a boy and a girl in my family. I made up my mind that there should be no jealousy between them. There were two rooms in the house, and I fitted them up — one for the boy and one for the girl. My daughter was perfectly delighted; and the boy never acted so mean about anything in his life as he did about that room, in spite of the fact that I fixed them up just exactly alike."

And this poor, good mother doesn't know yet why her boy was disgusted. Why couldn't she fix this room up for her boy in the boy way? On the bed she could have put a fine leather spread, left the carpet from the

floor, put in a punching bag that he could hit and take out his spite on, give him some indian clubs and dumb bells, fish lines, hooks, poles, thread, rope, pulleys, old pieces of machinery, wheels, horseshoes, stilts, bows and arrows, cross-guns, balls and bats, screws, rings, nails and — some things.

We know, of course, that he would have taken care of them in the boy's way. Everyone knows how orderly boys are. A boy wants a set of tools like his father's. He will put them in the same place every time, where they are handy, and he can easily put his hands on them, and always in the same place — always in the same place — on the floor. And then his mother, if she has nerves instead of good sense, will look at the tools on the floor, and cry out: "I just can't have it — this disorder — I can't have it."

Why not? The woman has the hall, the parlor, the sitting-room, the dining-room, the library and music-room, if the house is large; the kitchen, the pantry, her own room and the girls', as she wants them. Why can't the boy have a place ten feet square, dedicated to himself, and have it as he wants it? But the good woman says: "No good housekeeper — " Ah! there is the trouble. You can hire a colored porter to keep a house, but it takes a sensible mother to keep a home; and my particular plea is for the home — not for the perfect housekeeping.

23. It is frequently asked, why a plea for Heredity or Sour Grapes instead of a plea for Environment is presented. The answer is that heredity is so inevitable, so final. The humorist has asked the young people to pick out their own fathers and mothers; but it

ever remains true that when young womanhood accepts a husband, the bride chooses the father of the children; and the young man who goes courting, picks out the mother of the children that must bear his name; and that choice is final. The saddest spectacle in all this world of ours is the sight of a child that blushes for the parent. It seems unnecessary just now to make a plea for environment, for all the social forces are organized to emphasize that word. It has been emphasized, but as yet we have not secured satisfactory results. The author chose to emphasize the word "heredity" because people can choose their environment.

If a man finds the city where he lives is not the best in the matter of climate or moral conditions, for the rearing of his children, he can move. If he is rich he can afford it, and if he is poor it won't cost him anything. Not only that, but the environment of a community can be changed. If the intelligent people of any community so desire, by organization they may make an environment that will be healthy and normal for their children. It seems wise, therefore, in concluding the argument, to appeal to something deeper than environment — the character spirit out of which good social environment springs — the fight spirit — courage.

The man who finds he has a tendency to tuberculosis does not need to accept an office position. He can work in God's out-of-doors and take advantage of his own weakness. The crippled boy does not need to go in for the athletic career. He can take advantage of his own weakness. The man with a weak will does

not need to do mission work in the slums, nor work in a store next to a bar. He can fight, and fight intelligently. To tell people that their characters are the product of environment is to lose the fight. It is better to say to the young man: "Get into the battle line and if you get a bullet in the lungs, and the froth blood is on your lips, when the bugle sounds the charge, start forward; and if you must come to the earth, strike it, a corpse. The brave soldier dies on his feet. Die fighting, and die at the last ditch."

24. Every young man who is discouraged in the battle of life, needs to hear the story of Charlie — and if Charlie made the fight he made, the rest of us can make ours. This young boy came down to the university, thin-chested, large-eyed and nervous. His father was a scholar, and the son had a good brain; but his mind was flowering in an enfeebled body. We gave him a medical examination and found that our first duty was to his body. We led him to the gymnasium and brought him face to face with a chest weight.

He put his thin, white fingers about the handles, and started to draw them back, but cried out, "I can't do that. It hurts every muscle in my body." The hand of faith and courage was upon his shoulder in a moment, and the instructor was ready with the reply: "I thought you came here to be a man. You have a good brain and you can't afford to waste it in a weak body. Your medical record shows that for generations there has been this physical weakness in your family. Now, take hold of the handles, and when I give the count you are not to let go."

Thin lips came down over tightly clenched teeth, and we heard the boy mutter: "If you say it can be done, I will do it." He drew the handles steadily back, and God's fresh air rushed in and filled the cells of his lungs. It was fight, day after day; fight, week after week; fight, month after month; fight, year after year. He pulled the handles through all the various motions, until his head was erect, his shoulders back, and he walked up and down the streets of that college town looking like a man; — and then came the week of graduation.

The boys were in the gymnasium for the last time. They all marched down the old gymnasium to the rhythm of music, swinging easily, and in single file, crossed over and down the opposite side, each turning gracefully in his place for the tests of endurance. Charlie, the last in the line, planted his feet on the floor, braced his knees, and when the count was given for the test of endurance, the one, two and three of command, he drew the handle steadily back; the blood was surging now from finger tips to toes; the heart was making merry music; the flush on the neck and cheek and temple showed how the red corpuscles had multiplied. Again and again to the steady one, two and three he drew the handles back, and smiled into the face of the old machine as much as to say, "I have conquered you."

"Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

"In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud;
Under the bludgeoning of chance
My head is bloody but unbowed.

"It matters not how straight the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll;
I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul."

THE RACE PROBLEM IN THE SOUTH

BY HENRY W. GRADY

Henry W. Grady was born in Athens, Georgia, April 24, 1850. He was graduated from the State University of Georgia and took post-graduate work at the University of Virginia. He became a journalist, being connected with the New York *Herald* as Southern correspondent. Later he edited the Rome (Georgia) *Daily Commercial* and the Atlanta *Herald*. In 1880 he bought a part interest in the Atlanta *Constitution* and became its editor, which position he retained until his death, December 23, 1889.

Notwithstanding the fact that journalism was his life work, he is best known as an orator. His career in this respect was short but brilliant. He studied hard while in college to perfect his speaking style, this being the main object of his study at the University of Virginia. It was not until 1886, however, that he came into national prominence as an orator. His speech on "The New South," delivered before the New England Society at its annual banquet in New York City, won him a national reputation over night. Perhaps his best known speech is "The Race Problem in the South," delivered at the annual banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association. Joel Chandler Harris says of it that it "reaches the high water mark of modern oratory. It was his last, as it was his best, contribution to the higher politics of the country."

Mr. Grady's extended and varied experience as a journalist gave him an exceptional background for his work as an orator. His passionate love for the South, his marvelous command of language, his sense of humor, and his instinctive musical sense made him the most popular spokesman that "The New South" has had. An untimely death cut short a career that promised to be among the most brilliant that this country has known. He died of a cold contracted in making the last and

greatest of his efforts. Ten days after "The Race Problem in the South" was given in Boston, Grady lay dead at his home in Atlanta.

The following two speeches are printed with the permission of Professor E. D. Shurter, of the University of Texas, who has edited the complete works of Mr. Grady.

1. Mr. President: — Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem — forbidden by occasion to make a political speech — I appreciate, in trying to reconcile orders with propriety, the perplexity of the little maid, who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, "Now, go, my darling; hang your clothes on a hickory limb, and don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the Church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden tonight to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and to discuss the problem of the races in the home of Phillips and of Sumner. But, Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement; if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm — then, sir, I shall find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker

Hill — where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached — here, in the cradle of American letters and almost of American liberty, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure — carved from the ocean and the wilderness — its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winter and of wars — until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base — while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful cast on a bleak and unknown shore should have come the embodied genius of human government and the perfected model of human liberty! God bless the memory of those immortal workers, and prosper the fortunes of their living sons — and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

2. Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered — to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South — I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here tonight. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President, before the praise of New England has died on my lips, that I believe the best product of her present life is the pro-

cession of seventeen thousand Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of twenty-five thousand Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and the heroic help them, and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the south, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line — once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow — lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate above a fertile soil yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests — vast and primeval; and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries — cotton, iron and wood — that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly — in iron, proven supremacy — in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic.

3. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries.

Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest — not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit — this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world. That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home — a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting in its material excellence for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers, and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet — while in the Eldorado of which I have told you but fifteen per cent. of its lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched, and its population so scant that, were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas — while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking, with troubled eyes, some new land in which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer Northern-born citizens than she had in 1870 — fewer in '70 than in '60. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the section line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed it over to the South, than when it was crimson with the best

blood of the Republic, or even when the slaveholder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Nothing else stands between us and such love as bound Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices of Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

4. If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night — hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South — brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future — are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends on its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave-ships of the Republic sailed from your ports, the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do here declare that in its wise and humane administration in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and in giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom, our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage.

In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from American soil. But the free man remains. With him, a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil — with equal political and civil rights — almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility — each pledged against fusion — one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war, the experiment sought by neither but approached by both with doubt, these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

5. Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he is an alien, and inferior. The red man was owner of the land — the yellow man was highly civilized and assimilable — but they hindered both sections and are gone! But the black man, affecting but one section, is clothed with every privilege of government and pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard, and at any cost, his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or excluded without rhyme or reason. It matters not that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era

or in any clime, there has been an irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have lived anywhere, at any time, on the same soil with equal rights in peace! In spite of these things we are commanded to make good this change of American policy which has not perhaps changed American prejudice — to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks — and to reverse, under the very worst conditions, the universal verdict of racial history. And driven, sir, to this superhuman task with an impatience that brooks no delay — a rigor that accepts no excuse — and a suspicion that discourages frankness and sincerity. We do not shrink from this trial. It is so interwoven with our industrial fabric that we cannot disentangle it if we would — so bound up in our honorable obligation to the world, that we would not if we could. Can we solve it? The God who gave it into our hands, He alone can know. But this the weakest and wisest of us do know; we cannot solve it with less than your tolerant and patient sympathy — with less than the knowledge that the blood that runs in your veins is our blood — and that, when we have done our best, whether the issue be lost or won, we shall feel your strong arms about us and hear the beating of your approving hearts!

6. The resolute, clear-headed, broad-minded men of the South, the men whose genius made glorious every page of the first seventy years of American history — whose courage and fortitude you tested in five years of the fiercest war — whose energy has made bricks without straw and spread splendor amid the

ashes of their war-wasted homes — these men wear this problem in their hearts and brains, by day and by night. They realize, as you cannot, what this problem means — what they owe to this kindly and dependent race — the measure of their debt to the world in whose despite they defended and maintained slavery. And though their feet are hindered in its undergrowth, and their march cumbered with its burdens, they have lost neither the patience from which comes clearness, nor the faith from which comes courage. Nor, sir, when in passionate moments is disclosed to them that vague and awful shadow, with its lurid abysses and its crimson stains, into which I pray God they may never go, are they struck with more of apprehension than is needed to complete their consecration!

Such is the temper of my people. But what of the problem itself? Mr. President, we need not go one step further unless you concede right here that the people I speak for are as honest, as sensible and as just as your people, seeking as earnestly as you would in their place to rightly solve the problem that touches them at every vital point. If you insist that they are ruffians, blindly striving with bludgeon and shotgun to plunder and oppress a race, then I shall sacrifice my self-respect and tax your patience in vain. But admit that they are men of common sense and common honesty, wisely modifying an environment they cannot wholly disregard — guiding and controlling as best they can the vicious and irresponsible of either race — compensating error with frankness, and retrieving in patience what they lost in passion, and con-

scious all the time that wrong means ruin — admit this, and we may reach an understanding tonight.

7. The President of the United States, in his late message to Congress, discussing the plea that the South should be left to solve this problem, asks: "Are they at work upon it? What solution do they offer? When will the black man cast a free ballot? When will he have the civil rights that are his?" I shall not here protest against a partisanry that, for the first time in our history, in the time of peace, has stamped with the great seal of our government a stigma upon the people of a great and loyal section; though I gratefully remember that the great dead soldier, who held the helm of State for the eight stormiest years of reconstruction, never found need for such a step; and though there is no personal sacrifice I would not make to remove this cruel and unjust imputation on my people from the archives of my country! But, sir, backed by a record, on every page of which is progress, I venture to make earnest and respectful answer to the questions that are asked. We give to the world this year a crop of 7,500,000 bales of cotton, worth \$450,000,000, and its cash equivalent in grain, grasses and fruit. This enormous crop could not have come from the hands of sullen and discontented labor. It comes from peaceful fields, in which laughter and gossip rise above the hum of industry, and contentment runs with the singing plough. It is claimed that this ignorant labor is defrauded of its just hire. I present the tax books of Georgia, which show that the negro, twenty-five years ago a slave, has in Georgia alone \$10,000,000 of assessed property, worth

twice that much. Does not that record honor him and vindicate his neighbors?

8. What people, penniless, illiterate, has done so well? For every Afro-American agitator, stirring the strife in which alone he prospers, I can show you a thousand negroes, happy in their cabin homes, tilling their own land by day, and at night taking from the lips of their children the helpful message their State sends them from the schoolhouse door. And the schoolhouse itself bears testimony. In Georgia we added last year \$250,000 to the school fund, making a total of more than \$1,000,000 — and this in the face of prejudice not yet conquered and of the fact that the whites are assessed for \$368,000,000, the blacks for \$10,000,000, and yet forty-nine per cent. of the beneficiaries are black children; and in the doubt of many wise men if education helps, or can help, our problem. Charleston, with her taxable values cut half in two since 1860, pays more in proportion for public schools than Boston. Although it is easier to give much out of much than little out of little, the South, with one-seventh of the taxable property of the country, with relatively larger debt, having received only one-twelfth as much public land, and having back of its tax books none of the half billion of bonds that enrich the North — and though it pays annually \$26,000,000 to your section as pensions — yet gives nearly one-sixth of the public school fund. The South since 1865 has spent \$122,000,000 in education, and this year is pledged to \$37,000,000 more for State and city schools, although the blacks, paying one-thirtieth of the taxes, get nearly one-half of the fund. Go

into our fields and see whites and blacks working side by side; on our buildings in the same squad; in our shops at the same forge. Often the blacks crowd the whites from work, or lower wages by their greater need and simpler habits, and yet are permitted, because we want to bar them from no avenue in which their feet are fitted to tread. They could not there be elected orators of white universities, as they have been here, but they do enter there a hundred useful trades that are closed against them here. We hold it better and wiser to tend the weeds in the garden than to water the exotic in the window.

9. In the South there are negro lawyers, teachers, editors, dentists, doctors, preachers, multiplying with the increasing ability of their race to support them. In villages and towns they have their military companies equipped from the armories of the State, their churches and societies built and supported largely by their neighbors. What is the testimony of the courts? In penal legislation we have steadily reduced felonies to misdemeanors, and have led the world in mitigating punishment for crime, that we might save, as far as possible, this dependent race from its own weakness. In our penitentiary record sixty per cent of the prosecutors are negroes, and in every court the negro criminal strikes the colored juror, that white men may judge his case.

In the North, one negro in every 466 is in jail — in the South, only one in 1865. In the North the percentage of negro prisoners is six times as great as that of native whites; in the South, only four times as great. If prejudice wrongs him in Southern courts,

the record shows it to be deeper in Northern courts. I assert here, and a bar as intelligent and upright as the bar of Massachusetts will solemnly indorse my assertion, that in the Southern courts, from highest to lowest, pleading for life, liberty or property, the negro has distinct advantage because he is a negro, apt to be overreached, oppressed — and that this advantage reaches from the juror in making his verdict to the judge in measuring his sentence.

Now, Mr. President, can it be seriously maintained that we are terrorizing the people from whose willing hands comes every year \$1,000,000,000 of farm crops? Or have robbed a people who, twenty-five years from unrewarded slavery, have amassed in one state \$20,000,000 of property? Or that we intend to oppress the people we are arming every day? Or deceive them, when we are educating them to the utmost limit of our ability? Or outlaw them, when we work side by side with them? Or re-enslave them under legal forms, when for their benefit we have even imprudently narrowed the limit of felonies and mitigated the severity of law? My fellow-countrymen, as you yourselves may sometimes have to appeal at the bar of human judgment for justice and for right, give to my people tonight the fair and unanswerable conclusion of these incontestable facts.

10. But it is claimed that under this fair seeming there is disorder and violence. This I admit. And there will be until there is one ideal community on earth after which we may pattern. But how widely is it misjudged! It is hard to measure with exactness whatever touches the negro. His helplessness, his is-

olation, his century of servitude, — these dispose us to emphasize and magnify his wrongs. This disposition, inflamed by prejudice and partisanry, has led to injustice and delusion. Lawless men may ravage a county in Iowa and it is accepted as an incident — in the South, a drunken row is declared to be the fixed habit of the community. Regulators may whip vagabonds in Indiana by platoons and it scarcely arrests attention — a chance collision in the South among relatively the same classes is gravely accepted as evidence that one race is destroying the other. We might as well claim that the Union was ungrateful to the colored soldier who followed its flag because a Grand Army post in Connecticut closed its doors to a negro veteran as for you to give racial significance to every incident in the South, or to accept exceptional grounds as the rule of our society. I am not one of those who becloud American honor with the parade of the outrages of either section, and belie American character by declaring them to be significant and representative. I prefer to maintain that they are neither, and stand for nothing but the passion and sin of our poor fallen humanity. If society, like a machine, were no stronger than its weakest part, I should despair of both sections. But, knowing that society, sentient and responsible in every fiber, can mend and repair until the whole has the strength of the best, I despair of neither. These gentlemen who come with me here, knit into Georgia's busy life as they are, never saw, I dare assert, an outrage committed on a negro! And if they did, no one of you would be swifter to prevent or punish. It is through them, and the men

and women who think with them — making nine-tenths of every Southern community — that these two races have been carried thus far with less of violence than would have been possible anywhere else on earth. And in their fairness and courage and steadfastness — more than in all the laws that can be passed, or all the bayonets that can be mustered — is the hope of our future.

II. When will the blacks cast a free ballot? When ignorance anywhere is not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer anywhere casts a vote unhindered by his boss; when the vote of the poor anywhere is not influenced by the power of the rich; when the strong and steadfast do not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and shiftless — then, and not until then, will the ballot of the negro be free. The white people of the South are banded, Mr. President, not in prejudice against the blacks — not in sectional estrangement — not in the hope of political dominion — but in a deep and abiding necessity. Here is this vast ignorant and purchasable vote — clannish, credulous, impulsive, and passionate — tempting every art of the demagogue, but insensible to the appeal of the statesman. Wrongly started, in that it was led into alienation from its neighbor and taught to rely on the protection of an outside force, it cannot be merged and lost in the two great parties through logical currents, for it lacks political conviction and even that information on which conviction must be based. It must remain a faction — strong enough in every community to control on the slightest division of the whites. Under that division it becomes

the prey of the cunning and unscrupulous of both parties. Its credulity is imposed upon, its patience inflamed, its cupidity tempted, its impulses misdirected — and even its superstition made to play its part in a campaign in which every interest of society is jeopardized and every approach to the ballot-box debauched. It is against such campaigns as this — the folly and the bitterness and the danger of which every Southern community has drunk deeply — that the white people of the South are banded together. Just as you in Massachusetts would be banded if 300,000 men, not one in a hundred able to read his ballot — banded in race instinct, holding against you the memory of a century of slavery, taught by your late conquerors to distrust and oppose you, had already travestied legislation from our State House, and in every species of folly or villiany had wasted your substance and exhausted your credit.

12. But admitting the right of the whites to unite against this tremendous menace, we are challenged with the smallness of our vote. This has long been flip-pantly charged to be evidence and has now been solemnly and officially declared to be proof of political turpitude and baseness on our part. Let us see. Virginia — a state now under fierce assault for this alleged crime — cast in 1888 seventy-five per cent. of her vote; Massachusetts, the State in which I speak, sixty per cent. of her vote. Was it suppression in Virginia and natural causes in Massachusetts? Last month Virginia cast sixty-nine per cent. of her vote; and Massachusetts, fighting in every district, cast only forty-nine per cent. of hers. If Virginia is condemned

because thirty-one per cent. of her vote was silent, how shall this State escape, in which fifty-one per cent. was dumb? Let us enlarge this comparison. The sixteen Southern States in '88 cast sixty-seven per cent. of their total vote—the six New England States but sixty-three per cent. of theirs. By what fair rule shall the stigma be put upon one section while the other escapes? A congressional election in New York last week, with the polling places in touch of every voter, brought out only 6,000 votes of 28,000 — and the lack of opposition is assigned as the natural cause. In a district in my State, in which an opposition speech has not been heard in ten years and the polling places are miles apart — under the unfair reasoning of which my section has been a constant victim — the small vote is charged to be proof of forcible suppression. In Virginia an average majority of 10,000, by a hopeless division of the minority, was raised to 40,000; in Iowa, in the same election, a majority of 32,000 was wiped out and an opposition majority of 8,000 was established. The change of 40,000 votes in Iowa is accepted as political revolution — in Virginia an increase of 30,000 on a safe majority is declared to be proof of political fraud.

13. It is deplorable, sir, that in both sections a larger percentage of the vote is not regularly cast. But more inexplicable that this should be so in New England than in the South. What invites the negro to the ballot-box? He of all men knows that it has promised him most and yielded him least. His first appeal to suffrage was the promise of "forty acres and a mule"; his second, the threat that Democratic success meant

his re-enslavement. Both have been proved false in his experience. He looked for a home, and he got the Freedman's Bank. He fought under promise of the loaf, and in victory was denied the crumbs. Discouraged and deceived, he has realized at last that his best friends are his neighbors with whom his lot is cast, and whose prosperity is bound up in his — and that he has gained nothing in politics to compensate the loss of their confidence and sympathy that is at last his best and enduring hope. And so, without leaders or organization — and lacking the resolute heroism of my party friends in Vermont that make their hopeless march over the hills a high and inspiring pilgrimage — he shrewdly measures the occasional agitator, balances his little account with politics, touches up his mule, and jogs down the furrow, letting the mad world wag as it will.

The negro voter can never control in the South, and it would be well if partisans at the North would understand this. I have seen the white people of a State set about by black hosts until their fate seemed sealed. But, sir, some brave men, banding them together, would rise as Elisha rose in beleagured Samaria, and, touching their eyes with faith, bid them look abroad to see the very air "filled with the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.

14. If there is any human force that cannot be withstood, it is the power of the banded intelligence and responsibility of a free community. Against it numbers and corruption cannot prevail. It cannot be forbidden in the law, or divorced in force. It is the inalienable right of every free community — the just

and righteous safeguard against an ignorant or corrupt suffrage. It is on this, sir, that we rely in the South. Not the cowardly menace of mask or shotgun, but the peaceful majesty of intelligence and responsibility, massed and unified for the protection of its homes and the preservation of its liberty. That, sir, is our "reliance and our hope", and against it all the powers of earth shall not prevail. It is just as certain that Virginia would come back to the unchallenged control of her white race — that before the moral and material power of her people once more unified, opposition would crumble until its last desperate leader was left alone, vainly striving to rally his disordered hosts — as that night should fade in the kindling glory of the sun. You may pass force bills, but they will not avail. You may surrender your own liberties to federal election law; you may submit, in fear of a necessity that does not exist, that the very form of this government may be changed; you may invite federal interference with the New England town meeting, that has been for a hundred years the guarantee of local government in America — this old State which holds in its charter the boast that it "is a free and independent commonwealth" — it may deliver its election machinery into the hands of the government it helped to create — but never, sir, will a single State of this Union, North or South, be delivered again to the control of an ignorant and inferior race. We wrested our state governments from negro supremacy when the Federal drumbeat rolled closer to the ballot-box, and Federal bayonets hedged it deeper about than will ever again be permitted in this free government. But, sir,

though the cannon of this Republic thundered in every voting district in the South, we still should find in the mercy of God the means and the courage to prevent its re-establishment.

15. I regret, sir, that my section, hindered with this problem, stands in seeming estrangement to the North. If, sir, any man will point out to me a path down which the white people of the South, divided, may walk in peace and honor, I will take that path, though I take it alone — for at its end, and nowhere else, I fear, is to be found the full prosperity of my section and the full restoration of this Union. But, sir, if the negro had not been enfranchised, the South would have been divided and the Republic united. His enfranchisement — against which I enter no protest — holds the South united and compact. What solution, then, can we offer for the problem? Time alone can disclose it to us. We simply report progress, and ask your patience. If the problem be solved at all — and I firmly believe it will, though nowhere else has it been — it will be solved by the people most deeply bound in interest, most deeply pledged in honor to its solution. I had rather see my people render back this question rightly solved than to see them gather all the spoils over which faction has contended since Cataline conspired and Cæsar fought. Meantime we treat the negro fairly, measuring to him justice in the fullness the strong should give to the weak, and leading him in the steadfast ways of citizenship, that he may no longer be the prey of the unscrupulous and the sport of the thoughtless. We open to him every pursuit in which he can prosper, and seek to broaden his train-

ing and capacity. We seek to hold his confidence and friendship — and to pin him to the soil with ownership, that he may catch in the fire of his own hearthstone that sense of responsibility the shiftless can never know. And we gather him into that alliance of intelligence and responsibility that, though it now runs close to racial lines, welcomes the responsible and intelligent of any race. By this course, confirmed in our judgment, and justified in the progress already made, we hope to progress slowly but surely to the end.

16. The love we feel for that race, you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy, from her home up there, looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling to sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands — now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man — as they lay a mother's blessing there, while at her knees — the truest altar I yet have found — I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin, or guard at her

chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle — a soldier, struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form; reckless of hurtling death — bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside, ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave — mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering for the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him, when the mould is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his shambling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice, saying, "Follow him! put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine. And out into this new world — strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both — I follow! And may God forget my people — when they forget these!

17. Whatever the future may hold for them, whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers, and made to

bear the cross of the fainting Christ — whether they find homes again in Africa, and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist, who said, “And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God” — whether forever dislocated and separate, they remain a weak people, beset by stronger, and exist, as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy rather than in the conscience of Europe — or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries, and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it — we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic, or mitigate our consecration to its service. I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes, and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to this Government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance, but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the veteran standing at the base of a Confederate monument, above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as earnest and loyal citizens the Government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always

equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve.

18. Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it, such is the temper in which we approach it, such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best.

Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic — for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts — that knows no South, no North, no East, no West, but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State of our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and a mighty inspiration impels every one of us tonight to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans — and we stand for human liberty! The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil — these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression — this is our mission! And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding

miracle, from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown, all the way — aye, even from the hour when from the voiceless and traceless ocean a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day — when the old world will come to marvel and to learn amid our gathered treasures — let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic, compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love — loving from the Lakes to the Gulf — the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill, serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory, blazing out the path and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

THE NEW SOUTH

HENRY W. GRADY

19. "There was a South of slavery and secession: that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom: that South, thank God, is living, breathing, growing every hour." These words, delivered from the immortal lips of Benjamin H. Hill, at Tammany Hall in 1866, true then and truer now, I shall make my text tonight.

I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read at the bottom of one page, "When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife who was" — then turning the page — "140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out." He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: "My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept this as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made." If I could get you to hold such faith tonight, I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

My friend Dr. Talmage has told you that the typical American has yet to come. Let me tell you that

he has already come. Great types, like valuable plants, are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonies, Puritans and Cavaliers, — from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, — came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this republic — Abraham Lincoln.

He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American, and that in his honest form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of his ideal government — charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from the cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing the traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored; and in our common glory as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

20. In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term, "The New South", as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. I would not, if I could, dim the glory they won in peace and war, or by word or deed take aught from the splendor and grace of their civilization —

never equalled and perhaps never to be equalled in its chivalric strength and grace. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself.

Dr. Talmage has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war; an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory; in pathos and not in splendor; but in glory that equalled yours, and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home? Let me picture to you the foot-sore Confederate soldier, as, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865.

Think of him as — ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion — he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find — let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for four years' sacrifice — what does he find when, having followed the

battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful?

He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence — the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

21. What does he do — this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed.

I want to say to General Sherman, — who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, —

that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out our latch-string to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with our work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crabgrass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee — as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cottonseed — against any Down-Easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence, or compel in the field by their swords.

22. But what of the negro?

We understand that when Lincoln signed the Eman-

cipation Proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail; while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the "corner-stone" of the Confederacy, doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the sight of advancing civilization.

The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenseless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges, and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion.

Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us, or by

frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered — I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle; when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has since been, loyal to this Union.

We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed.

23. The Old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The New South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement: a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core; a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace; and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest

purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion, revolution and not conspiracy; and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill — a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining side is a name dear to me above the names of men — that of a brave and simple man who died in a brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine; and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in his Almighty hand, and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil — the American Union saved from the wreck of war.

24. This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground

of the republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat: sacred soil to all of us; rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better; silent but staunch witnesses, in its red desolation, of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms; speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts — which never felt the generous ardor of conflict — it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered above the couch of your dying captain — filling his heart with grace, touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave — will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, deliv-

ered in this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment —

"Those opposed eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance, bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery,
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way."

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE MUSTACHE

BY ROBERT J. BURDETTE

Robert J. Burdette, humorist, lecturer and preacher, was born in Greensborough, Pennsylvania, June 30, 1844. He was educated in Illinois and served in the Union armies from 1862 to 1865. He became a journalist, and was assistant editor of the Burlington, Iowa, Buckeye, for several years. He began to lecture in 1876.

While connected with the Peoria Transcript he collected bits of humor to lighten the dull hours of his invalid wife, and it was under her encouragement that these bits of humor grew into the lecture "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache", herewith printed.

Years later he was called to the pastorate of the Baptist Temple in Los Angeles. Here he used his gift of humor to advantage, believing, with Beecher, "When you are fight-the Devil, shoot him with anything", and his keen humor was his greatest weapon. But it is as a lecturer that he is remembered throughout the length and breadth of the United States. His control over audiences was perfect and he could take them from humor to pathos and back again with marvelous ease. As a lecture whose purpose was wholesome entertainment "The Rise and Fall of the Mustache" has no superior. He knew boyhood, and never lost his boyhood point of view. At the same time his mature experience enabled him to view human life in a kindly and sympathetic way. His humor was always kindly, and his personality made him a great favorite with popular audiences.

He died at his home in Pasadena, California, November 19, 1914, after an illness of two years.

He used to say that there was not only as much fun in the world as there ever was but a great deal more, because "there are more people in it, and people are the funniest things on this side of the grave".

The following reprint of the lecture is made with the

gracious permission of Mrs. Burdette, and of the Bobbs-Merrill Company, publishers, of Indianapolis, Indiana. It may be found, with several other writings of Mr. Burdette, in the book "Old Time and Young Tom", published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

In making assignments the teacher should select from the forty-one assignments in this lecture such as best suit the class, leaving the others out.

I. Once upon a time — last night, last week, a month ago, a year, five, ten years ago — something like that, I had a dream that I remember to this day, and that in itself is remarkable, for few dreams are made of stuff that endures. The dream you had last night you told this morning at the breakfast table very well, and everybody recognized it as a dream, because of its vivid unreality; but when you told it at noon it began to frazzle out at the edges; and when you told it this evening at the dinner table you made it up as you went along, every word of it, and everybody knew it, because it didn't sound anything like a dream.

But I think that to every man and woman God sends one dream in a lifetime that lasts so long as life lasts—one Bethel vision of loneliness and loving sympathy. I dreamed I was a boy again. Not a great big, rollicking, football boy, trying to learn the new rules to play them in the old way, but a wee tiny boy; so little I couldn't sleep alone. So I was sleeping back in the dear old place, with my head pillowed on my mother's shoulder, that "blessed hollow of the shoulder" that Celia Thaxter said God made for some tired human head to rest in. I was so happy sleeping there that I woke up with an excess of comfort. I

reached out my hand for her with a child's caress, and she wasn't there. Then I reached over on the other side, and she wasn't there. Then I sat bolt upright in the bed. There I was, half awake, half a hundred years old, all alone, in the dark, and my mother was gone. So homesick I was for her, I wanted to cry.

And then I laughed aloud to think how funny it would sound to hear an old man crying in the night, like a baby who wanted a drink. I put my head back on the pillow, and I wished — oh, how earnestly I wished! — that I was back in the dear old place, where I had been safe, safe, safe as I had never been since I left it. For half a minute I foolishly wished I was a boy again. But when I arose in the morning, when I settled down to my work, and felt the highest and noblest joy that comes into the soul of man or woman — the delight of having work to do and the happiness of doing it — I was so glad I wasn't a boy, and gladder still that never again in this life or in any other would I be a boy.

2. But sometimes a man says, "Oh, I don't know about that. I would like to be a boy again." "Why?" "Oh," he says, "a boy has such an easy time — no trouble — no care — no responsibility." Yes, I know, children have no troubles — only they have. They have more troubles than grown-up people. I do sympathize with grown-up people in trouble, but not enough to hurt me or do them much good. If a man got into a thousand troubles I would break my heart over him. But he doesn't. He gets into the same trouble a thousand times. That is different. I get tired of it after I have pulled him out of the same old

hole, by his long silken ears, on the Sabbath day, about five hundred times. If he was anything but a man, by that time he would have sense enough to go around the hole or stay on his own side of it.

But a boy's troubles are all new, as he gets into one and another and another until he has gone the whole round of experimental experiences. He thought when he landed on this planet, it was a good, sweet, tender-hearted world, with a light caressing hand. Little by little he learns there is cruelty, injustice, meanness and treachery written on the calendar, even between the lines of love and truth. He can't understand this. It hurts him. He gets used to trouble by and by, as grown-up people do. Just as the soldier under the old system of military discipline would stand with his wrists leashed to the stake and his back bared for the punishment.

The sergeant standing at his side, counted with cruel deliberation the descending blows of the lash. When he got as far as "twenty — twenty-one — twenty-two —" that didn't hurt so much. By that time the soldier had caught the rhythm of the lash. He knew the blow was coming; he braced his shoulders and waited for it. His pride nerved him. His purpose of revenge burned in his soul like a smouldering volcano. You might whip the life out of him after that, and you could not wring a moan from his set teeth. But when the first blow uncoiled itself like a hissing serpent on the surprised and quivering shoulders — that startled the scream from him. That hurt. It had the whole back to hit on, and it hit in an unexpected place. It is the new trouble that hurts.

3. Think, then, what must have been the experience of the first family in the human race, when all the troubles in the world were not only new, but had to be invented. Adam and Eve are the only people in history who started out in life under the terrible handicap of being born full-grown. They had scarcely got their farm — the only one on earth — reduced to a kind of weed-producing, weather-fighting, grange-like order of things, with nothing to disturb the quiet, happy, care-free, independent life of the jocund farmer, except maybe a little rust in the oats; blight in the wheat; army-worm in the corn; Colorado beetles foraging the potato patch; cutworms laying waste the cucumbers; curculio in the plums and borers perforating the apple-trees; a new kind of insect they couldn't guess the name of desolating the pastures; dry weather burning up the barley; wet weather rotting the corn; too cold for the melons and too hot for the strawberries; chickens dying with the pip; hogs being gathered to their fathers with the cholera; sheep fading away with a complication of things no man could remember; horses getting along as well as could be expected, with a little spavin, ring-bone, wolf-teeth, distemper, heaves, blind staggers, collar-chafes, saddle-galls, colic now and then, foundering occasionally, epizootic when there was nothing else; cattle going wild with the horn ail; moth in the beehives; snakes in the milk-house; moles in the kitchen garden — Adam had just about got through breaking wild land with a crooked stick, and settled down comfortably, when the sound of the Boy was heard in the land.

Did it ever occur to you that Adam was probably

the most troubled and worried man that ever lived?

I have often pictured him as a careworn-looking man; a puzzled-looking farmer who would sigh fifty times a day, and run his irresolute fingers through his hair while he wondered what under the canopy he was going to do with those boys, and whatever was going to become of them. For you see they were the first and only boys on earth. There were no other parents in the neighborhood with whom Adam, in his moments of perplexity, could consult. There wasn't a boy in the country with whom Adam's boys could play and fight. And Adam had never been a boy himself; what could he know about boy nature or boy troubles and pleasures?

4. Imagine, if you can, the celerity with which he kicked off the leaves, and paced up and down in the moonlight the first time little Cain made the welkin ring when he had the colic. How could Adam know what ailed him? He couldn't tell Eve that she had been sticking the baby full of pins. He didn't even know enough to turn the vociferous infant over on his face and jolt him into serenity. If the fence corners on his farm had been overgrown with catnip, never an idea had Adam what to do with it. It is probable that after he got down on his knees and felt for thorns or snakes or rats in the bad, and thoroughly examined young Cain for bites or scratches, he passed him over to Eve with the usual remark:

"There, take *your* baby" (accent heavy on "your"), "and hush him up, for heaven's sake," and then went off and sat down under a distant tree with his fingers in his ears, and perplexity in his brain, while young

Cain split the night with the most hideous howls the empty little world had ever listened to. It must have stirred the animals up to a degree unto which no menagerie has ever since attained. No sleep in the vicinity of Eden that night for baby, beasts or Adam. It is more than probable that the weeds got a long start of Adam the next day, while he lay around in shady places and slept in troubled dozes, disturbed, perhaps, by awful visions of possible twins and more colic.

And when the other boy came along, and the boys got old enough to sleep in a bed by themselves, they had no pillows to fight with. What comfort could two boys get out of pelting each other with fragments of moss or bundles of brush? What dismal views of future humanity Adam must have received from the glimpses of original sin which began to develop itself in his boys. How he must have wondered what put into their heads the thousand and one questions with which they plied their parents day after day. I wonder what he thought when they first began to string buckeyes on the cat's tail. And when night came there was no "hired girl" or black "mammy" to keep the boys quiet by telling them ghost stories. Adam didn't know so much as an anecdote.

5. Cain's education depended on his inexperienced parents, who had never seen a boy until they met Cain. There wasn't an educational help in the market. There wasn't an alphabet block in the county. There were no other boys in the republic to teach young Cain to lie, and swear, and smoke, and drink, fight and steal, and thus develop the boy's dormant

statesmanship, and prepare him for the political duties of his maturer years. There wasn't a pocket-knife in the universe that he could borrow — and lose. When he wanted to cut his finger, as all boys must do now and then, he had to cut it with a clam shell. There were no country relations upon whom little Cain could be inflicted for two or three weeks at a time, when his wearied parents wanted a little rest. There was nothing for him to play with. Adam couldn't show him how to make a kite. He had a much better idea of angels' wings than he had of a kite. If little Cain had even asked for such a simple bit of mechanism as a "shinny-club" — sometimes vulgarly called a "hockey-stick" — Adam would have gone out into the depths of the primeval forest and wept in helpless confessed ignorance.

Small wonder that Cain turned out "bad". I always thought he would. For his entire education depended on a most ignorant man, a man in the very palmiest days of his ignorance, who couldn't have known less if he had tried all his life on a high salary and had a man to help him. And the boy's education had to be conducted entirely upon the catechetical system; only, in this instance, the pupil asked the questions, and his parent teachers — heaven help them — had to answer at them.

For they could not take refuge from the steady stream of questions that poured in upon them day after day, by interpolating a fairy story, as you do when your boy asks you questions about something of which you never heard. For how could Adam begin, "Once upon a time", when with one incisive question

Cain could pin him right back against the dead wall of creation, and make him either specify what time, or acknowledge the fraud? How could Eve tell him about *Jack and the Bean-Stalk*, when Cain, fairly crazy for some one to play with, knew perfectly well there was not, and never had been, another boy on the plantation? And as day by day Cain brought home things in his hands about which to ask questions that no mortal could answer, how grateful his bewildered parents must have been that he had no pockets in which to transport his collections. For many generations came into the fair young world, got into no end of trouble and died out of it, before a boy's pocket solved the problem how to make the things contained seven times greater than the container.

6. The only thing that saved Adam and Eve from interrogational insanity was the paucity of the language. If little Cain had possessed the verbal abundance of the language in which men today are talked to death, his father's bald head would have gone down in shining flight to the ends of the earth to escape him, leaving Eve to look after the stock, save the crop, and raise her boy as best she could.

Which would have been, six thousand years ago, as today, just like a man.

Because it was no off-hand, absent-minded work answering questions about things in those spacious old days, when there was crowds of room, and everything grew by the acre. When a placid but exceedingly unanimous-looking animal went rolling by, producing the general effect of an eclipse, and Cain would shout :

"Oh, lookee, lookee, pa! what's that?"

Then the patient Adam, trying to saw enough kitchen wood with a piece of flint to last over Sunday, would have to pause and gather up words enough to say:

"That, my son? That is only a mastodon *giganteus*; he has a bad look, but a placid temper."

And presently:

"Oh, pa! pa! What's that over yon?"

"Oh, bother," Adam would reply; "it's only a paleotherium, mammalia pachydermata."

"Oh, yes; *theliocomeafterus*. Oh! lookee, lookee at this 'un!"

"Where, Cainny? Oh, that in the mud? That's only an *acephala lamelli branchiata*. It won't bite you, but you mustn't eat it. It's poison as politics."

"Whee! See there! see, see, see! What's him?"

"Oh, that? Looks like a *plesiosaurus*; keep out of his way; he has a jaw like —" And just in time Adam remembered that he had no mother-in-law.

"Oh, yes; a *plenosserus*. And what's that fellow, poppy?"

"That's a *silurus malapterurus*. Don't you go near him; he has the disposition of a Georgia mule."

"Oh, yes; a *slapterus*. And what's this little one?"

"Oh, it's nothing but an *aristolochioid*. Where did you get it? There, now, quit throwing stones at that *acanthopterygian*; do you want to get yourself kicked? And keep away from the *nothodenatrichomanoides*. My stars, Eve! where did he get that *anonacæ-hydrocharideo-nymphæoid*? Do you never look after him at all? Here, you, Cain, get right away down from

there, and chase that megalosaurus out of the melon patch, or I'll set the monopleuro branchian on you."

7. Just think of it, Christian man with a family to support, with last year's stock on your shelves, and a draft as long as a clothes-line to pay tomorrow! Think of it, woman, with all a woman's love and constancy, and a mother's sympathetic nature, with three meals a day three hundred and sixty-five times a year to think of, and the flies to chase out of the sitting-room; think, if your cherub boy was the only boy in the wide, wide world, and all his questions which now radiate in a thousand directions among other boys, who help him to cut his eye-teeth, were focused upon you!

Well, you have no time to pity Adam. You have your own boy to look after. Or, your neighbor has a boy, whom you can look after much more closely than his mother does, and much more to your own satisfaction than to the boy's comfort.

Your boy is, as Adam's boy was, an animal that asks questions. If there were any truth in the old theory of the transmigration of souls, when a boy died he would pass into an interrogation-point. And he'd stay there. He'd never get out of it; for he never gets through asking questions. The older he grows the more he asks, and the more perplexing his questions are, and the more unreasonable he is about wanting them answered to suit himself. Why, the oldest boy I ever knew — he was fifty-seven years old, and I went to school to him — could and did ask the longest, hardest, crookedest questions, that no fellow who used to trade off all his books for a pair of skates

could answer. And when his questions were not answered to suit him, it was his custom — a custom more honored in the breeches than in the observance — to take up a long, slender, but exceedingly tenacious rod, which lay ever near the big dictionary, and smite with it the boy whose naturally-derived, Adamic ignorance was made manifest.

Ah, me, if the boy could only do as he is done by, and ferule the man or the woman who fails to reply to his inquiries, as he is himself corrected for similar shortcomings, what a valley of tears, what a howling wilderness he could make of this world.

8. Your boy, asking today pretty much the same questions, with heaven knows how many additional ones, that Adam's boy did, is told, every time that he asks one that you don't know anything about, just as Adam told Cain fifty times a day, that he will know all about it when he is a man. And so from the days of Cain down to the present generation of boys, the boy ever looks forward to the time when he will be a man and know everything.

His questions multiply when he begins learning the English language, which he never does learn, because it changes faster than any boy can grow, and no matter how he spells it some dictionary contradicts him. But always, to the boy, any language is merely a medium of communicating questions. He asks questions that no grown person would think of, and a score of "grown-ups" could not answer. We grow so weary of his interrogations at times that we say, "He asks such foolish questions." But no boy asks foolish questions. He asks questions we cannot answer — that

is what makes us tired. There is an old proverb, "Any fool can ask questions, but it takes a wise man to answer them." But a fool cannot ask questions without at once exposing his folly and ignorance. One of the best and wisest school-teachers I ever suffered under used to mark the boys in class, not on their recitations, but on the questions they asked about the lesson.

There is no way in which a man exposes his ignorance so completely and thoroughly as by "butting into" a conversation and asking questions about the subject under discussion. His first question may betray his ignorance. Go to the court-house some day — go there before you have to; you will enjoy the illustration better. Here is a man on the witness-stand who tells a story apparently as straight as a rule — a clean-cut statement of facts. His testimony is so strong that we say, "Well, that settles the question for the prosecution; there is no use calling another witness." Then a lawyer on the other side takes the man in hand. Now, mind you, he does not contradict a word the man says: he simply asks him a few innocent-sounding questions, and the witness' beautiful story falls into a hundred fragments. Now, who was the fool, the man asking the questions, or the fellow in the witness-box, sweating himself to death trying to remember how he answered that same question the other time? Why, it took that lawyer years of study of books, and years of the profoundest study of the deeper book of human nature, to learn to ask questions.

9. And the boy's questions have a philosophical

meaning behind them. I remember going to a World's Fair, once upon a time, with a boy with whom I loved very dearly to travel — he showed me so many more things than I could have seen by myself. One day we ran up against a great big electric incubator, a machine where they hatched chickens by lightning. I have eaten some I thought had been struck by lightning in order to kill them. But this machine hatched them out. I thought it was an excellent opportunity to give the boy a little instruction in practical biology. I said: "Is it not wonderful, my son, to see how the little chicken comes out of the egg?" He said: "No, I don't see anything remarkable about that. I see easy enough how he gets out. What puzzles me is how the little beggar got in!"

Here is a man sitting down some evening, who wants to read about twenty pounds of evening paper before he goes to bed, and his little son is assisting him with irrelevant questions about various things. The wearied parent lowers the paper a little bit. "Bobbie," he says, "I will let you have one more question tonight; then I don't want to hear the sound of your voice for six weeks." Bobbie has one right on the hair-trigger, ready to fire when he gets the word. "Pa," he says, "is it true, what this book says, that a camel can go forty days without water?" "Yes, he can. Now, shut up." By and by the boy pleads — "Just one more." His father says: "Well, if it is a foolish one, you go to bed." The boy says: "How long could he go if he had water?" And the next minute Bobbie is under the blankets. Not to get warm — oh, no; he gets warm on the way up.

So, by and by we send the boy to school, and then he realizes that they are increased that rise up against him. Because now other people ask the questions, and he has to answer them. He learns how to sympathize with his parents. He gets tangled in the ungrammatical mazes of the English grammar, which has not yet been invented, and he gets blocked by mathematics. "Do you not know —" the dear patient teacher was looking at a cluster of errors on the blackboard — "do you not know that always and under all circumstances two and two make four?" The boy said: "No, sir; I do not." "What else can it possibly make?" And the boy said: "It depends. If you put one two in front of the other, it makes twenty-two every time."

10. And yet, all the time the boy is asking questions he is answering them, until we stand amazed at the breadth and depth of his knowledge. He asks questions and gets answers of teachers that we and the school board know not of. Day by day, great unprinted books, upon the broad pages of which the hand of nature has traced characters that only a boy can read, are spread out before him. He knows now where the first snow-drop lifts its tiny head, a pearl on the bosom of the barren earth, in the spring; he knows where the last Indian pink lingers, a flame in the brown and rustling woods, in the autumn days. His pockets are cabinets, from which he drags curious fossils, hideous beetles and bugs and things that you never saw before, and for which he has appropriate names of his own. He knows where there are three orioles' nests, and so far back as you can re-

member you never saw an oriole's nest in your life. He can tell you how to distinguish the good mushrooms from the poisonous ones, and poison grapes from good ones, and how he ever found out, except by eating both kinds, is a mystery to his mother. Every root, bud, leaf, berry or bark that will make any bitter tea, reputed to have marvelous medicinal virtues, he knows where to find, and in the season he does find, and brings home, and all but sends the entire family to the cemetery by making practical tests of his remedies.

As his knowledge broadens, his human superstition develops itself. He has a formula, repeating which nine times a day, while pointing his finger fixedly toward the sun, will cause warts to disappear from the hand. If the eight-day clock at home tells him it is two o'clock, and the flying leaves of the dandelion declare it is half past five, he will stand or fall with the dandelion.

He has a charm by which anything that has been lost may be found. He has a natural instinct for the woods, and can on more be lost in them than a squirrel. If the cow does not come home — and if she is a town cow, like a town man, she does not come home, three nights in the week — you lose half a day of valuable time looking for her. Then you pay a man three dollars to look for her two days longer, or as long as the appropriation holds out. Finally, a quarter sends a boy to the woods; he comes back at milking-time, whistling the tune that no man ever imitated, and the cow ambles contentedly along before him.

11. He has one particular marble which he regards with about the same superstitious reverence that a pagan does his idol. Carnelian, crystal, bull's-eye, china, pottery, boly, blood alley, or commie, whatever he may call it, there is "luck in it". When he loses this marble, he sees panic and bankruptcy ahead of him, and retires from business prudently, before the crash comes, failing, in true commercial style, with both pockets full of winnings, and a creditors' meeting in the back room.

A boy's world is open to no one but a boy. You never really revisit the glimpses of your boyhood, much as you may dream of it. After you get into a tail-coat and tight boots, you never again set foot in boy world. You lose this instinct for the woods; you cant' tell a pig-nut tree from a pecan; you can't make friends with strange dogs; you can't make the terrific noises with your mouth; you can't invent the inimitable signals or the characteristic catchwords of boyhood.

He is getting on, is your boy. He reaches the dime-novel age. He wants to be a missionary, or a pirate. As far as he expresses any preference, he would rather be a pirate, an occupation in which there are more chances for making money, and fewer opportunities for being devoured. He develops a yearning love for school and study about this time, and every time he dreams of being a pirate he dreams of hanging his dear teacher at the yard-arm in the presence of the delighted scholars. His voice develops, even more rapidly and thoroughly than his morals. In the yard, on the housetop, down the street, around the

corner; wherever there is a patch of ice big enough for him to break his neck on, or a pond of water deep enough to drown in, the voice of your boy is heard. He whispers in a shout, and converses, in confidential moments, in a shriek. He exchanges bits of back-fence gossip about his father's domestic matters with the boy living in the adjacent township, to which interesting revelations of home life the intermediate neighborhood listens with intense satisfaction, and the two home circles in helpless dismay.

12. He has an unconquerable hatred for company, and an aversion for walking down-stairs. For a year or two his feet never touch the stairway in his descent, and his habit of polishing the stair rail by using it as a passenger tramway soon breaks the other members of the family of the careless habit of setting a lamp or water-pitcher on the newel post. He wears the same size boot as his father; and on the driest dustiest days in the year, always manages to convey some mud on the carpets. He carefully steps over the doormat, and until he is about seventeen years old he actually never knew there was a scraper at the front porch.

About this time, bold but inartistic pencil sketches break out mysteriously on the alluring background of the wall-paper. He asks, with great regularity, alarming frequency, and growing diffidence, for a new hat. You might as well buy him a new disposition. He wears his hat in the air and on the ground far more than he does on his head, and he never hangs it up that he doesn't pull the hook through the crown, unless the hook breaks off or the hat-rack pulls over.

He is a perfect Robinson Crusoe in inventive genius. He can make a kite that will fly higher and pull harder than a balloon. He can take out a couple of the pantry shelves and make a sled that is amazement itself. The mouse-trap he builds out of the water-pitcher and the family album is a marvel of mechanical ingenuity. So is the excuse he gives for such a selection of raw material. When, suddenly, some Monday morning, the clothes-line, without any just or apparent cause or provocation, shrinks sixteen feet, philosophy cannot make you believe that the weather man did it with his little barometer. Because, far down the dusty street, you can see Tom in the dim distance, driving a prancing team, six-in-hand, with the missing link.

13. You send your boy on an errand. There are three ladies in the parlor. You have waited as long as you can, in all courtesy, for them to go. They have developed alarming symptoms of staying to tea. And you know there aren't half enough strawberries to go around. It is only a three-minutes' walk to the grocery, however, and Tom sets off like a rocket, and you are so pleased with his celerity and ready good nature that you want to run after him and kiss him. He is gone a long time, however. Ten minutes become fifteen, fifteen grow into twenty, the twenty swell into the half hour, and your guests exchange very significant glances as the half becomes three-quarters. Your boy returns at last, — apprehension in his downcast eyes, humility in his laggard step, penitence in the appealing slouch of his battered hat, and a pound and a half of shingle nails in his hands.

"Mother," he says "what else was it you told me to get besides the nails?" And while you are counting your scanty store of berries to make them go round without a fraction, you hear Tom out in the back yard whistling and hammering away, building a dog-house with the nails you never told him to get.

Poor Tom, he loves at this age quite as ardently as he makes mistakes and mischief. And he is repulsed quite as ardently as he makes love. If he hugs his sister, he musses her ruffle, and gets cuffed for it. Two hours later another boy, not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years older than Tom, some neighbor's Tom, will come in, and will just make the most hopeless, terrible, chaotic wreck of that ruffle that lace can be distorted into. And the only reproof he gets is the reproachful murmur, "Must go so soon?" when he doesn't make a move to go until he hears the alarm clock up-stairs and the old gentleman in the adjoining room banging around building the morning fires, and loudly wondering if young Mr. Bostwick is going to stay to breakfast.

Tom is at this age set in deadly enmity against "company", which he soon learns to regard as his mortal foe. He regards "company" as a mysterious and eminently respectable delegation that always stays to dinner, invariably crowds him to the second table, never leaves him any of the pie, and usually makes him late for school. Naturally, he learns to love refined society, but in a conservative non-committal sort of way, dissembling his love so effectually that even his parents never dream of its existence until it is gone.

14. Tom's life is not all comedy in the happy days of boyhood. Sometimes, after a troubled day at school, where he has had conflicts with teachers and books, and other boys, he comes home in the eventide with joyous anticipations — home, a sure refuge for him; home, where love, with many caresses, will make up for all his troubles. He isn't in the house ten minutes before somebody "tells on him". It doesn't make much difference what you tell on a boy; most anything hits him somewhere. He can't dodge everything when it rains "informations". The boy comes galloping home, empty as a drum, hungrier than a shark, and with an appetite like an ostrich. He hears his father's voice, gentle, patient, firm, calling, "Thomas!" Well, that gives the boy cold feet. When his father says "Tom", he knows the barometer is "set fair". When he says "Thomas", the boy is at once aware that the investigating committee is in session, with power to send for persons, and to act.

Tom goes before him wondering and apprehensive. "My son, what is that I hear about you today?" Well, Tom is no prophet. How can he tell what anybody has heard about him that day? It is all he can do to keep track of the thrilling incidents of his career. But, like most boys under the circumstances, Tom is a might good guesser. He can always guess what his father has been very likely to hear about if he isn't deaf and blind. When he guesses what it is, being a good honest boy, he owns up. When the average boy sees trouble coming down a narrow lane to meet him, and he can't run around either end, or get through the center, or crawl under, or climb over, he owns up.

He makes a full and frank confession, to save the trouble and expense of a trial before a prejudiced court. Not being an infallible guesser, however, two or three times he "owns up" to the wrong thing — something his father hasn't heard a word about. Then he is in for two of them — one for the case the court had information about, and one for the one confessed. After one or two breaks of that kind the boy learns the wisdom of the serpent, and when next his father asks him what it is he has heard about him that day, Tom says, "If it please the court, I would rather hear the indictment read before I plead." It takes a little longer but it's safer for the defendant.

15. Sometimes when the tragedies of the day have been unusually painful; when, after the closing act wherein the boy's foes have been they of his own household, Tom, feeling that nobody in all the world loves him or cares for him; believing honestly that he is in everybody's way, has crawled off to his own room, and cried himself to sleep. For no one can feel a deeper pity for, or a tenderer sympathy with any one else, than a boy can entertain for himself, when he gives himself up to the luxury of personal woe. By and by, you, being the boy's mother, rise and gently steal away after him, sometimes, it may be, pausing at the sitting-room door to explain — as though the sweetest thing the mother ever does requires explanation or apology — that you are just going up to Tom's room to see that he is "tucked in nicely for the night." Tuck a boy in for the night! You can wrap and roll him up in quilt and blanket until he looks like a cocoon or a mummy, and then, the first time he turns over,

there won't be a rag on the bed. You might as well try to tuck in a hound pup as a boy. He sleeps as actively as he plays ball.

He has earned his sleep. The curtain has fallen on one day's act in the drama of a boy's life. The restless feet that all day long have pattered and wandered so far — down dusty roads, over hot pavements, through long stretches of quiet wooded lanes, along the winding cattle paths in the deep silent woods; that have dabbled in the cool brook where it babbles and dimples over the shining pebbles, that have filled your house with noise and dust and racket, are still. The stained hand outside the sheet is soiled and rough, and the cut finger, with the rude bandage of the boy's own surgery, pleads with a mute effective pathos of its own for the mischievous hand that is never idle.

On the brown cheek the trace of a tear marks the piteous close of the day's troubles, the closing scene in a troubled little drama; trouble at school with books that were too many for him; trouble with temptations to have unlawful fun that were too strong for him, as they are frequently too strong for his father; trouble in the street with boys that were too big for him; at last, in his home, in his castle, his refuge, trouble has pursued him, until, feeling utterly friendless and in everybody's way, he crawled off to the dismantled den, dignified by the title of "the boy's room". His overcharged heart has welled up into his eyes, his waking breath has broken into a sob, and just as he begins to think that, after all, life is only one broad sea of troubles, whose restless billows, in never-end-

ing succession, break and beat and double upon the short shore-line of a boy's life, he has drifted away into the wonderland of a boy's sleep, where fairy fingers picture his dreams.

16. How soundly, deeply, peacefully he sleeps! No mother, who has never dragged a sleepy boy off the lounge at nine o'clock, and hauled him off up-stairs to bed, can know with what a herculean grip a square sleep takes hold of a boy's senses, nor how fearfully and wonderfully limp and nerveless it makes him; nor how, in direct antagonism to all established laws of anatomy, it develops joints that work both ways, all the way up and down, before and behind that boy.

And what pen can portray the wonderful enchantments of a boy's dreamland! No marvelous visions wrought by the weird power of hashish, no dreams that come to the sleep of jaded woman or tired man, no ghastly specters that dance attendance upon cold mince pie, but shrink into stale and trifling common-places compared with the marvelous, the grotesque, the wonderful, the terrible, the beautiful and the enchanting scenes and people of a boy's dreamland. This may be owing, in a great measure, to the fact that the boy never relates his dream until all the members of the family have related theirs and then he comes in, like a back county, with the necessary majority.

We love to go to the rooms where the "little people" sleep. We go there because, when the day is gone, when the twilight fades into night and the stars come out, when all the world is hushed and all the house is still, we remember, in that quiet moment, how cross we have been with the child, how unjust we

have been; how many times the little ones have worried and fretted us. We may remember, too, how once, not because of anything worthy of sudden punishment the boy has done, but because some one else, too big for us to punish, even with an expression of resentment, had irritated the over-tense nerves, we struck the boy out of our way. And in this quiet of the night and the watching stars, we remember how we ourselves, wayward and perverse children that we are, have tempted and defied infinite love and measureless patience all along the way of that day's pilgrimage.

17. And somehow the bed where the little ones sleep transforms itself into a homely kind of altar. We love to kneel down beside their innocence and lift up our hearts to the great All-father and ask for the blessing of sleep. Not for the children — oh, no; they sleep well enough. The flossy heads just touch the pillow, and the little hearts go drifting out into the beautiful wonderland of childhood's dreams. They sleep well enough. We pray that the blessing of sleep may come down like the touch of God's caressing hand upon our own restless brains, our own troubled hearts, our own accusing consciences. We need to be hushed and lulled and soothed to sleep by the blessed promises upon which we pillow our sobbing hearts. The little children sleep well enough, for they are folded in the trustfulness of innocence. It is the "grown-up children", the children of many years, who have to be hushed to sleep every night by the love that is wider than all the seas and higher than the farthest star.

The boy's room! The room itself is a comically-pathetic appeal to the heart of mother or father. The boy's room — well, it is better than it used to be, I am glad to say, but it is not perfection yet. The mother protests. "It is a very nice room for a boy, and besides," she says, "the boy never goes into the room till after dark." That's right. The boy doesn't want to go into that room while he can see anything in it. If he did, he'd have a nightmare.

The mother says: "Well, it is small, but then we furnish it for him very nicely." Yes, we do; not. Furnish the boy's room nicely! We furnish it securely. We are not going to have his life risked by any untoward accident because of weak untried furniture. We give him furniture that has been carefully tested. It has been graduated from every room in the house, and has taken a postgraduate course in the kitchen. "Well," the mother says, "that is all right, because the boy kicks to pieces everything you put in there, anyhow." So he does. He thinks that is what his furniture is for, to kick to pieces. He sees everybody else has had a kick at it so he goes in for a scrappy game with it, and makes his touch-down in the first half. There is no second half to his furniture. "Oh, well," some one says, "you don't understand boys. They don't care for nice things. Almost anything will do for a boy." Don't fool yourself, good mother. A boy does love nice things and pretty things. A boy has better taste, is more artistic, he has more correct ideas of the beautiful, the fair and the good than his sister. He proves this when he is nar-

ried. Just look at the thing his sister marries! Don't you talk to me about that girl's superior taste!

18. I was in Cleveland, once upon a time, attending a meeting of the Boys' Y. M. C. A., for boys under eighteen down to little fellows of twelve. Well, one Christmas-time the ladies of the "West Side" gave the boys a loan exhibition of calendars. They had every room tapestried with calendars. Beautiful calendars, romantic calendars, sentimental calendars, warlike calendars, comic calendars, religious and commercial calendars — every sort of calendar. The last day of the exhibition they took a secret vote of the boys to select the picture they loved best. Of course everybody guessed what the boys would take — a bear hunt or a boat race, a sea-fight, something funny or heroic — something that we would say "appealed to boys".

With, I think, less than a dozen dissenting votes, the boys selected Raphael's *Madonna*, the last picture anybody guessed would be selected by boys at their very rough, rollicking, coltish age. But the helplessness and innocence and the sweetness of the little one in her arms; the look of universal mother-love in the Madonna face, caught the hearts of those boys, and that was their picture. They never would have done that if they had voted by holding up their hands. A boy is more sensitive in some heart matters than a girl, and he could never let you see down into the sentimental part of his heart — never; an open vote would have selected an Indian fight, a tiger hunt or the battle of Manila Bay.

What was the second choice? There is a picture —

you have seen it repeated in lithograph a great many times — called *The Physician*. The scene is a poverty-stricken garret room; rough rafters showing; a rude little pallet made by turning two chairs together. On the bed lies a little girl. The physician, a man of about fifty, with grizzled beard, has turned the cheap paper shade on the lamp so as to focus all the light on the white little face. The parted lips tell of the fever that is devouring her. The little hand lies loosely over the side of the chair, just as the physician's fingers have let go of the wrist.

Standing in the shadow at the foot of the bed are a working-man and a woman. He is holding her in his arms, her head buried on his shoulder. You can hear the sobs that are shaking her figure. The man clasps her in his embrace, tenderly, lovingly, with all the comfort his heart and arms can give. So poor they are, they have nothing in this world but what they can carry into the other world — love. The man's eyes are turned in an agonizing question upon the face of the physician, whose look is bent upon the tiny charity patient, grave, earnest, anxious, as though he sat at the bedside of a queen. This scene of poverty, and sorrow, and love, and loyal devotion — this picture was the second choice of these boys. And all the funny and fighting pictures received only a few scattering votes. There is a little bit of womanish tenderness and sentiment in the heart of every boy. You see, his mother is a woman, and he has just a touch of her nature.

19. Give him a whole room for his very own. It isn't only the boy who suffers. The man, when he be-

gins to prosper, builds a new house. His wife designs it, and gets two or three closets in every room. She says to the man, "Here, you have always complained that you never had any place to put your things about the house. Now, here is the biggest clothes closet in this house, eight feet wide, ten feet deep, twelve feet high, three rows of hooks on two sides, two rows of shelving, and a locker at the farther end. This is all for the man — there is nothing to go in there but the man's things!" Oh, how proud and rich you feel! That is Monday morning. By Saturday night you are lucky if you have one hook. If you complain about it, your wife says she "has to have *some* place for her things."

Let your boy help to furnish and decorate his own room. While he must have in it a great many things that we like, let him have a few things that he likes. It's his room. The treasures he brings home from field and wood and stream are more precious to him than the things that money can buy. But often, when we find these treasures in the boy's room, we throw them out of the window and tell him we don't want him to drag all the "trash" in the county into that room. Then we pile a lot of our own "trash" into it, because we have nowhere else to bestow it.

When you buy pictures for the boy, don't put him off with advertisement pictures that you try to put into an old looking-glass frame which never did fit anything. Buy him new pictures, especially appropriate to a boy's room. Have them framed down at the shop, as you do the pictures for the drawing-room and the hall. And let the boy go down and select one

or two pictures all by himself. Don't you go with him. I know what you would do. You would say, "Now, dear, I don't want to influence you, but you must not buy this picture." "Well," the mother or the father says, "he is a boy; he is rough; he will buy something awful." Perhaps he may. Let him buy it. If the boy likes "rough" things, train him out of the liking for them gradually and sweetly, by giving him better things.

20. And I'm not so certain that what we call "rough" things are not a rather important part of a boy's education. I believe it's a good thing to have one or two good hard-fighting pictures in a boy's room. They will inspire him to give and take hard knocks. He must be a fighter himself if he amounts to anything in the world. He must learn courage. And he must learn that it will require the noblest, highest, most-enduring type of courage in all this world to enable him to fight against and to conquer the meanest, strongest, most treacherous, most persistent and relentless enemy he will ever encounter in this life — that is himself. The "fighting picture" need not make a slugger of the boy. It will probably save him from such a fate. The modern pugilist is not a fighter. He is a talker. All wars have been terrible. All wars have not been wicked. Napoleon Bonaparte was one soldier. George Washington was another.

Instead of the "fighting picture", we sometimes put into his room a work of art by "ma", a little thing she did herself, when she went to school. It is a picture of a flower, done in pastel, faded and blended with the touch of the years. The flower grows on a

lightning-rod. A leaf on this side — a leaf on that side — leaf, leaf — leaf, leaf — and right on the tip-top of the rod, the flower. You couldn't break a petal off that chrysanthemum with a mallet and a cold-chisel. You can't hang it in the drawing-room, because people will ask what it is. And you are afraid to hang it in your own bed-room. You might wake up in the night and see it. So you put it in the boy's room. You tell him it's "pretty".

Get nice furnishings for the boy's room. When you get him a dressing-table, get him something handsome, with at least two legs of the same length. The boy would be satisfied with that, but usually the boy's table hasn't even one leg of the same length. Have an embroidered cover for it, such as his sister makes for some other fellow's table. His mother says, "That wouldn't do at all, because every time the boy washes his face you have to change the table cover." I know that. Every time the boy washes his face everything on that side of the room is soaking, sopping, dripping wet. With one exception — that's his face. That comes through dry-shod. He can use more water and wash less face than anything else on earth, except a cat.

21. When you get him a looking-glass, get him a fine mirror, plate-glass, with beveled edge, and an artistic frame. You ask the man for something real nice in the way of mirrors, and he shows you something like that. "This," he says, "will be ten dollars and a half, to you." "Oh," you say, "this is for a boy's room." "Oh," the man says. Now, that is all you say, and that is all the man says — you just say

"Oh". There is no word in the English language that is capable of more variety of expression than the monosyllable "Oh".

The man knows just what you want. They carry them in special lines in the furniture stores, called "boy's mirrors". They come two hundred in a crate, a dollar and a half a crate. The frame looks as though it had some cutaneous disorder. The glass is blistered and corrugated and wrinkled like an old wash-board. The boy looks into it and is horrified. He discovers therein a half dozen sectional boys, with only one eye for the six of them. He comes down-stairs, and we say to him, "Go right back to your room and brush your hair. How dare you come down to breakfast with your hair standing around like a quarter-back's?" "Well," he says, "I did brush all the heads I could see!"

That is the room some boys grow up in. People wonder sometimes the boy has so little native refinement. The only wonder is that he has any.

The boy is growing. He enters the hobbledehoy stage of life. For a little season, during this period of transition, he does not belong to the human race. For he isn't a boy any longer; he isn't a man; he certainly isn't a woman or a girl. He is listed with the unclassified fauna of this planet. He is a little too tall for knickerbockers, and not quite old enough for long trousers. He is as awkward as he can be, before death. Whatever he picks up he drops and breaks. Whatever is too heavy for him to lift he steps on and breaks. And whatever is too big for him to step on he runs into and breaks.

22. And his voice is changing. You hear him in an adjoining room, singing, all by himself, a sad sweet song. And you anxiously call out, "What are you boys quarreling about, in there?" Sounds like half a dozen of him in a scrap. This is a boy's exclusive experience. Women know nothing about it. The boy's sister never passes through these bitter waters. From babyhood to womanhood she is gracious, and graceful, and dear. Even when she is a laughing happy girl of twelve, with no more shape than a bolster, we say she is as sweet as she ever will be. No, indeed. She will grow lovelier and sweeter, more lovable and more — er — huggable, so to speak, for many years after that.

And: His mother never cuts his hair again. Never. When Tom assumes the manly gown, she has looked her last upon his head, with trimming ideas. His hair will be trimmed and clipped, barberously it may be, but she will not be accissory before the fact. She may sometimes long to have her boy kneel down before her, while she gnaws around his terrified locks with a pair of scissors that were sharpened when they were made; and have since then cut acres of calico, and miles of paper, and great stretches of cloth, and snarls and coils of string, and furlongs of lamp-wick; and have snuffed candles; and dug refractory corks out of the family "ink-bottle"; and punched holes in skate straps; and trimmed the family nails; and have done their level best, at the annual struggle, to cut stove-pipe lengths in two; and have successfully opened oyster and fruit cans; and pried up carpet tacks; and have many a time gone snarling around Tom's head,

and made him an object of terror to the children in the street, looking so much like a yearling colt that people have been afraid to approach him too suddenly, lest he should jump through his collar and run away.

He feels, too, the consciousness of another grand truth in the human economy. It dawns upon his intelligence that man's upper lip was designed by nature for a mustache pasture. How tenderly reserved he is when he is brooding over this discovery! With what exquisite caution are his primal investigations conducted. In his microscopical researches it appears to him that the down on his upper lip is certainly more determined down, more positive, more pronounced, more individual fuzz than that which vegetates in neglected tenderness upon his cheeks. He makes cautious explorations along the land of promise with the tip of his tenderest finger, delicately backing up the grade the wrong way, going always against the grain, that he may the more readily detect the slightest symptom of an uprising by the first feeling of velvety resistance.

23. And day by day he is more and more firmly convinced that there is in his lip the protoplasm of a glory that will, in its full development, eclipse even the majesty of his first tail-coat. And in the first dawning consciousness that the mustache is there, like the vote, and only needs to be brought out, how often Tom walks down to the barber shop, gazes longingly in at the window, and walks past. And how often, when he musters up sufficient courage to go in, and climbs into the chair, and is just on the point of huskily whispering to the barber that he would like a shave, the

entrance of a man with a beard like Frederick Barbarossa's frightens away his resolution, and he has his hair cut again — the third time that week, and his hair is so short the barber has to part it with a straight-edge, and a scratch-awl. After that, he determines to shave himself, and surreptitiously obtains possession of the ancestral shaving machinery. His first shave is followed by a paternal investigation to discover "Who has been sharpening lead-pencils or opening sardine cans with my razor?" Nobody ever knows.

All that we know about it is, that Tom holds the razor in his hand about a minute, wondering what to do with it, before the blade falls across his fingers and cuts every one of them. First blood claimed and allowed, for the razor. Then he straps the razor furiously. Or, rather, he razors the strap. He slashes that passive instrument in as many directions as he can make motions with the razor. He would cut it oftener if the strap lasted longer. Then he nicks the razor against the side of the mug. Then he drops it on the floor and steps on it and nicks it again. They are small nicks, not so large by half as a saw-tooth, and he flatters himself his father will never see them. Next he soaks the razor in hot water, as he has seen his father do. Then he takes it out, at a temperature anywhere under nine hundred eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and lays it against his cheek, and raises a blister there the size of the razor, as he never saw his father do, but as his father most assuredly did, many, many years before Tom met him. Then he makes a variety of indescribable grimaces and labial contortions

in a frenzied effort to get his upper lip into approachable shape, and, at last, the first offer he makes at his embryo mustache, he slashes his nose with a vicious uppercut. He gashes the corners of his mouth; wherever those nicks touch his cheek they leave a scratch apiece, and he learns what a good nick in a razor is for. When at last he lays the blood-stained weapon down, his gory lip looks as though it has just come out of a stubborn contest with a straw-cutter.

But he learns to shave, after a while — just before he cuts his lip clear off.

24. Tom is a big boy now. He is introduced, by young people of his own age, as "Mister". He scoffs at it, and likes it, not foreseeing the distant years when he will be heart-hungry for his old school nickname. He receives an invitation to a "party". He goes. He goes early. He runs nearly all the way for fear he may be "late to the party". Family isn't dressed when he gets there.

When he is ushered into the drawing-room there is nobody there but chairs; all the chairs in the house, it seems to him. He is alone, and he can pick out the best and most comfortable one there, and sit in it all the evening. Instead of which, he picks out the meanest chair that was ever designed, an odd hall chair that got in by mistake; one of these things with a haircloth cushion that a fly couldn't cling to, and a back that is so straight it leans forward a little bit, and a big carved ornament in the middle of it that catches you right in the shoulder-blades. Then he braces his feet against the carpet and by some miracle manages to stay in that chair. After he gets in it

money couldn't hire him to move. By and by the guests begin to arrive. He wants people to understand he is accustomed to these little social functions, and knows what to do with himself.

In order to look easy and unconscious, he piles one hand on top of the other. It doesn't fit, so he piles the other one on top. That fits worse than it did before, so he keeps trying on his hands, one after another. He wonders why hands didn't come in pairs instead of triplets. He could get along all right if it wasn't for the third hand. In course of time some lady comes along, as the crowd gets denser, and offers him a nice plate. He says, "No, thanks; no plate." She doesn't pay any attention to what he says. She puts the plate on his lap. He says to himself, "All right. If it stays on, all right; if it slips off on the floor, all right." He didn't ask for the old thing, and he isn't going to feel responsible for broken china in that house. Another lady comes along with a napkin and a tea-cup and saucer. Others bring rations of cake and pile them on the boy's plate.

You know the kind of place it is. You have suffered at it. One of those places where they pass refreshments around the room. Oh, woman! That is no kind of a way to feed a grown man. Nature never designed man for that kind of a picnicking animal, anyhow. If she had, she would have built him that way. She would have made his knees broad and flat, like a beaver's tail. Then you would have a lap you could hold something on besides a ninety-pound girl. And even she won't stay on unless she is held. So I have been told. They give you a tiny plate, with

cake and wafers on it, and a toy cup and saucer, and two lumps of sugar, and a doll's spoon, which you know will fall off by and by — and it does. There you stand — no place to sit down, and you are tired after your long day's work.

25. You can't let go of your tea-cup to eat your cake, and you can't let go of the cake to drink your tea. So you hold them there for fifteen minutes; then some kind-hearted woman says, "Sha'n't I relieve you?" and takes them away from you. And you wonder why they gave them to you. You can't hear a word that is said. Every time anybody comes along and asks, "Are you enjoying the evening?" — you say, in a dying tone, you are having a "very nice time." You don't remember when you had such a good time, except in the dentist's chair. And you look it.

Now, the boy hasn't enough nerve to decline anything, so they pile the cake high on his plate. All kinds of cake: loaf cake; soft squashy cake; layer cake. Layer cake! You take up a piece of it, and the roof comes off. Then you don't know whether you are expected to eat the "floor" or not. And there is one kind of cake — I don't know the name of it. I never heard it called any names, except by unhappy men who had eaten fragments of it under compulsion. It has this peculiar, soft, gaummy, sticky, fly-paper-like icing all over it. I don't know what you call it, but after you have eaten a piece you feel as though you had been fooling with the mucilage bottle. Ordinarily you are not a very conceited man, but that night you are "dead stuck on yourself".

Now, the boy doesn't want to eat anything, but he

thinks Society expects it of him, and he eats patiently down to the bottom; and by and by he gets down to the wafers — wafers, you know, about as thick as window-glass, not quite so nutritious, and with just about as much taste in them. I don't know what the women make them for, except to serve at these little gatherings. Well, the boy gets down to the wafers. Up to this time you haven't paid the slightest attention to him. But just when he is loaded to the muzzle with these dry, crumby, dusty, brittle things, you stand before him and ask him if he is "enjoying the evening". Poor boy, he feels he must answer you right away, promptly; he blows a perfect geyser of crumbs half-way across the room; then he gives one shuddering gasp and chokes all the rest of the evening.

26. But he is young, he has a good constitution, and he is strong; he lives through it, and goes home alone. Didn't intend to go home alone when he went there— oh, no, indeed! He had another schedule. But when he reaches the end of the evening he feels faint and weak and cowardly. He sneaks out of the house without being observed, escapes and gets home unpursued. He doesn't even pause to tell his hostess, as his mother told him to be sure to do, that he has had "such a delightful evening", and he hopes he may be permitted to come again. But he feels better as he thinks it all over at home. He did have a good time. Alternately wretched and miserable and happy, discontented, humiliated, overjoyed he was all evening — but he liked it. He goes back to that house once,

and again, and again, and yet again. Nor for more cake — oh, no, he has had all the cake he wants.

He has discovered another kind of confectionery at that house, which is sweeter also than the honeycomb. Her name is Laura, or Helen, or something like that. And he goes to her home with two or three fellows; goes with half a dozen people; and at last he goes all by himself. After the most elaborate grooming he ever gave himself, he feels that he is dressed like a tramp. He has a half-defined impression that everything he has on is a size too small for any other man of his size; that his boots are a trifle snug, like a house with four rooms for a family of thirty-seven; that the hat which sits so lightly on the crown of his head is jaunty but limited, like a junior clerk's salary; that his gloves are a neat fit, and can't be buttoned with a stump machine. Tom doesn't know all this: he has only a general vague impression that it may be so. And he doesn't know that his sisters know every line of it. For he has lived many years longer, and got in ever so much more trouble, before he learns that one bright, good, sensible girl — and I believe they are all that — will see and notice more in a glance, remember it more accurately, and talk more about it, than twenty men can see in a week.

27. Tom does not know, for his crying feet will not let him, how he gets from his room to the earthly paradise where Laura lives. Nor does he know, after he gets there, that Laura sees him trying to rest one foot by setting it upon the heel. And she sees him sneak it back under his chair, and tilt it up on the toe for a change. She sees him fidget and fuss, she sees

the look of anguish flitting across his face under the heartless deceitful veneering of smiles, and she makes the mental remark that Master Tom would feel much happier, and much more comfortable, and more like staying longer, if he had worn his father's boots.

But on his way to the house, despite the distraction of his crying feet, how many pleasant, really beautiful, romantic things Tom thinks up and recollects and compiles and composes to say to Laura, to impress her with his originality and wisdom and genius and bright exuberant fancy and general superiority over all the rest of Tom-kind. Real earnest things, you know; no hollow conventional compliments, or nonsense, but such things, Tom flatters himself, as none of the other fellows can or will say. And he has them all in beautiful order when he gets to the foot of the hill. The remark about the weather, to begin with; not the stereotyped old phrase, but a quaint, droll, humorous conceit that no one in the world but Tom could think of. Then, after the opening overture about the weather, something about music, and then something about art, and a profound thought or two on science and philosophy, and so on to poetry, and from poetry on an easy grade to "business".

But alas, when Tom reaches the gate all these well-ordered ideas display evident symptoms of breaking up; as he crosses the yard, he is dismayed to know that they are in the convulsions of a panic, and when he touches the bell button every, each, all and several of the ideas, original and compiled, that he has had on any subject during the last ten years forsake him and return no more that evening.

28. When Laura welcomed him at the door, he had intended to say something real splendid about the imprisoned sunlight of something beaming out a welcome upon the what-you-may-call-it of the night or something. Instead of which he says, or rather gasps:

"Oh, yes, to be sure; to be sure; ho."

And then, conscious that he has not said anything particularly brilliant or original, or that most any of the other fellows could not say with a little practice, he adds, "Good morning!" And even this seems out of place at eight thirty p. m. Then he pulls himself together and asks, "How is your mother?" He is informed of "Ma's" well-being, and feeling that he has struck a conversational lead, he follows it a little deeper. "How is your father?" He is not greatly reassured by the information that "Pa is around and kicking." But he prospects a little further and asks, "How are your parents?" And then he finds that his lead was only a pocket, and that he has already exhausted his first topic of conversation.

He gets through the evening, though he never knows how. He hears his own voice, sounding far away. He sees Laura's face as in a mist, when he dares look at it. She says something about literature and he says he is reading "John Stuart Mill on the Floss." "Does he like it?" No, he doesn't read things he likes; he reads to feed his mind. "And does his mind require a great deal of feeding?" Then he wonders if she is laughing at him. By and by, sometime the same night, he looks at his watch again, and says it is time for him to go. But he doesn't go. He merely admits that it is time. Sits still for a long, long time after that.

Doesn't say much, but thinks a great deal. After a while he says, "Well, really, I ought to go."

Now, that is encouraging. He ought to go. It shows the young man is thinking seriously upon the subject of going. His conscience is working on him — he "ought to go"; he is a young man of principle; when he feels he ought to do a thing, he is not the kind of man to shirk his duty, and as he "ought" to go, why, by and by he goes. He doesn't rush out of the house violently, like a man going to a fire, upsetting the furniture and scaring the cat. No, he walks across the room, and down the hall, with the slow, steady, deliberate, meditative, lingering tread of a man working by the day — for the city. When he gets out into the hall he runs into the hat-rack. He seems surprised to find there is a hat-rack there. He contemplates it for a long, long time. He says after a while, "Really, now, I must go." When you *must* do anything you do it.

29. He goes at last. Goes as far as the door this time, and gets hold of the door-knob — clutches it, as a drowning man grasps a life-line. Seems astonished to find there is a knob on the door — had never noticed one there before. He clings to it as though he had determined if any burglar came down the street and tried to steal that door-knob, he would have to drag his dead body through the key-hole before he got away with it. By and by he opens the door as wide as it will go. He would open it wider, but the wall is in his way. He holds it open there in the middle of December, as though his one great ambition in life was to cool off that house before he died. He cools

is off; and the family is shivering to death in bed, when he finally manages to say a plain "Good night", such as you and I would say, whereas he intended to say a **very** sentimental, poetical good night. And as he goes **down** the steps he **hears** the door close behind him; he **hears** the key turn in the **lock**; he **hears** the chain shot into place, and he looks around to see what is **the** cause of all this haste, and the last light in the house has gloomed into darkness.

He has been there only five or six hours, and that was his first formal call. What he will do when he gets more familiar with the family and feels a little more at home nobody can guess. On his way home he feels what an utter fool he made of himself. Laura is not for him, and he will never think of her again. So he thinks of her all night. He thinks he was the swiftest ass that ever tried to entertain anybody. That girl will never want to see him again, never want to hear the dreary sound of his stupid voice — never; and he never will go back there again — never — never — never.

30. He goes back the next night. And many other nights. Until at last there comes the night of a thousand nights. When a kindly Providence keeps everybody else out of the way. When there is nobody there but Tom and Laura, and the furniture, and a lamp that turns down, and the sunlight looking in through the half-curtained windows. When, without knowing how or why, they talk about life and its realities instead of the last concert or the next lecture; when they **talk** of their **plans**, their day-dreams and aspirations, and their ideals of real men and women:

they talk about the heroes and heroines of days long gone by, gray and dim in the ages that are ever made young and new by the lives of noble men and noble women who never died in those grand old days, but lived and live on, as fadeless as the stars. When the room seems strangely silent if for a moment their voices hush; when the flush of earnestness upon her face gives it a tinge of sadness that makes it more beautiful than ever; when the dream of a home Eden, and home life, and home love, and a home-goddess with a face like Laura's, grows every moment more lovely, more entrancing to him, until at last poor, blundering, stupid Tom speaks without knowing what he is going to say, speaks without preparation or rehearsal, just speaks, and his honest manly heart touches his faltering lips with eloquence and tenderness and earnestness, that all the rhetoric in the world never did and never will inspire; and — That is all we know about it. Nobody knows what he says, or how he says it.

And when he goes away from her home that night, with the answer in his heart he had hoped and prayed for, although he knew he didn't deserve it, he goes out into that wondrous night a new man, into a new world. There are constellations in the sky he never saw before. It is a new world, and he is a new man, with new hopes and new aspirations, new ambitions and new purposes. His whole life is transformed by a woman's love. No wonder he walks home on the air, about ten feet up above the earth, which is the planet we inhabit, by permission of the trusts. Tom abides in this altitudinous condition of things for sev-

eral days. He doesn't come down for his meals. Meals! "Victuals!" Air is rich enough for his blood. A little atmosphere on a crystal salver is all he wants, three times a day. He lives on the essence of her name breathed into a "vawse".

31. But Laura brings him down to earth one evening when they are sitting down together, brings him down with a thud. She wants to know if he has said anything about this, by the way, to "Pa". Pa! Tom had forgotten there was such a creature on earth as Pa. It hasn't occurred to him that Pa had any connection with this circus at all. Now, he understands that Pa is the gentleman in the middle of the ring, with the long whip. He is the ring-master, who makes the animals and the performers go around. No, he hadn't said anything to Pa. He says he didn't think of it — he hasn't had time; he hasn't seen him; they were taking account of stock this week. No, he hasn't yet, but he will some time. There was no hurry about it — the old gentleman would last, wouldn't he, a few weeks longer?

Tom had not exactly, as you might say, poured out his heart to Pa. Somehow or other he had a rose-colored idea that the thing was going to go right along in this way forever. Tom had a thought that the program was all arranged, printed and distributed, rose-colored, gilt-edged and perfumed. He was going to sit and hold Laura's hands, and Pa was to stay down at the office, and Ma was to make her visits like angels'. But he sees, now that the matter has been referred to, that Pa is a grim necessity. And Laura doesn't like to see such a spasm of terror pass over Tom's

face; and her lips quiver a little as she hides her flushed face out of sight on Tom's shoulder, and tells him how kind and tender Pa has always been with her, until Tom feels positively jealous of him. And she tells him that he must not dread going to see Pa, for Pa will be, oh, so glad to know how happy, happy, happy he can make Pa's little girl. And as she talks of him — the hard-working, old-fashioned man, who loves his girls as though he were yet only a big boy — her heart grows tenderer, and she speaks so eloquently that Tom, at first savagely jealous of him, is persuaded to fall in love with the old gentleman — he calls him "Pa", too. "Why," he says "I'm not afraid of your father. For that matter, I'm not afraid of any man that ever walked on buffalo-grass. I will go and see him now if you want me to." No, not right now; she thinks it isn't necessary right now, but sometime soon. He will go down tomorrow afternoon — and he does.

32. He commits to memory a beautiful speech, an impressive, persuasive, convincing speech. He walks right down to the private office at the end of the store where it says "No Admittance" on the glass door. He opens the door and walks right up to the old man sitting at the desk, and looks him right in the eye, bold as a sheep. The old gentleman lifts his head and looks Tom in the eye. Once. Just once. That is enough. Tom takes the count after that. He wasn't sure whether the old man looked him in the eye or poked him in the eye. It has the same effect on him; it knocks his speech endwise.

By and by he starts in the middle of a sentence and

says it both ways, leaves out all the verbs and forgets all the substantives. But he gets through alive, and he tells Laura that night — oh, he says, if she could only have heard what he said to her father! He walked right up to him, and he wishes he could remember the speech he made. If Daniel Webster could have heard that speech he would have turned over in his grave. Likely he would — he would have come out of it with a brick. Only one man on earth could have understood what the boy was trying to say, and that happened to be the man he was talking to, and he understood him because he knew all the symptoms. He had been there himself, and a man never gets over it. But when you come to this crisis in your life, my son, don't you make up any speech for Pa. You wouldn't remember it if you did. Pa wouldn't be moved by it, hard-headed, solid, matter-of-fact man of business that he is. You get him alone first — that is the main thing. Tell him you would like to see him alone for a couple of minutes, if he has an hour or two to spare. Then he will know what you want right away.

He understands, when a young man of your age comes in at the busiest time of a busy day, and asks him for a private interview, that you are either going to ask him for his daughter or try to borrow money of him. It amounts to the same thing in the end. So he will be ready for you in either case. Oh, of course, if there are two or three sisters in the family, if I were you I would mention the name of the particular girl I was after. Because, if you leave it to Pa to select the member of his family that he thinks is best

adapted to your needs and age, it will be just like him to offer you the old lady. You get her anyhow, son; you needn't worry about that.

33. Then you mustn't hurry the old man. We have an idea when a man gets about fifty years old that all the sentiment in his heart has been burned to ashes long years ago in the struggle for life, with the fierce competition in the market, and the contact with other keen fighting men. But sometimes, when the boy and the man stand and sit there, looking at each other, the counting-room, with the heavy shadows lurking in every corner, with its time-worn furnishings, with the scanty dash of sunlight breaking in through the dusty window, looks like an old painting; the beginning and finishing of a race: one man nearly ready to lay his armor off, glad to be so nearly and so safely through with the contest that Tom, in all his inexperience and with his enthusiasm and conceit of a young man, is just getting ready to run and fight, or fight and run, you never can tell which until he is through with it.

The old man, looking at Tom, and through him, and past him, without seeing him, feels his heart throb almost as quickly as does that of the young man before him. For, looking down a long vista of years bordered with roseate hopes and bright dreams and anticipations, he sees a tender face, radiant with smiles and kindled with blushes; he feels a soft hand drop into his own with its timid pressure; he sees the vision open, under the summer stars, down mossy hill-sides, where the restless breezes, sighing through the rustling leaves, whisper their secret to the noisy katydids; strolling along winding paths, deep in the bend-

ing wild grass, down in the aisles of the dim old woods; loitering where the meadow brook sparkles over the white pebbles or murmurs around the great flat stepping-stones; lingering on the foot-bridge, while he gazes into eyes eloquent and tender in their silent love-light; up through the long pathway of years, flecked and checkered with sunshine and cloud, with storm and calm, through years of struggle, trial, sorrow, disappointment, out at last into the crowning beauty and benison of hard-won and well-deserved success, he sees now this second Laura, re-imaging in all her girlish grace and loveliness of face and figure, and echoing, in the music of her voice, her mother — just as her mother was, back in the dear, old, sun-crowned days, “When all the days were made of gold, and all the nights of silver”, when Laura’s mother was a “little girl”, and Laura’s father was a boy like Tom. And Pa, brushing “nothing” out of his eyes, tells Tom he’ll think it over and see him again — oh, well — about nine o’clock next week.

34. And so they are duly and formally engaged; and the very first thing they do, they make the very sensible, though very uncommon resolution so to conduct themselves that no one will ever suspect it. And they succeed admirably. No one ever does suspect it. They come into church in time to hear the benediction — every time they come together. They shun all other people when church is dismissed, and are seen to go home alone the longest way. At picnics they are missed not more than fifty times a day, and are discovered sitting under a lone and silent tree, holding each other’s hands, gazing into each other’s

eyes. They call this acting coldly toward each other. They do look as though they were trying to keep each other from freezing to death.

If, at sociable or festival, they are left alone in a dressing-room a second and a half, Laura emerges with her ruffles standing around like a railroad accident; and Tom has enough good complexion on his shoulder to go around a young ladies' seminary. When they drive out, they sit in a buggy with a seat eighteen inches wide, and there is two feet of unoccupied room at either end of it. Long years afterward, when they drive, a flat-car isn't too wide for them; and when they walk, you could drive a load of hay between them.

They come to me, sometimes, these light-hearted children, and say they are "the happiest people in all this world". And when I ask why this superlative felicity, they say they have been engaged for six weeks. Oh, well; they are happy, are as happy as children and birds and kittens know how to be. They have all the happiness they will hold, but they don't hold very much. Children between twenty and thirty have a very limited capacity for happiness. If I should pick out the happiest lovers I know, I wouldn't select the boy and girl, with the morning light shining on their faces, or the starlight gleaming in their eyes. I would choose your white-haired old grandfather, and your grandmother with the silver locks.

35. Some people say. "Oh, Grandma and Grandpa! — they are not sentimental. They are not at all lover-like. They are as matter-of-fact as the multiplication table." Yes, but don't you know these gray-haired old lovers can teach you that love is a rose

that rarely unfolds to its perfection in the morning sunshine? It takes more than the laughing, singing, dancing months of your engagement to teach you what love is. It takes years of deep and wide life experiences. It takes years to learn and to understand each other's little infirmities of temper and disposition; years of sharing sorrow and heartache, as well as laughter and joy: years of bearing each other's burdens, years of life's woes and life's work, it takes to interweave two hearts so closely that every throb in one awakens an answering thought in the other. Love that has been tried by the wet fleece and by the dry; love that has been tested a thousand times in a thousand ways, and has never once faltered in its patience, in its loyalty, and its devotion. By and by, lover and sweetheart, you will love each other in that way — not this year, nor the next. But after many years, this blessing will come.

Then dawns the wedding-day. The wedding day! Everybody about the house laughing, happy and bright — everybody singing and chatting, with one exception. Somebody cries. At every wedding you ever attended in your life somebody cried. You can hear her all through the ceremony — sniff, sniff, sniff! Sounds like somebody trying to make responses to the service with a cold in his head. And another thing: the person who is crying at the wedding is always somebody who is not being married. Every time. The people who are being married seem to stand it bravely.

36. Poor Ma, no wonder she cries, when she realizes what it means to her. Ma, with the thousand and

one anxieties attendant on the great event in her daughter's life hidden away under her dear smiling face, away down under the glistening eyes, deep in the loving heart; Ma, hurrying here and fluttering there, in the intense excitement of something strangely made up of happiness and grief, of apprehension and hope; Ma, with her sudden disappearances and flushed reappearances, indicating struggles and triumphs in the turbulent world down-stairs; Ma, seeing that everything is going right, from kitchen to dressing-rooms; looking after everything and everybody, with her hands and heart just as full as they will hold, and more voices calling, "Ma", from every room in the house than you would think one hundred "Mas" could answer; Ma, with the quivering lip and glistening eyes, who has to be cheerful, and lively, and smiling; because, if, as she thinks of the dearest and best-loved of her little flock going away from her sheltering arms into the keeping of another heart, she lets the fear and sorrow cloud her eyes for one moment, she hears a reproachful whisper — "Oh-h, Ma!" How it all comes back to Laura, like the tender shadow of a dream, long years after the mother-love that shone in the quiet eyes has gone out in darkness in the dear old home; how sweetly the vision comes back to the bride when she is a mother!

And Pa — dear old "Dad", wandering about the house as though he were lost in his own home; blundering into rooms where he has no business, and getting himself repelled therefrom with hysterical shrieks and gigglings; Pa, who gets tired of people who laugh and chatter, and gets away from them for a little min-

ute, hiding himself in an empty room, where he stands at the window by himself, and looks out, dreaming of his little girl going away today out of the old home into the new one.

37. Why, only yesterday she was a dimpled, dainty, white-robed baby girl, the lily blossom that brought the first music of baby cooing into his home; his little baby girl. Then a little girl in short dresses, with schoolgirl troubles and schoolgirl pleasures, but yet his little girl. And then an older little girl still — his comrade now, and companion — but still his little girl. He feels the caressing touch of her white arms about his neck, he hears her ringing laugh, he sees again the romping ways he loved so well — his little girl. Then an older "little girl", out of school, and into society, admired, beloved, and at last —

But this is as far as he cares to think. Because, somehow, his father heart sees in the flight of this, his first-born, by and by the flight of all the other fledglings of his flock. He thinks, when they all have mated and flown away, how empty and desolate the old home nest will seem. He thinks how, in the years to come, when his girls shall make other homes bright and beautiful with the music of their voices and the light of their faces, mother will sit sometimes in the old home, beside the empty cradle that rocked them all, tenderly singing once more, with quivering lips and faltering voice, the cradle songs that in the olden days brooded so tenderly over all their baby sleep, until at last the rising tears will choke the song, and the swaying cradle will stand still, silent and empty, and back over river and prairie, mountain and desert, from

new homes in the newer lands, come drifting back into the old home and its silence the tender cadences of the songs the children used to sing at home. Come back again the murmured prayers from the whispering lips, rising like the incense of the evening sacrifice around the dear loving altar of the mother knees. Come back the snatches of their childish plays. Come back all the love and the beauty of their childhood, until the old home, bereft of its little ones, is blessed so tenderly with their memories.

Old and gray the absent children may be now, with other children clustering like olive plants about their knees, but to the mother love that goes out into the world with every one of us, they are "the children" still. Down to white-haired old age, in her letters to them, in her talk about them, in her prayers for them, on her loving lips and deep in her tender heart, they are her "boys" and her "girls".

38. We thank God it is so. We thank God for the human love that is so like the love divine, that when the great All-father would make His children understand the tenderness of His love, the only phrase He could put on the lips of His prophet was, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I." It is as though we could never understand the love of God if we had never known the love of a mother.

No wonder a man wants to be a boy again sometimes. No wonder that sometimes, amid the storms and conflicts, in all the troubles and toils of life, a man longs for just one little moment to go back to her, just to creep into her arms once more; once more to lean his head on the dearest, sweetest, tenderest

pillow that ever a head with an ache, or a heart with a sorrow in it, rested itself upon, and for one happy moment cry away all the troubles and sorrows and disappointments of his manhood years, God pity him! He can't.' Because maybe the mother love is gone. And, anyhow, he can't, because he is a man, and the troubles and sorrows of manhood are sorrows that you can't cry away in your mother's arms. You have to set your teeth and turn your face to the storm, and let it rain and drive against your face, because you are a man.

The boy won't always have the mother arms to run to, when somebody tramples on his heart or somebody hurt his feelings; when he is defeated and dis-crowned. That's a good thing for the boy to remember before he forgets it. And the mother — oh, her arms will ache, ache, ache a thousand times more with their emptiness than ever they did with the weight of a tousled head and the grimy face that came tear-stained to her for comfort. That is a good thing for the mother to remember before the boy grows up.

39. In conclusion, the young people have a final spasm of superhuman wisdom. They are going to keep house. They are going to get ready for house-keeping the first thing. They are going to have that house stocked from cellar to garret and back again, with everything they need for a whole year — everything in the market. Just as well, Tom says, to get everything at once and have it delivered right up at the house, as to spend five or six or ten or twenty years in stocking up a home, as his father did. And Laura thinks so, too, and she wonders that Tom,

young as he is, should know so much more than his father. Tom wonders at this himself, and it puzzles him until he is forty-five or fifty years old, and has a young Tom of his own to advise him. So the young people make out this wonderful list of all the things they have to have, with the proper quantities and prices, so they won't outrun their little income — fifty cents' worth of flour; two dollars' worth of chewing-gum — little things like that. They revise this list until it is humanly complete.

Then, the first time they want anything to eat, they discover there isn't a knife or a fork or a plate or a spoon in the new house. And the first day the laundress comes, and the water is hot, and the clothes are all ready, it is discovered that there isn't a wash-tub nearer than the grocery. And further along in the day the discovery is made that while Tom has bought a clothes-line that will reach to the north pole and back, and then has to be coiled up a mile or two, there isn't a clothes-pin in the settlement. And, in the course of a week or two. Tom slowly awakens to the realization of the fact that he has only begun to get.

When the first meal is prepared in the little home — no, that is wrong. The first meal never is "prepared", — it is eaten raw — they take dinner with Ma. They'd starve to death the first month if it wasn't for Ma — her Ma — the one Tom makes jokes about.

The fact is, they have just begun to buy things. They live in the sweet buy and buy, long before they get to it. If Tom should live to be a hundred years

old, they would think, just before he died, of some things they had wanted for seventy-five years, which Tom had always forgotten to get. He says, in extenuation of his fault, that he "can't remember ten thousand things every time he goes out of the house; he has something to do besides shopping and marketing". He is right. Five thousand are as many things as a married man can carry on his mind at one time. Some men have very poor memories, and can only remember one thousand things — and they must all be the same thing. Then sometimes they remember it. Tom goes on saying he "forgot" until he is ashamed to say it any more. It is such a puerile reason.

40. One day he comes home with a new excuse. He says he did order the things but the man forgot to fetch them up. I don't know whether you ought to call that a lie or not. It sounds like one — it is not absolute truth. But I don't know about this remark being a lie, because a lie is something that is calculated to deceive. That statement never deceives anybody — it is perfectly harmless. Young husband, never lie to your wife. Not only because it is mean, cruel, brutal, cowardly; but it is such a waste of talent. She knows you, backward and forward, she knows you in and out, round and round, crisscross, zigzag, and so back to the place of beginning. She can tell you when you are telling her the straight honest truth, and when you are telling her big wicked "whacks", just as well by looking at your shoulder-blades as you go out of the door as she can when she looks you right in the eye. She knows you. And sometime, some day of mutual knowledge, you will know your little wife just

as thoroughly and just as intuitively as she knows you today. But, by that time you will both of you have been in Heaven about two thousand years.

Day by day their oldest and best friend, old Time, comes along, and looks into the little home to see how the young people are getting along. He loves young people, because he sees what beautiful material they are of which to make the loveliest kind of old people; and if you give him half a chance, children, that is just what he will do with you, and he will do it beautifully. He has a little memorandum of things the young people need; he has thought of things you never have dreamed of, or would think of.

The first thing that old Time brings is a little prosperity — just enough to make your heart sing for gladness. You had that down in your little book. Then he has a little adversity. Just enough to put the soul into the song of the heart that it couldn't have without it. He brings just enough sunshine to make the roses and lilies blossom in your lives. You had that down, too, in your little book. Then he has written down for you once in a while some beautiful gray days. You don't love the gray days now. You want the sunshiny days, the roses and the carnations. Let me tell you, children, you will love the gray days just as well when they come. Some day, when the heart is wearied, when the eyes are hot and tired and dry with weeping, when the face is burned by the noonday sun, you will know how like a kiss of blessedness from Heaven comes the soft cool touch of the mist, creeping up out of the sea or coming down over the mountain, until it folds you in a little curtain of gray, soft

as the wings of a dove, and shuts you in with peace and rest and hope, and the tenderness of God. Oh, you will thank God again and again for the gray days.

41. Old Time brings into the house, by and by, the cooing music of a baby voice. The baby! He puts tone and color and meaning into the home. Why, people come into your little home, and they look at the beautiful furniture. They don't say, "Did that table come over in the Mayflower?" Oh, no — it looks too slick and glossy and Grand Rapidsy for that. But one unemployed day the baby gets at it with the scissors and a tack-hammer. Then when people ask, "Did that lovely antique table come over in the Mayflower?" you reply, with a superior air, "Oh, no! That came over in the Ark."

So Time comes and goes, bringing memories and blessings. Sends a messenger, one day, to take young Tom to college, and when he goes away, he leaves a great aching quiet in the home, harder to endure than the noisest noise any boy ever made. Time brings him home from college by and by, and with him a college yell that makes all the other noises he ever made in his life, all put together and megaphoned, sound in comparison like deep, profound, religious silence. And it makes life seem real and earnest to Tom, and brings the old laugh rippling over Laura's face, when they see old Tom's first mustache, budding into second life, on young Tom's face.

And still old Time comes on his rounds, bringing each year whiter frosts to scatter on the whitening mustache, and brighter gleams of silver to glint the brown of Laura's hair. Bringing the blessings of old

age and a love-locked home to crown these commonplace, workaday, human lives, bristling with human faults, marred with human mistakes, scarred and seamed and rifted with human troubles, and crowned with the compassion that only perfection can send upon imperfection. Comes, with happy memories of the past, and quiet confidence for the future. Comes, with the changing scenes of day and night; comes, with the sunny peace and the backward dreams of age; comes, with December's drifting snows, and comes — just as often — with the perfumed roses of beautiful June. Comes, until one day, in the golden harvest-time, the eye of the old reaper rests upon old Tom, standing right in the line of the swath, amid the ripened grain. The sweep of the noiseless scythe, whose edge is never turned; Time passes on; old Tom steps aside, out of young Tom's way, and the mysterious beautiful cycle of a life, ending always where it begins, and beginning ever where it ends, is complete.

